VOL · X JANUARY 1927 NO · 37

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

50¢
FOR ONE COPY

$5.00
BY THE YEAR

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER

Presenting a still further advanced

New SAFETY STUTZ

Bettered Performance, Increased Luxury, Augmented Beauty, Greater Safety

Even more silent operation: Solely by engineering refinements, the famously quiet New Stutz vertical-eight engine is now made so silent that its sound is reduced beyond detection from the seats.

Even more sensational performance: Perfection of the power plant and the super-double ignition gives even greater power, higher top-speed and quicker acceleration.

Even greater comfort and beauty: Increased luxury in the deeper, softer cushions. Highest-grade upholstery. Hardware of finest quality and distinctive design. Improved automatic body-ventilation.

Even better braking: The improved braking system gives the most positive deceleration possible. With only the lightest pressure on the brake-pedal, these brakes produce a slow, smooth stoppage; or when occasion demands, a vise-like grip on the wheels—without skidding. And they are perfectly equalized.

Even surer safety and roadability: Increased stability is imparted by precise balancing and skillfully compensated spring-action. Even greater road-adhesiveness is attained, and a degree of all around roadability is reached that is beyond any previous conception.

In all, an automobile years ahead. Every automotive engineer now concedes the advantages of low-to-the-ground design by making his car as low as he possibly can.

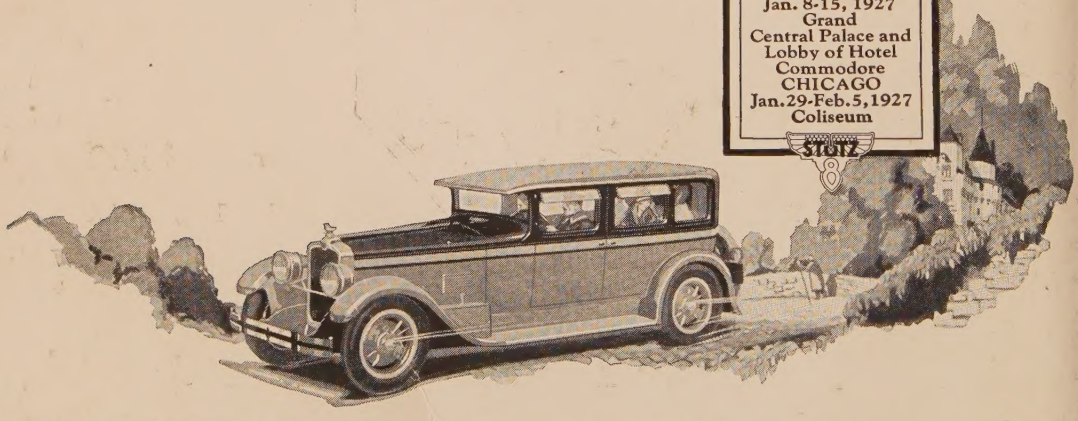
The New Safety Stutz, with floor-boards only twenty inches from the road, and with a consequent gain in safety, in ease-of-riding and in ease-of-handling that is epochal, is the pioneer of an advanced engineering that must eventually make obsolete all other existing types.

Wide Choice of Standard and Special Models

A complete line of standard, de luxe and custom-built body styles, meeting every possible requirement of style, body, appointments and price.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY
of AMERICA, Inc. *Indianapolis*

See the
New Safety Stutz
at all the
Automobile Shows
NEW YORK
Jan. 8-15, 1927
Grand
Central Palace and
Lobby of Hotel
Commodore
CHICAGO
Jan. 29-Feb. 5, 1927
Coliseum



CONSISTENTLY THE CAR OF THE FUTURE

To the RAILROAD MEN *of* AMERICA

AN OPPORTUNITY IS RIPE for saving about seven-eighths of the power now needed to start trains.

Hence heavier freights and smoothest passenger service are practical with present motive power.

A major economy can also be effected in car lubrication. Most of this cost is avoidable, with every requirement of maintenance and safety being met by journal inspection months apart! *Yet hot boxes will become unknown.*

Indeed, all the chief causes of wear and tear disappear from trucks and draft gear, as the old sliding friction in journals is supplanted by perfectly lubricated rolling motion, confined entirely to hardened, ground, special alloy steel, of utmost durability.

An established, conservative, highly successful, world-respected engineering institution sponsors all this. It is being accomplished today by means of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. They have become universal throughout transportation and other industries.

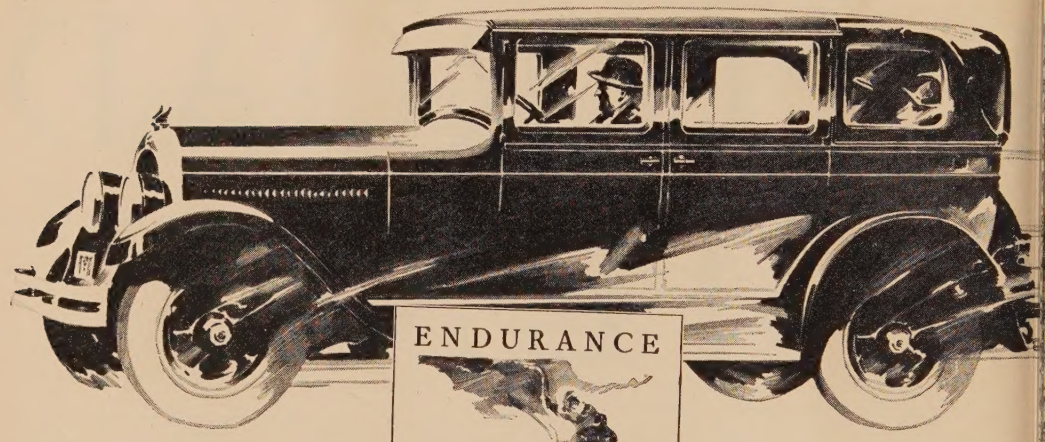
Data on Timken Bearings in car journals, and any desired engineering counsel, are at the disposal of every railroad. THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

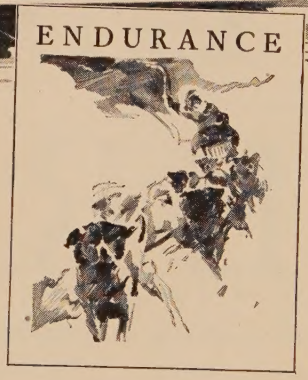
H. H. Timken

THE NEW, FINER

CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR





More and more the motor-wise demand these new standards of today More and more discerning and motor-wise buyers are refusing to accept less than Chrysler standards and are turning naturally to the advanced standards of the *new, finer* Chrysler "70".

While the industry is still emulating the beauty, smartness, luxury and the engineering and mechanical superiorities of the first Chrysler of three years ago with varying measures of success, the *new, finer* Chrysler "70" is now further widening the gap between itself and the commonplace.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—newer, more distinctive silhouette with military front and cadet visor—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer perfection of appointment—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color harmonies far in advance of current blendings.

The first Chrysler was years ahead in speed, power, symmetry and long life. And this *finer* Chrysler "70" with its new eye-compelling beauty and alluring luxury and comfort, joined to a performance still as fresh and unrivalled as in its very beginning, only emphasizes the leadership which for three years has meant nothing but Chrysler.

Phaeton $1395; Sport Phaeton $1495; Roadster $1495; Brougham $1525; Two-passenger Coupe, with rumble seat, $1545; Royal Sedan $1595; Cabriolet $1745; Crown Sedan $1795. *All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

All Chrysler models—"50", "60", "70", and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; at the annual Special Model display at the Commodore Hotel, during the New York Show, Jan. 8-15, and at the Balloon Room of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 29-Feb. 5.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME X January, 1927 NUMBER 37

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Hypocrisy	Thomas Beer	1
The Plague of Laws	William P. Helm, Jr.	10
China Boy	Idwal Jones	17
Happy Days	Raymond Clapper	25
Cyprian Hymn	Joseph Warren Beach	30
Herman Melville	Fred Lewis Pattee	33
Americana		44
Black Child	Winifred Sanford	49
Comstock the Less	Henry F. Pringle	56
The Arts and Sciences:		
The Machine and Its Products	Lewis Mumford	64
Man in America	Pliny E. Goddard	67
Witchcraft in West Polk Street	Alice Hamilton	71
A First-Class Fighting Man	George Sterling	76
Theodore Parker	Charles Angoff	81
Men of Vision	Stanley Walker	89
The Landscape Priesthood	Elbert Peets	94
Old Whitey	Nels Anderson	101
Guantanamo	K. C. McIntosh	106
Reunion	Carter Brooke Jones	113
Clinical Notes	George Jean Nathan	118
The Theatre	George Jean Nathan	122
The American Mercury Authors		128
Check List of New Books		xii
Editorial Notes		xxvi

Unsolicited manuscripts, if not accompanied by amped and addressed envelopes, will not be returned d the Editor will not enter into correspondence out them. Manuscripts should be addressed to The litor and not to individuals. All accepted contri- tions are paid for on acceptance, without reference the date of publication. The whole contents of is magazine are protected by copyright and must t be reprinted without permission.

Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual sub- ription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50. . . . The merican Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, ederal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. London office, 38 Bedford Place, Bloomsbury, W. C. 1, London, England. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1927, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS

IN THE spring of 1937 two men will be sitting in a downtown restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

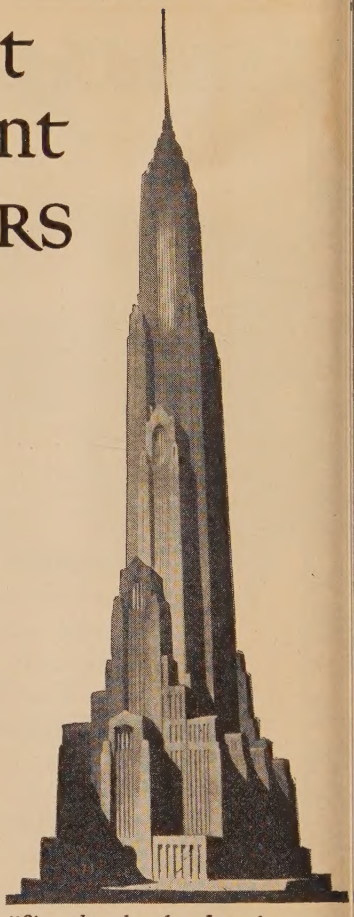
The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1927," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me* . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.



"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, the business men of the United States and Canada are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men hope vaguely to be independent *sometime;* the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 250,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

This book costs you nothing—and for a good reason. It is worth only what you make it worth. It explains how for more than seventeen years it has been the privilege of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power; to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business.

"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS" is a cheerful, helpful book. It is yours for the asking. Send for it. Measure yourself by it. Look clearly, for a few moments, into *your* next few years. Whether or not you will follow the path it points is a matter that you alone must decide.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

IN CANADA, *address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto*

IN AUSTRALIA, *the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 11c Castlereagh Street, Sydney*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
729 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new, revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature .....
Please write plainly
Business Address .....

.....
Business Position .....

Books of the New Year!

THE PACER
by VIOLA PARADISE

Life—vivid, sparkling, puzzling and consuming—here again the heroine, a young and interesting girl, interprets her generation for the throng of readers who ask the question 'Is youth ever different?' $2.00

THE REBEL BIRD
by DIANA PATRICK
author of "Firefly," etc.

With its setting in Yorkshire, this is the story of a woman who having married the wrong man found herself caught in a mesh of intricate circumstance. $2.00

SHOOT!
by LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Shrewd comment on life, supposedly constructed from the notebooks of a motion picture cameraman. It is a drama of love and jealousy, strikingly original and full of human philosophy. $2.50.

SPELL LAND
by SHEILA KAYE-SMITH
author of "Joanna Godden"

Stirring, dramatic, scened in the author's beloved Sussex, this is the story of a young girl, unconventional and painfully honest—and of the men who come into her life. $2.00

THE CURSE OF THE RECKAVILES
by WALTER S. MASTERMAN

Those who read "The Wrong Letter" will find Masterman's newest mystery story quite as intriguing. An ancient castle provides the background for an intensely dramatic tale. $2.00

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER
by HILDUR DEXELIUS

A novel, which for its profound characterization, individuality and significance, has been pronounced "one of the most remarkable books in modern Swedish literature." $2.50

GLORY
by LEONIE AMINOFF
Volume 7 of the Torchlight Series $2.50

EDMUND SPENSER
by EMILE LEGOUIS
$2.00

OMAR KHAYYAM, THE POET
by Rev. T. H. WEIR, D.D.
(Wisdom of the East Series)
$1.50

LILIECRONA'S HOME
by SELMA LAGERLOF
$2.00

FRANCISCAN ITALY
by CAPTAIN GOAD
$6.00

DOCUMENTS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND, 1066-1500
by A. Trever Davies
$3.25

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN
by A. H. GODWIN
$2.50

GOETHE'S FAUST
Translated and edited by
W. H. VAN DER SMISSEN
$5.00

THE PATRIOT NOVELIST OF POLAND: HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ
by Monica M. Gardner
$5.00

PUBLISHED JANUARY 1927

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
Publishers
681 Fifth Avenue, New York

NEW CATALOGUES

No. 212. Literary History, Criticism, Biography, etc., Belles Lettres, Bibliography, Drama.

No. 213. First Editions and Limited Editions.

Copies of above Catalogues will be sent post free on application.

JAMES THIN

54, 55 & 56, South Bridge, Edinburgh, Scotland

A Secluded, Quiet Reading Room

where booklovers can browse in a congenial atmosphere in our

NEW FIFTH AVENUE STORE

Bringing the English shop idea to New York. an innovation!

BOOKS: OLD, RARE and NEW

In all departments of Art, Science, and Literature. Out-of-Print books supplied. New Catalogue ready. Libraries purchased. New Books sent post free.

DAUBER *and* PINE BOOK SHOPS, Inc.

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Phone Chelsea 5670 Open Evenings

Books On Every Conceivable Subject

Including Rare Books

Over a million volumes—second-hand and new—in stock, many thousands of which are now out-of-print. Write outlining requirements and interests: suitable departmental catalogues will then be sent free of charge.

Foyles have recently issued a catalogue of Rare Books, Autograph Letters and Manuscripts which they offer for sale. The 585 items included are particularly worth the attention of booklovers.

FOYLE'S BOOKLOVERS PARADISE

119-125 Charing Cross Road, London, Eng.

The Books You *Can't Get* Elsewhere May Be *Rented* for a Nominal Fee!

Members throughout the United States have access to a collection of rare, scarce, unusual, out-of-print and curious books chosen largely by themselves.

Limited editions, translations and exceptional reprints may be had through this entirely unique service.

You may now *read without buying*, at moderate cost, both the quaint old books and the extraordinary new ones.

Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists.

Esoterika Biblion, Inc.

Dept., M-2

45 West 45th Street New York City

"CINCINNATI'S COLORED CITIZENS"

By Wendell P. Dabney

Formerly Paymaster of Cincinnati, Ohio

Now in the leading libraries of this country and copies ordered from England, France, Italy. Here are the most exhaustive details of every phase of Negro life for over 100 years. Its chapter on miscegenation is most sensational. There are others on Churches, Schools, Segregated Property, Politics, Prostitution, Saloons, Gambling, etc. Its frankness—boldness—startling in the extreme! 450 pages of Historical, Biographical and Sociological data of all kinds. Names property owners, business and professional men. It contains stories that prove "Truth stranger than fiction." **$3.25 postpaid**

Only limited number remaining. Don't delay.

DABNEY PUBLISHING COMPANY

412 McAllister St. Cincinnati, Ohio

Roget's International THESAURUS

"Words grouped by Ideas"

Complete list of synonyms, antonyms, phrases, slang, etc., in fact everything to help find the right word. The one indispensable book for all writers. A necessary complement of the dictionary.

Now $3 Copy

Thomas Y. Crowell, 393 4th Ave., New York

Upton Sinclair ASKS

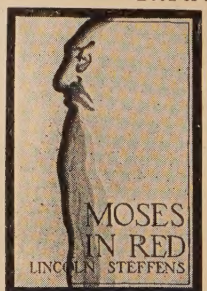
What's the Use of Books?

This challenging question intensely interests every man and woman who knows the English alphabet. What are books for? What good are they? Why are they published? Sinclair, fearless and famous author, asks these startling questions. He not only asks, but he answers—in his daring and original manner. You must read Sinclair's new book, "What's the Use of Books?" Get it at once—it's FREE. Get your copy before the supply is exhausted. Do it now.

Vanguard Press, Inc., Dept. 57

80 Fifth Avenue - : - - : - New York City

On Supplementary List for December Book-of-the-Month-Club



MOSES IN RED

The Revolt of Israel as a Typical Revolution

By Lincoln Steffens

Rabbi Wise says:
Moses in Red is more than a title.

Upton Sinclair:
The greatest political thinker America has produced in our time.

Bishop William Montgomery Brown:
I have never read a book that held me any tighter from its opening to its closing pages.

$1.75 at Bookstores

DORRANCE & COMPANY, Inc.

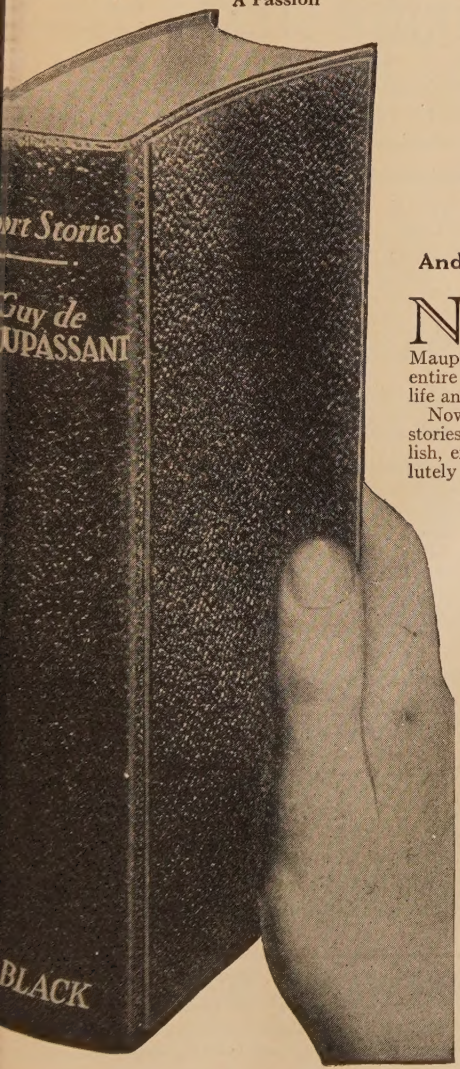
Drexel Building - Publishers - Philadelphia

Every Short Story

MAUPASSANT

Ever Wrote—All in One Volume!

ee of String
Moonlight
Fifi
nn
evil
enus of Braniza
equel of Divorce
moiselle
Graveyard Sirens
Am I Insane?
The Charm Dispelled
A Little Walk
A Dead Woman's Secret
Bed No. 29
Doubtful Happiness
After Death
Room No. 11
The Tobacco Shop
A Passion
Regret
The False Gems
A Useful House
Was It a Dream?
Boule de Suif
The Diamond Necklace
The Story of a Farm Girl
Love
Ugly
The Hole
A Family
Bertha
A Mesalliance
The Carter's Wench
The Bed
A Way to Wealth
Forbidden Fruit
Madame Parisse
A Wife's Confession
Love's Awakening
Woman's Wiles
The Wedding Night
On Cats
One Phase of Love
A Poor Girl
Caught
Magnetism
Countess Satan
The New Sensation
The Thief
The Diary of a Madman
In His Sweetheart's Livery
Lost
Margot's Tapers
Waiter, a Bock!
The Mad Woman
Virtue in the Ballet
Fecundity
Words of Love
The Impolite Sex
The Farmer's Wife
On Perfumes
An Unfortunate Likeness
A Rupture
The Lost Step
The Artist's Wife
The Rendezvous
A Fashionable Woman
An Old Maid
The Love of Long Ago
A Queer Night in Paris
Ghosts



And 150 more vivid tales—all in this wonderful book

NO other writer, living or dead, has ever pictured life with the fearless audacity and daring devotion to truth of Guy de Maupassant. In stories that may be read in *ten minutes*, Maupassant, with his characteristic pagan frankness, embodies the entire gamut of human passions, the full breadth and depth of French life and love.

Now for the first time you can know and enjoy all the superb short stories of Maupassant, many of them never before published in English, except in rare editions long out of print! Every translation absolutely complete, authentic and unabridged.

Read It FREE!

You must *see* this amazing book to appreciate it fully. Fine quality India paper, large, readable type; the beautiful "Lifetime" Keratol, richly grained binding stamped with 22 kt. gold. Clip and mail the coupon now, keep and read the book a week, then decide if you want it. You risk nothing; you alone are the judge of the book's merit. Send no money now—just the coupon.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
WALTER J. BLACK CO.
171 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

WALTER J. BLACK & CO., (401)

171 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send me for free examination, your new one-volume edition of Guy de Maupassant's Complete Short Stories, printed in large, clear type, on fine India paper; limp, maroon Keratol binding, stamped in 22kt. gold. I will either return the book at your expense or send you $5.45 in full payment within one week.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Mark X here if you prefer your copy bound in Persian Morocco. Add $1.50 to the price. Same approval privilege.

FIRST EDITIONS, RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS MANUSCRIPTS

[*Catalogues Issued*]

JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
14 W. 40 St., N. Y. C.

GERMAN BOOKS

for every taste and purse.
Our 1927 catalog is now ready for mailing.

W. BEYER, Inc. 259 Fifth Avenue
Books & Art New York

A Bookshop Brought to You

We specialize in service to those remote from bookshops or too busy to do their own browsing. Any book sent anywhere, post free. Write for particulars.

THE POST BOX BOOK SERVICE, Inc.
15 WEST 44th STREET
NEW YORK

PHOENIX BOOK SHOP

First Editions and Rare Books

We specialize in Autograph Letters and Association Books. Catalogues on request.

21 E. 61st St. *Tel. Regent 8267* *New York*

WANTED, at all times, First Editions of American and English Authors. Autographs, letters, and manuscripts of noted people. Bought singly and as collections.

HARRY STONE
24 East 58th Street, New York, Plaza 2298

***The* TRUTH SEEKER**

National Freethought Weekly. Est. 1873. G. E. Macdonald, Edr.

Three mos. Trial, $1. Sample free.
BOOKS: Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll. Catalog free.

TRUTH SEEKER CO. **49 Vesey Street, New York**

ANY BOOK ON APPROVAL

Any book advertised in this magazine or elsewhere sent post paid and insured at publishers prices, with privilege of exchange if not satisfactory (and returned within ten days). Bargain catalogs sent on request.

SEIFFER'S BOOK STORE
832 Westchester Ave. Tel. Dayton 3353 New York

Masonic—Occult—Astrological Books
Symbolism, Mysticism, Philosophy, etc.

Send for FREE Descriptive Book List "M" and Illustrated Folder of Pass Cases, Novelties, etc.

MACOY PUBLISHING & MASONIC SUPPLY CO.
45-47-49 John St., New York

***The* CHAUCER HEAD**

32 West 47th St., New York City

We have the largest American stock of XVII and XVIII Century literature and drama in the rare contemporary bindings. ¶ Finely printed books of the Nonesuch and Golden Cockerel Presses. ¶ Private Press editions. ¶ Colored English sporting prints.

Write today for a copy of the new CHAUCER HEAD BROADSIDE. It lists many interesting volumes.

EVERYBODY'S JOB

By William W. Williams

A BOOK of virile common-sense criticism of our religious, educational, economic and political institutions. Not involved with persons but with ideas—many of which wear the mask of benevolence. It is everybody's job to remove this mask, and the qualifications are a sane mind, honesty and courage.

Vigorously Iconoclastic!

Written with the conviction that plain, uncompromising speech is the vital need of the day.

A BOOK OF SHOCK AND OFFENSE to the enemy ideas of a truer civilization.

$2.00

[*At Your Dealer's or by Mail upon receipt of Price, from*]

WILLIAMS PUBLICATIONS
130 East 47th St. **New York, N. Y.**

FREE-LANCE WRITERS!

THE FREE LANCE WRITER'S HANDBOOK" offers you 1000 literary market reports, 40 chapters on writing and selling. Free descriptive folio with sample market report from THE WRITER *Harvard Sq., Cambridge, Massachusetts*

BOOKS Send 2c for valuable catalogue of philosophical, scientific and sociological books not generally advertised.
The Freethought Pub. Co., Dept. 110, 1658 Bway. N. Y.

I Really Envy You This Collection

I have always wanted to own these books. There are masterpieces here that you can't find anywhere else."

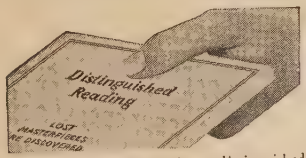
WALTON was gratified. The visitor—his most important client, and a discriminating judge of books—took one of the volumes from the table.

"Where did you get these?" he asked. "I haven't seen this collection of Mosher's for years. I thought it was practically unobtainable."

"It was," Walton nodded, "until recently." "Mrs. Wal-," said the guest, "your husband has something here that has been almost impossible to get. Nobody but rare book collectors have had Mosher's Bibelot, and they have kept these beautiful lost masterpieces for themselves! Walton, I really envy you this collection."

Walton smiled. "I stumbled on The Bibelot by accident. I read about it in a little book called 'Distinguished Reading'."

This Book FREE



Gives full information about distinguished collection of masterpieces. Some of the three hundred celebrated authors whose best work appears in The Bibelot are listed below.

Villon	Fiona Macleod	Symonds
Swinburne	Sir Philip Sidney	Verlaine
Marlowe	Lorenzo de Medici	Catullus
Morris	Lucretius	Pater
Sappho	Dowson	Dobson
Whitman	Casanova	Meleager
Leonardo	Baudelaire	Henley

The Story of Mosher and His Famous Bibelot

From the day Thomas Bird Mosher was taken to sea at the age of thirteen to the end of his life, books were his one dominating passion. For twenty years he searched everywhere—gathering together the rare, neglected masterpieces of all ages. At last he started on the dream of his life—publishing The Bibelot, a collection consisting of the choicest treasures from his own library.

Gathered now into twenty volumes, The Bibelot contains the finest collection of distinguished reading ever assembled. Skilfully Mosher found and preserved the highest achievements of each of his authors. Sometimes their least known work—always their best.

"Distinguished Reading" FREE

Tells you about The Bibelot

We will mail to you, free and without obligation, a fascinating book called "Distinguished Reading." It tells the story of Thomas Bird Mosher and the adventures he had in making The Bibelot. It contains a few examples of the long-lost masterpieces he brought to light.

"Distinguished Reading" is so called because it deals with the rare and unusual things in literature. It deals with a type of literature which instils a preference for the best, and enables you to meet educated and discriminating people on terms of equality.

This valuable book is yours—FREE! Send in your request before this limited edition is exhausted. Clip and mail this coupon today! Wm. H. Wise & Co., Dept. 291, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Dept. 291
50 West 47th Street
New York City

Gentlemen: Send me, without cost or obligation, your book, "Distinguished Reading," containing specimen pages and full information about Thomas Bird Mosher's Bibelot. Also an outline of the plan which makes this cultured reading remain in the memory.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The LITERARY BAZAAR

AMERICANA

BOOKS ON N. Y. CITY AND STATE. Leading specialist in this branch of Americana. History, Biography, Government, Old Directories, Guide Books, etc., in New York. ARTHUR B. CARLSON, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS of Famous Persons bought and sold. Free weekly lists on request. ADELINE ROBERTS, 51 West 49th St., New York City.

BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS for Sale. Early Printed Works, Standard Authors, First Editions, MSS., Prints, etc. Catalogues free. REGINALD ATKINSON, 188 Peckham Rye, London, S.E. 22.

BARGAIN OFFERS

YAMA, by Alexandre Kuprin—$10. Boccaccio's Amorous Fiametta—$6. Aphrodite by Pierre Louys—$8. Round-Table in Poictesme by Cabell, Mencken, Morley, etc. Large paper edition—$10. My Diaries, Blunt, Pub. ($7.50) $3.75. Also special prices on Press Books, Art, Anthropology, Illustrated Books and others. New catalogue now ready. Libraries and small collections purchased. CHELSEA BOOK SHOP, 365 West 15th St., New York.

TRAVEL — BIOGRAPHY — FICTION. We supply practically all the prominent works of Travel, Biography, the best Fiction, etc., six months after publication, in splendid condition at about half-price and frequently for considerably less—often they have had no more than three or four readings. Catalogues free. THE TIMES BOOK CLUB, 42 Wigmore Street, London, W. 1, England.

BRAND-NEW BOOKS at Second-Hand Prices. Have your name put on our mailing list to receive free our bargain book catalogs as issued. Hundreds of remarkable book bargains. We also rent books at low fees. Write for pamphlet. UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 118 and 120 East 25th Street, New York. Est. 1884.

BOOKS WANTED

HIGHEST PRICES PAID for your old and second-hand Books. Out-of-print books searched for and reported gratuitously. Correspondence solicited. WEISER'S BOOK SHOP, 116 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID for modern first editions, art books, architecture, fine bindings, limited editions, facetiæ. Entire libraries or single volumes. Quotations solicited. SATYR BOOK SHOP, 1647 Hudson Ave., Hollywood, California.

FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS, FIRST EDITIONS—Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Monthly catalogue on request. A. T. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. Catalogue number twelve, just issued, upon request. Centaur Bibliography of Norman Douglas ready January 15. CENTAUR BOOK SHOP, 1224 Chancellor Street, Philadelphia.

FIRST EDITIONS

CHOICE BOOKS, First Editions of Modern Authors, Presentation and Association copies. New Catalogue sent on request. CHRISTIAN GERHARDT, 17 West 44th Street, New York City.

PROGRESSIVE BOOKSHOP, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, London. Modern and First Edition Books. New Coterie Quarterly, advanced literature and art, 2/6. No. 4 now ready.

JULIAN BOOKSHOP, 1625 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, New York, issues bimonthly catalogues of interesting books and First Editions which will be mailed on request. Better Books Bought.

FIRST EDITIONS & RARE BOOKS. Bought and sold. Full value paid, fair treatment. New catalogs, part 3 Quinn Collection mailed free. SCHULTE'S BOOK STORE, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BYBLIS, LEDA, A NEW PLEASURE. By Pierre Louys, author of Aphrodite. Limited Edition, $5.00; Wolfgang Goethe, by Brandes, only a few sets of first printing, 2 vols. $10.00. NICHOLAS L. BROWN, 276 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

FOREIGN BOOKS

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN Books. Free catalogue; state language desired. SCHOENHOF'S, Established 1856, 387 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

GENERAL

UNIQUE ITEMS ALWAYS IN STOCK. Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Johnsoniana, Shakespeare, Elizabethan and Restoration Periods, Conradiana, Modern First Editions; Ackermann Items of great rarity; Cook & Vancouver first editions; Froissart Chronicles; Surtees, first editions, 6 vols., mint copies. Enquiries welcomed. GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOPS, 307 Plymouth Court, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, will send on request their catalogue of Modern First and De Luxe Editions, Association Copies and Autograph Letters. The shops offer their assistance in procuring items for collectors and are glad to inform buyers along the lines of their special interests.

BOOKS ON EVERY conceivable subject. Also fine bindings, standard sets, first editions and rare books. Browsers welcome. Correspondence invited. ARGOSY BOOK STORE—45 Fourth Avenue, Bible House, New York City.

NEW CATALOGUE of interesting and unusual books just issued. Sent on request. GOTHAM BOOK MART, 51 West 47th Street, New York.

LITTLE BLUE BOOKS, only complete stock in New York. Old magazines—5 cents. Spiritualism especially. HAUNTED BOOK SHOP, 575 Pacific Street, at substation, Brooklyn, N. Y. List free. HARRY A. ODELL.

ODD, CURIOUS, UNUSUAL and extraordinary books. Write for list. UNION SQUARE BOOK SHOP, 30 East 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

MAPS

THE MAP THAT SOLD FOR $7600. A facsimile of the Famous Bradford map of New York City, in 1728. Antique finish, 17x25 inches. Price, $2.00. FRANKLIN BITTNER, 81 Irving Place, New York.

FIRST CENSUS OF N. Y. CITY, 1703. Family names in Colonial Type, 2 sheets, 17x25. Surrounded by Coats of Arms of 92 families. Parchment finished. Historical and Decorative. Price, $3. FRANKLIN BITTNER, 81 Irving Place, New York.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

PLAYS AND ALL OTHER MSS. Accurately typed. Many clients members of Authors League. Superior work. Reasonable rates. RITA NELSON, 1440 Broadway (40th Street), New York, Suite 1563. Telephone Pennsylvania 0186.

EXPERT TYPING: I type, personally, the manuscripts of nationally known authors, taking a sincere interest in each book, play or short story. Reasonable. MISS BLOODGOOD, 51 West 10th, Watkins 10150.

COMPETENT EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE in the preparation of manuscripts for publication. Criticism, revision, editing, typing. Special attention to book manuscripts. Also complete list of textbooks for writers. Correspondence invited and catalogue sent on request. 25 years as writer, editor, publisher. JAMES KNAPP REEVE (Founder and former editor of "The Editor"), Dept. B, Franklin, Ohio.

RARE BOOKS

LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Rare Books, Old and Modern, Post free. DULAU & CO., LTD., 34–36 Margaret Street, London, W. 1. Desiderata solicited.

ELLIS.—The Oldest Bookshop in London. Estd. 1728. Catalogues of Rare Books & Mss. on application. MESSRS. ELLIS, 29 New Bond St., London, W. 1, Eng.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. A really interesting catalogue of books from the 15th to 20th century, mailed free. C. HOWES, 485 Old London Road, Hastings, England.

MYERS & COMPANY, 102 New Bond Street, London W. 1, for Rare Books and Fine Prints. Catalogues gratis and post free.

STAMPS

STAMPS—A splendid collection for sale, sent on approval to reliable parties. Also approval sheets against references. JOSEPH R. CANELON, P. O. Box 37, Mobile, Ala.

STAMP COLLECTORS. Send for Phillips' Monthly Bulletin: Free. Over 2000 offers listed each issue. All different—300 Austria 50c., 100 Belgium 75c., 100 Turkey $1. W. C. PHILLIPS & COMPANY, Box 1012, Hartford, Conn.

TRANSLATIONS

TRANSLATIONS from all languages and other unusual books especially representative of Continental literature, in circulation or out of print. B. G. RICHARDS CO., 414 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

IN PARIS
You would learn French this way!

At last it has been brought to America! Europe's own method of learning to speak French—the very same method that you would be taught in Paris or any of the other great capitals abroad. Now in your own home, you can learn this most charming of languages as Europeans learn it.

Hugo's "French at Sight"

Ask any educated foreigner about the Hugo method. He will tell you that the great house of Hugo is known throughout Europe, that it conducts language institutes in all the great centers.

And now a special edition of Hugo's famous Course in French has been prepared for America. And to introduce it, a liberal offer has been arranged that you simply cannot afford to miss.

First, you are invited to examine the complete Hugo course in "French at Sight" entirely FREE. See for yourself how easy and fascinating it is.

Speak French as the French Speak it!

Hugo's "French at Sight" is entirely unlike ordinary systems of instruction. No tedious rules of grammar—no terrifying lists of irregular verbs. No! In the Hugo course you learn to *speak* French. You start at once with easy sentences—just the expressions you would use if you were travelling in France. You are actually speaking French within an hour!

The Coupon Brings the Course for 5 days Trial

Imported French Dictionary FREE

To add still more to this really sensational offer, a most practical and authoritative Dictionary is included FREE. It is the 1926 edition of the famous Cestre-Guibillon Dictionary, French-English and English-French. 623 pages—50,000 words—beautifully bound in deep green seal grain.

Mail only the Coupon—At Once!

No cost—no obligation. Just your name and address on the coupon below will bring you the complete Hugo French Course for five days' inspection—twenty-four lessons, bound in twelve portfolios. And the Free Dictionary!

See how simple and interesting the lessons are. Then, at your own inclination, either return the course or send a first payment of only $2 and pay $2 a month thereafter until you have paid a total of $12. Yes, that is ALL you pay for the complete Hugo Course. A bargain if ever there was one!

But no money now—just the coupon.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., (Dept. F-551)
(American Representatives of Hugo's Language Institute of London)
Garden City, New York

Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-551, Garden City, N. Y.

Gentlemen: For Free Examination, please send me the complete Hugo French Course. Also the Cestre-Guibillon Dictionary FREE. Within 5 days I will send you $2 initial payment and then $2 a month for five months—a total of $12—or I will return the course and dictionary.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Occupation.....

(5% discount for cash with coupon. Same return privilege)

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

WHICH WAY PARNASSUS?
By Percy Marks *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 246 pp. *New York*

As a contribution to college pathology this book has little value. Everything that Mr. Marks says about fraternities, the alumni, the mentality of undergraduates, the cowardliness of professors and so on is pretty stale now. His one original idea appears on pages 48-49. In spite of the mountain of facts gathered by Upton Sinclair and J. E. Kirkpatrick, respectively, about trustee-administration and faculty-administration, he says that "colleges are safer in the hands of millionaires than they would be in the hands of the professors. There would be little, if any, increase in the freedom of thought and speech permitted. . . . I would rather teach in a college controlled by the most tyrannical, cold-blooded oppressors of the 'common peepul' than in one controlled by intriguing, vacillating, jealous professors."

HOMES OF THE FREED.
By Rossa B. Cooley. *The New Republic, Inc.*
$1 7½ x 4¾; 199 pp. *New York*

An excellent study of the evolution of Negro life since the Civil War. The author spent nearly twenty years in a South Carolinian Negro colony as a social worker and teacher.

THE LAW OF SOCIAL REVOLUTION.
By Scott Nearing and others. *The Social Science Publishers*
$.50 7¼ x 4¾; 262 pp. *New York*

A coöperative study of all the major revolutions of history with the aim of discovering their common characteristics. It shows a tremendous amount of research, and there are not a few shrewd observations in it. The conclusions, in general, are those of Marx: "Each economy produces a type of revolution peculiar to itself; a slave society, slave revolts; a capitalistic society, proletarian revolts. . . . All revolutionary movements are divided into well marked phases. Roughly, these are the seizure of power and the consolidation of the revolution. The seizure of power has always been accompanied by force and violence. . . . Fundamental to all successful social revolutions is the correct degree of development of the objective economic conditions. Where the forces of production have outgrown existing social forms social revolutions are inevitable."

THE GREAT SECRET OF FREE MASONRY.
By Warner W. Williams.
The Christopher Publishing House
$1 8¼ x 5½; 50 pp. *Boston*

There is very little in this book about freemasonry. It is a hodge-podge of amateur atheism, radicalism and revolution-prophesying. It is dedicated to the memory of the late Gerald Chapman, "one of the world's really great men."

HUMANIZING EDUCATION.
By Samuel D. Schmalhausen.
The New Education Publishing Company
8¼ x 5¼; 343 pp. *New York*

As sensible a book on the ailments of present-day education as has been written in many a day. The author has a sharp eye for the sore spots in the modern school system, and comments shrewdly on all of them. His main thesis is "that America, speaking educationally, is persuaded that critical mindedness is a crime against good manners; and that the capacity for self-delusion is the overshadowing defect of the human mind, nowhere more in evidence than in optimism-haunted America." He was expelled from the New York public schools during the war hysteria, but there is little bitterness in his book.

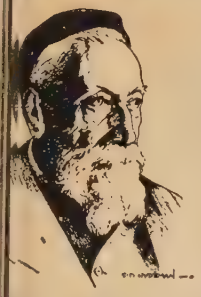
HISTORY

THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR. *An Interpretative History of Mexico and the Mexicans.*
By George Creel. *The John Day Company*
$4 9¼ x 6¼; 418 pp. *New York*

A good portion of this book deals with the relations between Mexico and this country. Mr. Creel takes issue with most other historians in his views of the War of 1846. He is convinced that "not only did Mexico force the war, rejecting every offer of peace, but the United States, so far from leaping at the chance to pillage a 'weaker nation,' went through every wallow of humiliation in order to avoid the conflict." He thinks that the Mexicans are solidly behind Calles in his present struggle with the local Catholic hierarchy, and he is of the opinion that the President is "better fitted to grapple with Mexico's problems than any President since Benito Juàrez."

Continued on page xiv

DODD MEAD DODD MEAD



GOLDEN TALES OF ANATOLE FRANCE

A splendid collection, from various volumes of short stories by Anatole France, of a score of his best-known tales. Admirers will welcome the opportunity of possessing in a single volume so many of his best stories. "The selection is beyond criticism." —*Will Durant* $3.00

THAÏS

By Anatole France

A passionate and richly beautiful story, illustrated in photogravure and with many text cuts by Frank C. Papé, illustrator of "Penguin Island." $5.00

HE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1926

nd the Year Book of the American Short Story
dited by Edward J. O'Brien

y general consent Mr. O'Brien's annual volume has achieved the disnction of a landmark in the literary year. This year's volume contains any unusually fine stories. $2.50

HE BEST PLAYS OF 1925-1926

nd the Year Book of the Drama in America
dited by Burns Mantle

his seventh annual issue contains in addition to excerpts and critical timates of the best plays, full statistical and biographical data. $3.00

HE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES F 1926

nd the Year Book of the British and Irish Short Story
dited by Edward J. O'Brien

he popular annual collection of short stories by many well-known ritish authors of today. $2.50

HE BEST FRENCH STORIES OF 1925-26

nd the Year Book of the French Short Story
dited by Richard Eaton

he most interesting, intriguing and well-written short stories published France during the current year. $2.50

MERICAN GLASS

By Mary Harrod Northend

complete history of one of America's earliest industries, with separate apters on the various forms of interesting glass which have been proced in this country. A valuable guide for the collector. Beautifully lustrated. $5.00

ANAMA OF TODAY

A. Hyatt Verrill. A revised and generally nproved edition of the author's popular olume, "Panama, Past and Present," conaining all important facts and features. llustrated. Ready January 8th. $2.00

ILD HONEY

y Frederick Niven. An account, in narrative ein, of the author's experiences as an itinrant laborer in the Northwest some years go. A combination of fact and spirited adenture. Ready January 29th. $2.00

Good Fiction

THE DARK DAWN

By *Martha Ostenso.* Unanimously acclaimed by leading critics as an even finer novel than "Wild Geese." Third large printing. $2.00

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT STYLES

By *Agatha Christie.* Another baffling mystery novel by the author whose "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" was voted the best detective story of 1925. New edition ready January 8th. $2.00

FLYING DEATH

By *Edwin Balmer.* A startling story of organized aerial banditry and its dire possibilities. By the author of "That Royle Girl." Ready January 8th. $1.75

THEY WENT

By *Norman Douglas.* "A beautiful and unique work of art," says Rebecca West of this companion volume to "South Wind." Handsome new edition. $2.50

HUMAN VIBRATION

The Mechanics of Life and Mind

By *Conrad Richter.* An analysis of the phenomenon of life energy and its division into three basic parts. $2.50

9 Fourth Avenue, New York DODD, MEAD & COMPANY 215 Victoria Street, Toronto

DODD MEAD DODD MEAD

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

NEW YORK IN THE ELEGANT EIGHTIES.
By Henry Collins Brown. *Valentine's Manual, Inc.*
$5 7¼ x 4¾; 394 pp. *New York*

It is difficult to read this book without shedding a tear for that bygone era, for those days were elegant, indeed. Policemen were infinitely more reasonable than they are now, medicated red flannel shirts against almost all known ills were the rage, furniture stuffed with horsehair was in style, bank robbers could practice their art without being interfered with, Anthony Comstock was in his prime and making things hum, everybody chewed, and all men were he. Mr. Brown has done a capital job, and his photographs add greatly to the charm of the book.

BIOGRAPHY

CORTÉS THE CONQUEROR.
By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$5 8½ x 5½; 390 pp. *Indianapolis*

Though heavily laden with facts, this book makes very fascinating reading. Mr. Sedgwick, a well-known student of Spanish history, has apparently made a thorough study of all the documentary material regarding this subject. Among other things, he argues that Cortés, though far from being averse to slaughter, was not as cruel as he is popularly reputed to have been. There are many illustrations.

I AM A WOMAN AND A JEW.
By Leah Morton. *J. H. Sears and Company, Inc.*
$2.50 8½ x 5½; 362 pp. *New York*

The life story of a Jewess reared in an orthodox home, who married a Gentile. She met her husband in the world of her occupation—social service. Her marriage, she thought, would free her forever from her obsession of Jewishness. But her husband, who was a visionary and always managed to get himself into tight corners at crucial moments, apparently was not the proper wedge for this freedom. Even in her two children she at times met with aloofness. And in the end she is still befuddled. The author does not decry her fate. She does not preach a sermon. She only tells an engrossing story simply and effectively.

THE THEATRE

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON *And Other Plays.*
WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS *And Other Plays.*
By J. M. Barrie. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 each 7½ x 5; 139+139 pp.; 2 vols. *New York*

The first two of the projected nine volume Uniform Plays Edition of the works of this author. The first volume includes the play from which it takes its title, and also "Dear Brutus" and "Mary Rose." The second contains "What Every Woman Knows," "Quality Street," "Alice Sit-By-the-Fire," and "A Kiss for Cinderella."

THE THEATRE OF 1925-1926.
By Burns Mantle. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 8 x 5½; 637 pp. *New York*

The ten plays reprinted here are "Craig's Wife," "The Great God Brown," "The Green Hat," "The Dybbuk," "The Enemy," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "The Bride of the Lamb," "Young Woodley," "The Butter and Egg Man," and "The Wisdom Tooth." There is a survey of the last season in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Southern California, and also some statistical and biographical information about the dramatists, actors, and so on.

TRAVEL

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON.
By Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt.
Charles Scribner's Sons
$3.50 8¾ x 6; 284 pp. *New York*

This is an account of the tour of exploration made by the Brothers Roosevelt through the Himalayas. One of their objects was to secure heads of the famous wild sheep (*ovis poli*) of Marco Polo. They were successful, and in due course the prize heads will be exhibited in the Field Museum. The book is profusely illustrated, and there are an appendix and index.

ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.
By Paul Wilstach. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$4 9⅜ x 6; 337 pp. *Indianapolis*

The islands visited by Mr. Wilstach are Majorca, Corsica, Elba, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, Corfu, Tinos, Crete, Rhodes and Cyprus. He knows their history very well, and he uses it to great advantage in depicting the color of life in them. There are many excellent reproductions of photographs.

Continued on page xvi

Placed in your hand so that you can't miss it

—the outstanding book each month!

Henry Seidel Canby

THE average person *fails to read* most of the outstanding books published. He misses them because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized. It takes cognizance of the procrastination that forever causes you to miss the best books; *each month, without effort on your part, you will receive an outstanding new book published that month—just as you receive a magazine—by mail!*

Dorothy Canfield

How is this "outstanding" book each month chosen? In order to obtain a completely unbiassed selection, the Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

Heywood Broun

These individuals have no business connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club. They were simply requested to function as judges, for the benefit of our subscribers, and they agreed to do so. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a system of voting, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month, *and that book is forthwith sent to every subscriber of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

Christopher Morley

Tastes differ, however. You may concede that a book selected by such a committee is *likely* to be one that you would not care to miss reading. But you may disagree with their choice in any one month. If so, *you may exchange the book you receive for any one of a number of other books which the Committee simultaneously recommends.* Thus, instead of your choice among current books being limited, you can actually exercise a wider and more discriminating choice than you now do.

The cost of this service is—nothing. The cost of the books is, in every case, the publishers' retail price.

If you are interested in this idea, and wish to know more about it, send for our prospectus. Your request will involve you in no obligation to subscribe.

Wm. Allen White

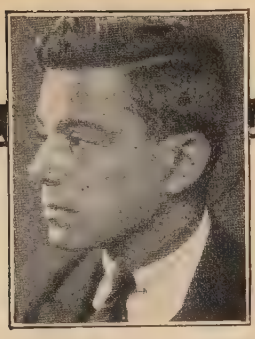
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
218 West 40th St., Dept. 13-A, New York

Please send me, without cost, your Prospectus outlining the details of the Book-of-the-Month Plan of Reading. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



George Jean Nathan

The THEATRE *of* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

by ISAAC GOLDBERG., Ph. D.

...Teeming with luscious first-edition items.....

THE biographer of H. L. Mencken and Havelock Ellis turns his X-ray on George Jean Nathan—the man and his entire theatre of operations before and behind the footlights. Here you will find the intimate and illuminating correspondence between Nathan and Eugene O'Neil; the scenarios of the unborn compositions of Mencken and Nathan; private memorabilia of the *sanctum sanctorum* of the old *Smart Set** and the new *American Mercury*.

Among the personages who live, talk, write, and generally carry on in these racy pages are John Galsworthy, George M. Cohan, Lord Dunsany, James Huneker, Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, Max Reinhardt and countless others.

*P. S. The twenty-six *Suggestions to Our Visitors* (pages 71-73) are funnier than the funniest *Americana*.

270 pages, 10 full-page illustrations, and invaluable miscellany, hitherto unpublished, for collectors, students of the theatre, and followers of Mencken and Nathan.

$3 at all book-stores

SIMON AND SCHUSTER
37 West 57th Street, New York

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiv

REPRINTS

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BELIEF.
By Charles Gore. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.75 7¾ x 5¼; 997 pp. *New York*

A one volume edition of Dr. Gore's well-known "Belief in God," "Belief in Christ," and "The Holy Spirit And The Church." He was formerly Bishop of Oxford, and is highly regarded among certain Modernists. But the plain truth is that he is no more a genuine Modernist than is his American counterpart, the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. He speaks of the great Moral Teaching of Christianity, but he believes in a personal God, in the Incarnation, and so on.

GOLDEN TALES OF ANATOLE FRANCE.
Dodd, Mead & Company
$3 8½ x 5⅞; 352 pp. *New York*

The stories here reprinted are "The Procurator of Judæa," "Plutois," "A Good Lesson Well Learnt," "The Seven Wives of Bluebeard," "Our Lady's Juggler," "Balthasar," "Oliveri's Brag," "The Ocean Christ," "The Manuscript of a Village Doctor," "The Daughter of Lilith," "Leslie Wood," "Five Fair Ladies," "Crainquebille," "Laeta Acilia," "Edmée, or Charity Well Bestowed," "Mademoiselle de Doucene's New Year's Present," "The Miracle of the Great St. Nicholas," and "Gesta."

PHILOSOPHY

PHILOSOPHY OF THE RECENT PAST.
By Ralph Barton Perry. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 8½ x 5½; 230 pp. *New York*

An excellent survey of European and American philosophy since 1860. It should prove a first-rate text for college students and for the general reader. Dr. Perry is professor of philosophy at Harvard, and one of the country's leading realists.

THINKING ABOUT THINKING.
By Cassius J. Keyser. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4⅜; 91 pp. *New York*

Dr. Cassius argues that there are two major kinds of thinking: organic thinking and autonomous or postulational thinking. The first is "the action of an organism responding to stimulus and responding thereto as a living whole." The second is the If-Then kind, the kind that Euclid used in his geometry and Spinoza in his "Ethica." To postulational thinking, continues Dr. Cassius, is due not only all the great advances in modern scientific theorizing, but also all the recent upheavals in the world of sociology, ethics and politics. And progress in these various fields is possible only by an unceasing questioning of the validity of their basic assumptions or postulates.

books to read AND enjoy

"BOOKS"—the weekly review of contemporary literature published by the New York Herald Tribune—will help you choose the books you are sure to enjoy.

There are the Visiting Critics, for example. Under this plan important writers are invited to be the guests of "Books" for one month during which time they contribute a weekly article on books and authors. Rebecca West was the first of the Visiting Critics to "Books"; Ford Madox Ford is the present Critic, and he will be followed by representative American and European writers.

The men and women who review the current volumes for "Books" place the stamp of authority upon its pages. Sinclair Lewis, Henry L. Mencken, Ellen Glasgow, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Will Durant, Carl Van Doren, are among the contributors. Your knowledge of their other writing will make you want to have their interesting vivid comment on the new books.

The regular departments include The Three Owls Page on children's books; Turns With a Bookworm, news of the book world; Old Wine in New Bottles, reprints; Books Abroad, and Notes for Bibliophiles.

$2.00

will bring "Books" to you by mail for a whole year—or if you prefer, send one dollar for a six months' trial subscription. At any rate, fill in and mail the coupon today.

BOOKS

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

WEEKLY REVIEW *of* LITERATURE

"BOOKS"—225 West Fortieth Street, New York City.

( ) Enter my name for one year's subscription to "BOOKS" (52 issues). I enclose $2.00—Bill me for $2.00

( ) Enter my name for a special six months' trial subscription to "BOOKS" (26 issues). I enclose $1.00

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

AM-1-27

JIM TULLY

AUTHOR OF

BEGGARS OF LIFE

AND

JARNEGAN

A Review by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

"If there is a writer in America today who can lay hold of mean people and mean lives and tear their mean hearts out with more appalling realism, his work is unknown to me. When Tully approaches a character, he approaches that character's soul only after he has first ripped off the last shred of his undershirt . . . no one can say that he hasn't got the smashing effect that he has gone after . . . and what is more, that he hasn't got that effect legitimately."

A Review by H. L. MENCKEN

"*Jarnegan* is immensely interesting . . . a bravura piece done at high pressure."
"*Beggars of Life* is the best book of its kind I have ever encountered."

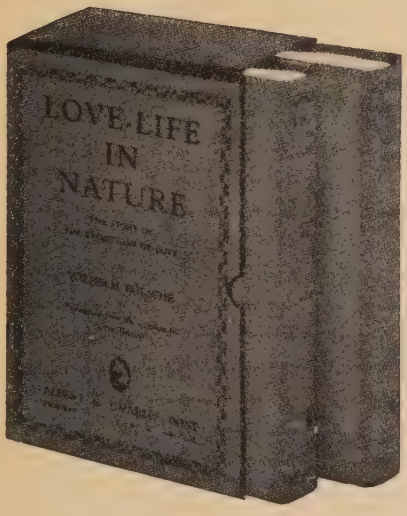
A Review by CLAYTON HAMILTON

"Contains many sentences which are not, by any means, unworthy of the masters. Tully is gifted with sincerity, with earnestness, with elemental power. The language used in this book is, rightly enough, profane, blasphemous . . . the natural language of the illiterate Jarnegan. The sins of Macbeth are not visited on Shakespeare; and the libidinous, intoxicated egomania of Jarnegan is regarded with only the necessary sympathy of a creative artist."

Beggars of Life $3.00
Jarnegan $2.00

Albert & Charles Boni **66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.**

THE STORY
OF THE
EVOLUTION OF LOVE



This monumental masterpiece, which has sold over 150,000 copies in Germany, has long been regarded as the standard book on its subject in all European countries.

"*Love-Life in Nature* is the great philosophical poem of naturalism. It is undoubtedly a great work. Here is an epic over whose composition the spirits of Plato, Lucretius, Spinoza, Goethe, Schopenhauer and Darwin must have presided."

—*The Nation*

LOVE-LIFE IN NATURE

by Wilhelm Bölsche
Two Volumes, Boxed, $10.00

A MAN COULD STAND UP
by Ford Madox Ford

"Just about the most exciting thing that has happened to the English novel since *The Way of All Flesh*."—*New York Times.*

"The three volumes of this cycle, SOME DO NOT, NO MORE PARADES, A MAN COULD STAND UP, rank with Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* as a record of the passing of a whole social order and period."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Each book in the series, $2.50. The three, boxed, $7.50

BAUDELAIRE
COMPLETE WORKS
Translated by **Arthur Symons**

Long delayed, this fine translation of a classic is now ready. No other complete or adequate translation of this, one of the very greatest of French poets, exists.

Black cloth binding and wrapper, stamped in silver, with colored endleaves. $4.00

Albert & Charles Boni

66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

While our business is *almost* exclusively with regular publishing houses, we also manufacture books for the occasional publisher or author.

In addition to the most careful workmanship throughout, the author-publisher receives, as a part of our service, the benefit of our extensive experience in planning and designing his book.

The
VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

Main Office and Factory: Binghamton, N. Y.
New York Office: 200 Fifth Avenue

"Belongs to all time"

FORTY IMMORTALS

by BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

The Story of the World's Great Civilizers

"'Forty Immortals' is one of the greatest books of criticism that I know. I have read nothing in criticism which is as condensed, as lyrical, as fulgurant, as intuitional. From the background of an imposing erudition there leap from each page lightning flashes which illuminate a complete literary landscape, a complete human soul, where they are seen for an instant as one could not see them in a year, perhaps in a lifetime of study. This book is not criticism; it is creation."—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

Anatole France

Friedrich Nietzsche

Gabriele D'Annunzio

Percy B. Shelley

Walt Whitman

James B. Cabell

William Shakespeare

Gustave Flaubert

Thomas Hardy

Edgar Saltus

"Unhackneyed, brilliant."—*H.L. Mencken.*

"Invigorating, dazzling."—*The Bookman.*

"You won't fall asleep over this volume."—*Kenelm Digby.*

"In 'Forty Immortals' DeCasseres comes nearer to achieving the purpose of constructive criticism than anybody else we can recall to mind."—*New York Times.*

371 Pages. $3.50 AT ALL BOOKSTORES

SEVEN ARTS
PUBLISHING COMPANY
160 Fifth Avenue, New York

Reflected glory

Comes to us with every literary success that leaves our book manufacturing plant—the largest in New York City. We take pride therefore in announcing that

TONY SARG'S ALPHABET

is the latest volume to leave our presses for the literary limelight. It has been received by the reading public in a manner that not only gives full credit to Mr. Sarg, the author, and Greenberg, Inc., the publisher, but still leaves a sufficient share for us, the manufacturer.

NUMBER FOUR JOY STREET

is another product of our plant. It has found a place on practically every best seller list for children. It is published by Appleton, who had the same confidence in our ability to turn out an artistic success as the Modern Library Company has in our production methods of handling their one new title a month.

H. WOLFF

508-534 West 26 St., New York

Complete Manufacturers to Publishers Since 1893

in all bookshops

. . . old issues of The American Mercury sell for the same prices as recent issues,—never less.

. . . and some issues, as you know, are rarities, selling from $10.00 to $25.00 a copy.

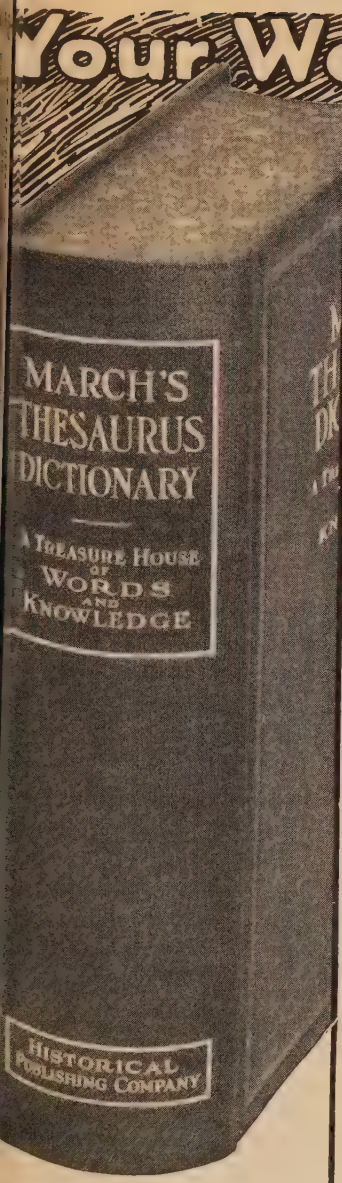
The American Mercury is valuable. Are your copies becoming soiled, dusty, and torn?

BIND YOUR COPIES OF
THE AMERICAN MERCURY

We have designed a beautiful, durable binding of figured Batik boards, reinforced buckram back and corners, and paper label, a binding worthy of the House of Knopf.

$2.75—the cost of the material and workmanship is the price of the binding. Send your copies and check to

Binding Department
THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Ave. New York City



Your Words—do they always say what you mean?

They are the mirror of your mind—those thousands of precious words you use every day. You are known by them just as surely as you are known by your habits or your clothes.

They are teeming with power to make you a successful writer—or to stamp you in spite of your education as a person of loose thinking powers.

You have realized this. Yet how often you have found yourself handicapped by your inability to use words accurately, forcibly, exactly—both in writing and speaking.

How often you halt and stumble over them, perhaps at critical moments, wondering constantly, "Are they saying exactly what I mean?"

You Can Make Words Fit Like Gloves

Have you ever counted the hours you have lost searching for words?—words which perhaps you do not even know exist in our wonderfully expressive language?

Perhaps you have referred to your dictionary only to find it unable to supply the word you'd forgotten—or confusing in its many conflicting definitions.

Perhaps you have studied English courses—and found them lacking in power to teach you how to choose the words most fitted for your purpose.

But it is possible for you to speak and write with the knowledge that you are using words exactly.

You can have at your very finger tips the exact words to express your every shade of meaning, to present your every thought exactly—words that fit your needs like gloves.

Here is Mastery of the Mighty English Language

—the Treasure House of Words and Knowledge—a key to the success that rewards ability to use the exact word at the right time.

Here—in this remarkable book—is power to use words eloquently, sparklingly, vigorously—with the dynamic force of EXACTNESS.

A flip of the pages and you have your exact word before you in a few seconds' time—and have it in relation to the words associated or opposed in meaning.

It defines the word—it supplies the word you have forgotten or do not know—it places in your hands complete control of the whole English Language.

It is more than a mere word book

—more than a book of definitions. It is full of facts which in themselves are a liberal education.

It contains in its pages the very secret of success—conscious power born of Knowledge.

There is no other book like it in the world

No other book contains the distinctive patented arrangement which makes this book so valuable. Only a March could have written it. Only the World's Master Philologist could have carried through the arrangement which places such potential power in the hands of the user.

Not only does it give you the exact word for every shade of meaning. It is full of facts, complete text books on English grammar, composition, word building, correct use of English, references to the vital facts of the Bible, historical facts, up-to-date geographical facts, ALL the important words and definitions of the leading arts and sciences, the only—but send in the coupon and examine it for yourself. This Amplified Edition has been reduced to the new low price of $9.00 net. And even at this low price we want you to see the book before you buy it. Send the coupon now, keep the book 10 days—then if you do not find it the most valuable book you have ever owned we will refund your deposit without question.

"SEND ON APPROVAL" COUPON

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO., Dept. AM-1
1334 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

I enclose $3.00 (prepaid in U. S. A. and Canada), for which send me a copy of the new Amplified Edition of March's Thesaurus Dictionary. If I keep the book, I will pay you $2.00 per month for three months.

If for any reason I do not wish to keep the book, I will return it to you in good condition within ten days, and you are to refund my $3.00.

Name.....

Address.....City.....

pages on thin opaque paper, only 2¾" ick. Bound in handsome Buckram.

will be of constant use on the writing t."—H. L. Mencken in November *erican Mercury.*

cannot be too highly praised."—*um.*

a real treasure chest of 'English un- ed.' We commend it unreservedly." *eview of Reviews.*

valued by those who wish to use r mother tongue with accuracy and ctiveness."—*New York Times.*

unmistakably the greatest single- me reference work in the world."— *ers' Monthly.*

"Authentic News from the four points of the compass!"

The following is an extract from a letter received from an American subscriber to "The Times" Weekly Edition:—

"Once more it gives me much pleasure to renew my subscription for *The Times* Weekly Edition. It is ever welcome with its authentic news from the four points of the compass. It is particularly refreshing to be spared the nauseating news of crime and vice, &c., which forms the larger part of newspapers. It is a paper one can freely admit into one's home circle without a blush."

The Times
(OF LONDON)

Weekly Edition
ILLUSTRATED

is the best and most complete weekly newspaper published. It contains: A selection of the articles, and a summary of the news from *The Times* daily issues; Legal, Financial and Sporting notes; Fashion and Society intelligence; and 8 pages of the most diverse illustrations of world events.

No other paper could more adequately keep you in touch or more fully informed of the affairs of the world.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(*Post Free*)

In Gt. Britain and Canada.	Elsewhere Abroad.
12 mths. 22/-	12 mths. 25/-
6 mths. 11/-	6 mths. 12/6
3 mths. 5/6	3 mths. 6/3

Write for a free specimen copy or send a subscription to—
The Publisher, *The Times* Weekly Edition, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4, England.

"How I envy those who are reading him for the first time!"

—*Gouverneur Morris*

JOSEPH CONRAD

THE new Kent Edition of Conrad, offered here, is printed from the same size of type as the famous Sun Dial Edition. It contains the same fascinating special prefaces by Conrad. Moreover it contains two additional volumes, *Tales of Hearsay* and *Suspense.* It is a rare set of books in every respect; but, instead of selling for $175.75 cash, like the autographed Sun Dial Edition, *its price is only* $35 and even this sum may be paid in convenient small amounts, if desired.

The whole literary world recommends him—why *postpone* reading Conrad?

Save $140.75 on the new Kent Edition

Those who haven't read Conrad are not well read. As for those who are engaged in reading him for the first time—how I envy them!

—Gouverneur Morris

One of my chief claims to distinction in the world is that I wrote the first long appreciative review of Joseph Conrad's work.

H. G. Wells

Here surely, if ever, is genius—the possession by a divine spirit of man's earthly clay.

Hugh Walpole

The only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent.

John Galsworthy

One comes to Conrad with unspeakable relief—with the feeling that here, at last, is a novelist who understands as the poets do.

Christopher Morley

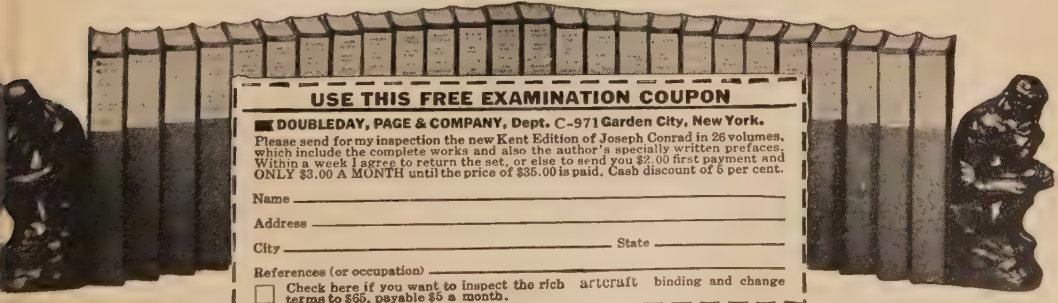
To stand in a Summer-stifled, man-smelling city street and to feel suddenly a fresh salt wind from the far-off pastures of the sea—this is the sensation when one comes upon a book by Joseph Conrad.

Mary Austin

SENT FOR FREE EXAMINATION

The new Kent Edition of Conrad is the only 26-volume edition of Conrad ever published. It is "popular" only in one sense—that of price. Without doubt the edition will soon be over-subscribed. If you are interested, you are therefore advised to send the examination coupon at once. The 26 volumes will be sent for examination for a week. If unsatisfactory, they may be returned and your order will be cancelled

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.,
Dept. C-971 Garden City, N. Y.



USE THIS FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, Dept. C-971 Garden City, New York.

Please send for my inspection the new Kent Edition of Joseph Conrad in 26 volumes, which include the complete works and also the author's specially written prefaces. Within a week I agree to return the set, or else to send you $2.00 first payment and ONLY $3.00 A MONTH until the price of $35.00 is paid. Cash discount of 5 per cent.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

References (or occupation) _____

☐ Check here if you want to inspect the rich artcraft binding and change terms to $65, payable $5 a month.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

By
Hugh I'Anson Fausset

"Mr. Fausset's biography is nothing short of magic."—*N. Y. Times.* $3.50

WHICH WAY PARNASSUS?

By
Percy Marks

"It is doubtful if any other book about the faults and foibles of academic education has been quite so honest."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

AMERICAN CRITICISM:

1926

Edited by
William A. Drake

Critical essays by Americans from the periodicals and newspapers of the period: June, 1925 — June, 1926. $2.50

READ AMERICA FIRST

By
Robert Littell

"Substance is what these papers unfailingly possess. A clear-visioned commentary on contemporary America." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.00

KEYSERLING, *author of* "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher"

(50,000 copies sold in Germany; editions appearing in England, France, and Spain)

KEYSERLING'S
The Book of Marriage

"What Keyserling offers is much more than a statement of the problem. He supplies the answer."—*N. Y. Times.* $5.00

Everybody's Pepys

An abridged edition of the standard Wheatley version of Pepys' Diary, in one volume with sixty pages of illustrations by E. H. Shepard, the illustrator of A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young." $3.50

"Reading myself asleep, while the wench sat mending my breeches by my bedside"

SELECTED POEMS

By
Carl Sandburg

The best of Carl Sandburg's poetry, compiled and with an Introduction by REBECCA WEST. $2.00

IT'S NOT DONE

By
William C. Bullitt

A best-selling novel throughout 1926. "In all essentials an epic novel." *Boston Transcript.* $2.00

ROUNDABOUT TO CANTERBURY

By
Charles S. Brooks

A three-hundred mile walking trip through Surrey, Kent, and Sussex. "A delight from beginning to end." — *N. Y. Times. Illustrated,* $3.00

POPE

By
Lytton Strachey

The Leslie Stephen lecture for 1925. "A nugget of criticism, valuable enough to make the day lucky for any reader who takes it up." — *Century.* $1.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company 383 Madison Avenue **New York**

VOLUME X NUMBER 37

The American MERCURY

January 1927

HYPOCRISY

BY THOMAS BEER

The playwright came wandering among the tables and settled beside me distractedly with a grunted apology for being so late. His distraction continued and only some rapid action on the part of a waiter saved him from pouring his cocktail into his soup.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" the surgeon asked.

"Nothing . . . Oh, every now and then humanity gives me a jolt! . . . Listen! I went down to Del Monte to spend Sunday with a sequestered aunt, and my aunt had a friend visiting her. Perfectly sane sort of woman—travelled a good deal, and all that. Well, this morning her daughter arrived from Santa Barbara."

"As who should say from hell," said the architect.

The playwright shrugged. "Easterner! If there's any difference between Newport and Santa Barbara, isn't it in Santa Barbara's favor? . . . Well, the daughter arrived. Very nice girl. Used to know her when we were kids. She's married to a man I know. His salary's exactly six thousand dollars per annum. And they have a baby. Well, the conversation at lunch resolved itself into a duel between mother and daughter. Mama wanted daughter to get a four-thousand-dollar motor car. The girl protested that her husband couldn't afford it. The mother retorted that she needed a four-thousand-dollar car, that she owed it to herself and her position, and that her husband was a swine if he didn't provide it. This went on for half an hour. Then I had to catch my train."

"So far you're not very thrilling," the architect drawled.

"One minute! The lady stopped lecturing her daughter and handed me a magazine to read en route. Said I'd find a very good story by Sophie Kerr in the thing, called 'Packhorse'. So I read the story. And it happened to be about a man who revolts against his wife's extravagances. But this matron recommended it to me as a fine tale and one, she said, with some point to it! Beat that!"

The surgeon chased a shrimp's rosy curl among the other objects of his *hors d'œuvre* and caught it. I envied his pride. He said, "Well?" and ate the shrimp.

"But the damned hypocrisy of it!"

"I don't see it at all."

"My God! This woman first eggs her daughter, before me, into bullying her husband for a car he can't afford and then recommends a story which is a denunciation of exactly that kind of thing!"

"Where's the hypocrisy? You simply mean the lady has no sense of humor. . . . No," he told me, "you can't have any soup."

"Then what is hypocrisy?" the playwright snarled.

"I've never found out," said the surgeon. "You literary creatures have never defined it decently."

"Hypocrisy," I said, "is the sacrifice of honor to personal advantage."

"That's conscious hypocrisy," he objected.

"Unconscious hypocrisy," said the architect, "is merely a lack of humor. I'm not at all sure that there is any such thing as unconscious hypocrisy."

"Yes, there is," said the surgeon. "I ran into it the last time I was ass enough to stop off in New York on my way to Europe. My idolized daughter, back there, has been mucking about among your ghastly æsthetic push. She particularly wanted me to meet two young critics before whom, I gather, your intellectual world genuflects. They specialize in a sense of the past. The traditions and records of Europe are their roast beef. They were agreeable enough."

"What were their names?" the architect asked.

"Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," the surgeon said, salting his soup. "One of them had no eyebrows and the other needed a manicure, but they were amiable young men. Only, by the most casual course of conversation I discovered that Rosencrantz did not know who William of Nangis, Stephen Marcel, John Chandos, the Sieur de la Boétie, Michel de l'Hôpital and Bernard Palissy were. Guildenstern thought the Jacquerie to be a phenomenon of the Fifteenth Century. He also didn't know who Maspero and Ebers were. He further cheered me by saying that the name Koshchei was an invention of Mr. Cabell."

"There's no hypocrisy involved," I said. "The Young Cerebrals probably have a considerable sense of the past gained by reading essays of the correct writers on historical topics. I often meet bright fellows who know all about patches of anthropology and folklore which figure in 'The Golden Bough'. Most of them can prattle prettily about the Ægean civilization because that is to be had in Elie Faure's dream of art. But such dogs as Maspero, Bury and Guizot are not inside the æsthetic pale, nor is Gibbon much esteemed. The sense of the past which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern lug around with them, flatly, is the literary sense of the past, and not that of informed men who have read history. Art, as we all know, is not the biography of mankind, but, until that pleasant delusion is smashed out of Cerebralia, you need not expect to find any Guildenstern aware of Stephen Marcel or William de Nangis. Personally, I don't think it matters much whether the Cerebrals know history or not. As for calling two estimable young gentlemen hypocrites on such slight provocation, I think it shocking! They would find Maspero as dull as I find the *Yellow Book*."

"Is that as dull as I remember it to have been?"

"It is almost as dull as the memoirs of Casanova. I borrow the comparison from Miss Rebecca West. Miss West's disapproval of the *Yellow Book* and Casanova has heartened me to admit that I find both of these admired literary landmarks tedious. I should hardly care to admit as much in print, however. I wouldn't be safe. . . . What can I have for lunch?"

"Nothing," said the surgeon, "except a little hot water and, perhaps, a baked apple for desert."

II

He waved back the waiter who was about to pour some white wine into my glass and resumed: "Granted that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are not hypocrites, can you excuse the following episode in what you call Cerebralia—although what the American literary world has to do with intelligence I don't understand. I have often legally killed American writers, on the operating table, with a considerable relief."

"Literature," I nervously agreed, "is merely an impediment to civilization. Pray continue."

"A gentlewoman," he said, brutally attacking a mutton chop, "lately invited to her house in the Santa Clara Valley a young Cerebral from New York who proved to be such an unusually horrible specimen that her other guests recoiled from him in open alarm and relentlessly snubbed him. After some hours of this, the dirty puppy announced his deep interest in psychoanalysis to his hostess and began his revenge by assuring her that two eligible young men dangling after her daughter were obviously homosexuals. He proved this by explaining that the girl's cropped hair and sporting tan made her look like a handsome boy. Leaving the lady in a state of gasping collapse, he collected an elderly clergyman and assured him that his wife's constant hectoring of her stepson was the mask of a secret passion for the kid. He was starting to work on a third victim when one of his hostess's daughter's swains caught up with him. . . . I set his nose. . . . Was not this hypocrisy?"

"Obviously," I said.

"Bubble and squeak!" the playwright broke out. "It was not hypocrisy at all! If one of Shakespeare's friends had been a psychiatrist he would have told the Stratford wonder to go into any cheap tavern along Thameside, when he was writing 'Othello,' and listen to young actors in a huff. Why is Iago so unreal that even literary criticism has been able to perceive it? Because he analyzes himself and shows the holes in Shakespeare's imagination of him. No, the real Iago believed his own lies. If the play were well written from the beginning there would be one scene in the first act in which Othello violently snubs Iago before some superior people. No further explanation of Iago would then be necessary. One could enjoy him heartily. His character would still be improbable, because he's supposed to be a soldier—a man of action. He is actually a literary introvert in a fit of pique. His solipsism is peculiarly literary in its phases. Your Cerebral who played old Doctor Freud did so in all sincerity. It was a momentary sincerity, but it was sincerity! His wounded vanity went into mechanical operation and, as he had no sense of the world, he proceeded against these phantasms of his own mind with the most immediate weapon of his rage."

"But why not simply have thrown rocks?" asked the architect. "The anecdote is banal, of course. It happens every weekend when women are fools enough to invite writers into houses with decent people. But why was this cub's immediate weapon sexual gossip?"

"The alliance between rage and lust," said the surgeon, "is old. Even American writers have commented on it. When I was dressing this puppy's nose his condition was exactly that of a man exhausted by a wild night. Anger had stimulated him. His assault on the character of his fellow guests was a kind of inverse rape. It was most interesting, but I decline to believe that he didn't know he was lying."

"The point," I said, "could be discussed for a week without doing anything more than infuriating us. But the word solipsism is suggestive. The inferior egotist is your true solipsist. He perceives the world only as his mind creates it. Perhaps the other creatures of the house-party were in no way real to the Cerebral. They were simply phantasms which didn't behave themselves. A superior egotist would have seen them more or less as they were and would have—possibly—wondered whether the snubs he'd received were not, as one says, deserved. A superior egotist can conceive humility. The force of his own mind makes him acknowledge that his ego is simply one of spinning millions. On wet Thursdays in Lent and on Midsummer Eve he may really imagine that he is rather a low worm in the sight of God. . . . Thus, too, it is the inferior egotist who drapes his heroes in legends of sexual performance and creates the great of the æsthetic world in the manner of stallions. This primitivism is precisely that of the little boy who brags that his father can thrash policemen. Sexually

timid himself, the Cerebral gives the men he reveres all the qualities of primordial demigods. An English essayist recently roused snickerings in the less hopelessly literary portion of the literary world by solemnly approving the discovery of Wordsworth's illegitimate child as an increase of Wordsworth's legend. *Æternus puer!* The commonplace writer is not only a boy who can't grow up but rather a dull boy into the bargain. We destroy civilization."

"Your definition of civilization," the playwright yawned, "must be very complicated."

"On the contrary," I said, stealing an olive, "it's simple. A civilized nation or person is one which attempts the recognition of facts."

"Wild grammar," the surgeon commented.

"That is the fault of my expensive education. I was sent to the best schools and colleges. Had I been reared in Shark City, Washington, I would probably know a pronoun from an adverb."

The surgeon finished his mutton chop and said, "Just this morning I saw the destructive force of literature at work on a really intelligent man. I finally had to give him a shot of morphine because he was working himself into mania and talking revolvers. His wife had run off with some long-legged imbecile. He loathed the woman and had loathed her for years, but he reads a good deal, and the whole force of literary tradition was behind him. He spewed up sections of novels wholesale. This, in effect, was how a wronged husband should act. Women are usually more sensible in that situation but, too often, they make asses of themselves in the same way."

"Your truisms," I said recklessly, "are not impressive. And kindly, in blaming writers of fiction, shed some bile toward their masters, the critics."

"I can not be expected to read American criticism at my age," he retorted, "and don't. One is told that Guibert Rosencrantz and Eustace Guildenstern are grand youths who will rattle the dead bones of American thought. One watches the actual output. The mountains tremble in the correct reviews and out come ridiculous and very mangy mice. One expects a cataract and gets some feeble drip about the decline of French cooking or the defective collection of American folksongs. Miss Repplier has said as much and more in one volume of essays than have most of the wild young cerebrals in the seven years since literature began to assume formidable contours in America."

III

"You are unjust to the Cerebrals," I argued. "It has been cleverly remarked of Robert Louis Stevenson that he became an author simply as a species of objection to the world around him. Most of the Cerebrals are merely young men in a state of awful boredom with the American atmosphere. . . . I rather like the Cerebrals and envy their Olympian composure."

"I don't like them and resent their hypocrisy extremely," said the architect. "It bores me to see whole paragraphs complacently echoed from Ford Madox Ford or Wyndham Lewis in the smart reviews without the suggestion of a quotation."

"That is true and yet untrue. Many people are quite unconscious of quoting. Again, many things which seem derivative in literature are simply parallel expressions arrived at quite independently. I lately printed some comment on the psychological nature of George Douglas's forgotten novel, 'The House With The Green Shutters'. While the book containing this sufficiently obvious matter was in the press, I picked up Mr. Edwin Muir's last volume and discovered a passage on Douglas which said much the same thing. When my book appeared I was promptly accused of filching Mr. Muir's idea and, idiotically, a hedge critic in the South has just accused Mr. Muir of stealing from me.

The idea is no great shakes, but Mr. Muir and I came to it independently of each other. So, too, in the last year three people have broken forth independently of each other with comments on the lack of sweetness in Mr. Ring Lardner's humorous tales. . . . That piques me peculiarly, because five years ago another harmless oaf and I tried to print our honest belief that Mr. Lardner flattered humanity even less than do Mr. Cabell and Mr. Dreiser. The same editor told us parentally that we were insane and that Mr. Lardner's talent was all compact of innocent merriment. He has now, of course, gone over to the other school of thought in the case. I have not the courage to remind him of his snorts five years ago."

"Have you any courage at all?" asked the surgeon.

"Almost none. I have been a professional writer since 1918. . . . But why?"

"If you had the guts to use it I would give you the plot of a novel to play with."

"Give it," I said, stealing another olive.

"Some weeks ago," he began, "the newspapers announced the deaths of a man and woman in a motor wreck. They left no children. The man was once my chauffeur. The woman was once a charity patient of mine and her husband first saw her coming in and out of my office. She was a young prostitute of a special class whose hip had been injured in a drunken row with another woman. My driver fell in love with her childish and very innocent beauty. She was an awfully nice, simple child and quite intelligent. My driver married her—"

"Knowing that she was a prostitute of that special class?"

"Certainly. She told him herself. He married her and took her down to his family in the country. But one of her former clients met her on a beach and her husband's family gathered the inference, and hell broke loose. Finish the story."

"He then," I guessed, "became ashamed of what had formerly not mattered a rat's whisker and—"

"See the force of literary tradition! That is what *should* happen. On the contrary he told his family to go to the devil, took his wife into another State and lived with her very placidly until they were killed in this motor wreck."

"The story," the architect said, "is no good. I mean that it is no good for literary purposes as fashions go. To begin with, it ends pleasantly, which violates one current literary canon, and then it represents a man as behaving with what is awkwardly called common sense. Send it to Paul Morand, whose specialty is the representation of people behaving quite calmly and logically in situations which the Anglo-American school of writers either would coat in hysterics or defend by solemnly pointing out that the situations were really pieces of life. Morand recognizes human phlegm. . . . No, your novel is impossible, doctor. The author who attempted it would be defended to death by the admiring critics and cursed by the correct. Finally some one would talk of the story's perverse beauty and that hypocritical phrase, hurtling in air, would oblige him to chuck himself off a tall building in order to make the protest of martyrdom."

"The phrase perverse beauty," said the playwright, "is a stale egg enough, but I don't see its hypocrisy."

"The phrase perverse beauty," the architect said, "was born in this way: Some critical ninny saw something whose beauty was irresistible but which offended his notion of good manners in art or in nature—a cockatoo with a pink beak or the portrait of a lady with her entrails wrapped around her neck. Obliged to admit the beauty in which he believed, he yet had to apologize for its lack of good manners. Hence, perverse beauty. Never forget that art, to simple creatures, is a species of etiquette."

"But," said the surgeon, "do you think that a lack of manners in natural beauty is offensive to the simple?"

"Obviously. The Alps were sinister through the Eighteenth Century in correct writing, and it needed railroads, romanticism and good hotels to make Switzerland a *cliché*. The octopus, the cactus, the bedbug and the gila monster all have charm for the resolute æsthetician but remain unpopular among the sensitive. Intestinal and phallic suggestions in the case of the octopus and the cactus probably have something to do with the matter. The gila is a most interesting arrangement in color, and the bedbug's shell is lovely. What do these merits avail? Things which can bite, off of which one falls, or which stink and wriggle too much have to be explained to the timid. One still hears a deal of the sinister and perverse beauty of tigers and Russian dancers, commonplace as art has made them. No, art is etiquette to many critics and humdrum amateurs."

"It is, then, the lack of etiquette in the art of Goya, Gericault and Beardsley which offended?"

"Pardon, but Gericault only offended condign simpletons. His statuesque attempts in the macabre rather obviously horrified him, too. Goya, as you know, always had a certain popularity with hardheaded folk who relished his massacred peasants shown as heaving lumps of shadow, hands that stiffen in a last terror before the levelled guns, his wigged beasts, his bawds, his scandalous beggars. The hardheaded can always see that an octopus is an octopus and not a primrose which refuses to behave itself. No, it needed the literary softies to establish Goya's degradation and perversity and all that impapyrate puke. It needed—three cheers!—an American softy to discover perverse beauty in Goya's lovely picture of the girl under her parasol at Lille, the most charming of his many purely charming things. Sensible people have always been able to get along with an octopus in art. But—my God!—now that Van Gogh's swipe from him has reminded the Cerebrals of Gustave Doré, they are even writing up Doré in his capacities as a macabre and perverse artist!"

"Give Raymond Radiguet some credit," I said. "A little before he died he remarked that a good deal of modern painting seemed to date from Doré's illustrations of the Contes Drolatiques. There was a bray which echoed all down Montmartre and scared Cerebrals in the Rotonde. But two young American painters went home, dug up the old book and looked with some interest at those reeling, eccentrically shadowed and foreshortened cuties, and have since been pensive. Doré was no fool. . . . Only what you are trying to say of the critical softy is really that he must be hypocritical. To be heard by nice people, one must establish oneself as a nice person, and nice persons apologize for forwarding to their equals notice of the portrait of a lady with her liver draped over her ear. The sacrifice of honesty entailed in using such nonsensical phrases as perverse beauty is compensated by the safety of so doing. It is true that there is no such thing as perverse beauty, but what of it? There are greater hypocrisies in criticism. Take, for instance, the theory of the best butter."

"What," asked the surgeon, "is the theory of the best butter?"

"May I have some coffee?"

"Yes—half a cup. . . . Go on."

IV

"The theory of the best butter," I expounded, "is one very prevalent among correct people and is as vulgar as a sewer. It implies that great writers and painters and that sort of person never derive, consciously or unconsciously, from hacks and inferiors. In this way it is righteous to remark, while the cocktails are being shaken, that Charles Kingsley based 'The Water Babies' on Rabelais because nobody gives a damn what Kingsley based anything on, now, and the Cerebrals don't

care. But, if one remarks that passages of Goya can be found in the rubbishy prints of Spanish hacks of the early Eighteenth Century—and notably that effect of the levelled guns just mentioned—one has committed something pretty serious. It is true, but it ought not to be true, and Cerebralia shudders as it shuddered when news came out that Van Gogh had copied from Doré, a mere illustrator. The great are the great. The panegyrists of Emerson and Alcott mentioned that the great man and his lackey had read Carlyle and Goethe, but they seldom mentioned any reading of Richter, Froebel and Pestalozzi, or—"

"Have you read Pestalozzi?"

"I have," I said modestly, "by an accident. My father once bought a whole mountain of books at an auction in Washington in order to grab out some Americana. The mountain contained Pestalozzi and other dead cats who have manured the stem of advertised greatness. I have no mind, in particular—I thank God!—and it has given me no pain to read inessential authors. You see before you one who has completely read the works of Ralph Waldo Trine, George Whyte-Melville, Louisa Mühlbach, George Sand, Octave Mirbeau, Polybius, Brick Pomeroy, Augusta Evans Wilson, Diodorus Siculus, Minnie Catorba Watkins, G. Manville Fenn, Andrew Lang, Ludovic Halévy, the continuation of William de Nangis, Eugene Schuyler, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Tristan Bernard, Lamartine, Victor Hugo and Augustus Le Plongeon."

"Eugene Schuyler," said the surgeon, "was an admirable writer in many respects."

"Of course he was, but what of it? This pastime, I'm sorry to say, has kept me from finishing the works of Marcel Proust, Freud, Dostoyevsky, Jean Cocteau, Chekhov, Guillaume Apollinaire and several more, although I can speak of these worthies in tones of proper respect. *Hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, etcetera.* Plotinus and Henry James are the only two fashionable celebrities with whose words I am fully acquainted."

"Most of Plotinus," said the architect, "is horribly stupid."

"What of it? Theogenes tells us that great wisdom and great dullness come to much the same thing. William James told a friend of mine that passages of Plato sent him to sleep. . . . To go back to the theory of the best butter. You see, a great artist can derive only from great artists. One admits that Goya had gazed at works of El Greco and Velasquez, but there must be no penny prints in his lineage. De Quincey had not looked through 'Levana.' Carlyle was not aware of Lesage. It is not to be conceded that the living artists whose specialty is the stream of consciousness know that paragraph in the last chapter of 'A Tale of Two Cities' in which —and how expertly!—Carton is made to recall the hurrying footsteps in Soho and a phrase of his father's burial service, and yet sees the upturned faces of the crowd below the scaffold as all flashes from him in the heave of ending life. To the merely sensible, these goods are suggestive, and, as it is shakily admitted that great artists must go to school, it hardly seems to matter that they went to school to nobodies and to mere entertainers capable of some minute excellences. No, upholders of the tradition of the best butter shrink from such admissions against the aristocracy. And this hypocrisy, I think, is the best bloom in our critical garden of nonsense, for its seed is an obvious self-flattery. In short, one admires Goya and it must not be admitted that Goya's levelled gun barrels and winged abortions have improper ancestors. . . . Plato is remotely the grandfather of this iniquity."

"How?"

"Plato urged—didn't he?—that the lives and sayings of eminent men be described and extolled for the benefit of posterity. Himself something of the heavy snob, he neglected to urge that the contributing forces of such lives should be added as a kind of humbling moral to the

tale. So, behind the tombs of heroes, appear the grinning ghosts of fishwives, haberdashers, newsboys, street-walkers and makers of penny prints from whom these great accepted timely advice and strays of information. And yet, granting the necessities of admiring biographers, it has been truly pointed out that eminent men are frequently unpretentious and modest. They'd better be!"

"Your inferiority," said the architect, "constantly takes the form of heaving rocks at the tombs of heroes."

"Heave a rock at the last resting place of any of my heroes and watch me wriggle! Yesterday, in Sutter street, my companion bowed to a lady and, when she had passed remarked that she was a daughter of William James. I turned and gaped after this unassuming gentlewoman as though she were a circus parade with nine elephants and I a child of seven."

"James," said the surgeon, "had his weak spots. He came dangerously close to approving the doctrine of the immediate good at the expense of the eventual good."

"True. The weak spots of fine men make us wriggle more than do positive cancers in the careers of halfway people. I sweat with rage while retrospectively watching Theodore Roosevelt conciliate the herd's idea of a great man," I said. "It was deplorable in the last American!"

"Why last?" yawned the playwright. "Don't be so damned affected!"

"No," said the surgeon, "he's reached a lucid statement of cold fact. I'm older than any of you. The Rough Rider was the last American of a class now almost extinct. He closed an epoch. The elder United States died with him. . . . He was charming, bumptious, vain and able. The character was not uncommon. I knew many variations of it. These men feared God not at all and took their own part. They envied Europe and were flattered by its attentions—as Roosevelt was—but it was a decent envy, and they accepted the flattery as one accepts flatteries from a man one can knock down. Isolation had, at least, given those old Americans a certain stiffness of the spine, a grain of energetic pride in being themselves. Their egotism may have been laughable and parochial, but it was an egotism. Life among them was strenuous."

"A dull book," said the playwright.

"Perhaps," I said. "But the Rough Rider, however clumsily, hit and hit hard at the grossness of the generation rising around him. His taunts were naturally taken as an invitation to play a great deal of golf and to shoot big game. But he presumed to preach an egotism which might have ended in the production of a less lacteal mush, for the superior egotist is not a hypocrite, save in the grand manner. Your superior egotist is not ashamed of a penny print in the history of his gods and when he sacrifices belief to personal advantage he does it with a sweep of the hat. . . . The whole downward contour of American thought and life after the Civil War was reaching its dead level of the present in 1900, and the completion of the disaster Roosevelt barely saw. He felt it coming. The movement in decay can not be arrested now. Unless the contentiousness of the primitive Americans wakes again—and who really expects that?—we shall become more comic than we are. Our mania for devices in self-protection can hardly crawl lower. We have preferred the comfort of cotton wool, and even our momentary screams against that stifling investiture have a slightly false, theatrical note. We have grown to enjoy our masochism."

"You're almost frank," said the surgeon. "Yes, the final truth about your cerebral American is that he enjoys his sufferings under the swill-pail breaking his back."

"Rot!" said the playwright.

The architect said: "No. . . . There's something in that. The other day I was asked to eat a very good lunch in one of your clubs with a group of your local architects. Some of these gents have been

wailing over the bad taste and cheap building of Californians. Their woes have been elegant in the best architectural magazines. They've been yearning for some means to advertise reputable architects and decent buildings. Along comes somebody—I forget his name—and prints an article in a five-cent magazine accessible to the mob with photographs of good houses by George Washington Smith and some more, and horrible examples of the other kind of thing. This was just what the æsthetes had been wanting, or had said that they wanted. Did they like it when they saw it? Not they! I sat for an hour in the steam heat of their indignation. Art, somehow or other, had been defiled. . . . Yes, there's a strain of sheer masochism in the refined American's sufferings. I fancy that men violently busy with the forces of their own talents would not have time to suffer so much aloud, or that their suffering would pour out a livelier lava on the vulgarians. It's all rather weak and unrealized. Our judgments on the scene seem to be the verdicts of so many little brothers to Judge Bridlegoose, very prettily phrased and a trifle platitudinous. We say nice things about the right people and groan over the rest, and who cares? . . . I wonder about the future."

V

"There isn't any," I said. "So don't bother."

"None at all?"

"None," I declaimed. "We shall be Saite, at the best. The generation which vanished with Roosevelt was the last flare of hereditary energies. Twilight was commencing for Europe when the *Mayflower* started on its cruise. We're a child born at menopause. . . . We'll be less crude. Oh, yes! Even the decaying Europeans may come to jeer less—may even creep from stilled Thebes and Memphis to admire a little the palanquins and the gilding in our Saite streets. I'm sure that life in Sais was somehow charming with its repetitions of the past. The slim nobles received well and showed the tourists through the tombs so finely copied, form for form, from the best in the Valley of the Kings beyond old Thebes. And those bronze and alabaster women—so softly molded!—charm us still on shelves in Cairo and Berlin, carven echoes of the great day. It was all charming! The sharp enamels glittered on the walls, and the Greeks, stinking of oily goatshair, gaped in the markets and shyly drew aside from the white formal sleeves which drifted past them under stiff parasols of tinted papyrus. Sais was fair. All sense of simulation had passed. It was all an echo, and there was no shame in the great fraud. . . . We shall have that much—a prolonged twilight, a high grace of mimicry, an etiquette in death, a last and unconscious hypocrisy. We shall not know that we are cheats."

"You were saying just the opposite on Tuesday," said the surgeon.

"That was Tuesday. This is Saturday and you've put me on a beastly diet! . . . But the intermediate period of tutelage is rather rough. We learn from Europe by licking its spittle, I think, too publicly. I weary of watching artists, themselves able, go panting for compliments or censure to some foreign touring tramp. I sicken when I see children of gentlefolk accept insults from a Czech ballet boy, a male harlot kept by a vulgar——"

"Hold on!" said the architect. "That's my story, not yours!"

"My good fellow," I sneered, reaching for my hat, "did you fancy that I was going to let any of you say the best things in my report of this conversation? Ass! Did you not shiver when I mentioned all those ghosts grinning behind the tombs of people who swiped their stuff?"

"But *I* mentioned them!" he howled.

"What of it?"

"Hypocrite!"

"Oh, consciously!" I said. "Pray, did you think that I haven't learned from my betters?"

THE PLAGUE OF LAWS

BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

At some point in space along the pathway this rolling ball of mud is following, there lies, at no far distant date, a Judgment Day. It is not the Dreadful Day of Wrath that Gabriel will announce so picturesquely with his trumpet; rather it is a Day of Deliverance. The crystal shows it as a Judgment Day of Judges and of Laws, as a Day rampant on a field of junk towering to Heaven and tapering off unbelievable miles to a Dawn of Hope.

With this picture clearly on his retina, the crystal-gazer will at once perceive that the wreckage in the field consists of our complicated, broken-down and altogether impossible machinery of laws and legal practices. Even now, as it creaks through the courts, the Frankenstein of the Law flaunts symptoms of disintegration. There may be no mud on its ermine, but it has the asthma. The majesty of its youth is no longer majestic. Who once bent the knee now thumbs the nose. Some of this prevailing disrespect for law may properly be attributed, perhaps, to changing hearts and shifting ideals, but the prime cause lies in the law itself. We have built a machine that no man can control. Thou-shalt-not has been piled upon Thou-shalt-not until Thou-shalt and Thou-mayest have been utterly buried. Ten thousand law-mills have submerged America beneath their grist. No living man can hope to know the law, and he who claims to do so is deserving only of long hairy ears and a bale of hay.

Back in the Roman days there ruled an Emperor, Justinian, who had the hardihood to junk the laws of Rome. They had grown fearful and conflicting, though hardly attaining the magnitude of our own colossal structure at the present time. Succeeding legislatures had spawned progressive confusion. When in Rome the Romans knew not what to do. So one fine day Justinian dropped the whole of Roman jurisprudence into the sluggish Tiber and gave to his countrymen a brand new set of 2,000 concentrated statutes as adequate and sufficient to hold them. We of America now seem to be far along the road Justinian trod many centuries ago. We have reached the twilight zone where the tragedy of misunderstanding is transmuted into the comedy of error. No man can tell even the number of our laws. How, under such conditions, can law be either enforced or observed?

Not long ago a somewhat inquisitive person who seeks to measure things as they are rather than as they are thought to be journeyed to an enlightened city, somewhat removed from Canton, in the progressive and respectable Commonwealth of Ohio, and bespoke a friendly policeman engaged in the practise of his art.

"Officer," asked the inquirer (all policemen are officers, for some occult reason), "tell me something of your work here. You are required to enforce the city ordinances, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir; we try to."

"And, of course, the laws of the State of Ohio?"

"Yes, sir."

"The Federal laws, too?"

"Yes," replied the policeman, "and the county laws. You forgot them."

"So I did," rejoined the inquirer.

"Now tell me, if you will, how many laws—Federal, State, county and city—are you required to enforce?"

The policeman halted, turned his cud of tobacco, and searched the inquirer's face. After a prolonged pause, during which the whir of his wheels of thought was almost audible, he broke the silence.

"Gosh, mister," he said, "I don't know."

All this, of course, didn't prove anything. But it impelled the inquirer to the next step, which led him to the clerk of the City Commission on the theory that he, at least, would know the number of ordinances in force in the community.

"Our records show," read the clerk's formal answer to the inquirer's poser, "that the City Council and the Commission (this city now being operated under the Commission form of government) have passed over 12,000 ordinances, covering many years, but since many of these ordinances repeal other ordinances, it would be a very difficult matter to determine how many ordinances are in effect at the present time."

Left thus to his own devices, the inquirer, by a somewhat tedious method of calculation, came, after considerable labor, to the conclusion that possibly two-thirds of the 12,000 ordinances had been either repealed or shelved by subsequent legislation, leaving, as a conservative estimate, 4,000 in effect.

That conclusion appearing to be an underestimate rather than an exaggeration, the inquirer let it lie and passed on, ignoring the county laws, to measure the State legislation entrusted to the policeman for enforcement in addition to the 4,000 local laws.

The Governor of Ohio referred him to the Legislative Reference Division of the State Library, whose chief, Mr. George A. Edge, obligingly delved into the task.

"The General Code of Ohio," Mr. Edge said, "is composed of approximately 15,000 sections. The section is the unit of legislation in this State and any Act passed may contain one or more sections. Most of the laws in force for any length of time have been amended one or more times. In fact, some of the sections of the School Code have been amended each session for a number of years. It might give a false impression to consider each of these acts as a separate law. We made a study of the highway laws of the State a few years ago and found that in the last 100 years more than 600 laws of a general nature had been passed relating to highways alone. I am sorry to say that it would be practically impossible to give you any exact figures as to the number of laws in effect in Ohio."

So far as the inquirer could learn, most, if not all, of the 15,000 sections were still in effect. And as some of them appeared to cover several situations, it seemed conservative to let the estimate remain at 15,000 laws in effect in Ohio, even though there might be a modicum of admitted danger toward overstatement.

On then to Washington traveled the inquirer, bent on measuring the burden of Federal laws entrusted to the policeman. Simple addition disclosed that the Ohio policeman had been entrusted with the enforcement of about 19,000 State and local laws before our national solons had begun to operate on him. In the archives of the Library of Congress the records of Federal law-making disclosed the same state of affairs as had been found in Ohio. Without a long and patient expertness of codification, no accurate measure could be made of the number of Federal laws now alive and unrepealed.

Since the first day of the First Congress (the present Congress is the Sixty-ninth) the total number of laws enacted by all Congresses, up to December 1, 1923, was 49,064. More than 30,000 of them were private measures—bills for the relief of Jenny Jones, Tom Brown, *et al.* to the extent of an army corps—; the remaining 19,043 have been so-called public laws, applicable to all citizens of the Republic alike.

The First Congress, assembling in 1789,

modestly refrained from sowing any dragon's teeth. It passed, during its two-year tenure of life, but 118 laws, of which ten were private relief measures. The second Congress, evidently impressed with this record and intent on out-doing it, passed only seventy-seven laws, and of that number twelve were private relief laws. So wrought our unjazzed forefathers in legal temperance and frugality! Government in those days rested her hand but lightly upon the freeborn!

Down through the years, indeed, the record remained a temperate one until about two decades ago, when the Fifty-ninth Congress, whooping it up to the lash of the Rough Rider, awoke to the possibility of running up a new record at the other end of the lot. That Congress set the mark—let us hope for all time—for lavish legislation. It passed out a legal succotash of 7,799 statutes, of which 7,024 were for somebody-or-other's relief. Most of those private relief measures were pension bills, each affecting one person. But in addition, 775 public laws were ground out during the two-year term of that Congress, each of which applied to all American citizens. Not long thereafter, all pension relief measures were placed in an annual omnibus bill. The effect of this move was to reduce the number of private laws passed by the Sixtieth Congress to 646. Since then, the number of public and private laws has averaged about 350 annually, or 700 for each Congress!

II

In the early days of the Republic, when the Western frontier lay far to the East of the Mississippi and the fingers of both hands were more than ample to indicate the number of millions of the citizenry, the Federal government was an exceedingly unostentatious institution. William Eleroy Curtis in his book, "The True Thomas Jefferson," places the civilian personnel of the executive branch of the government at fewer than 1,400 persons when Jefferson assumed office. Of that number, 900 were postmasters. The White House force consisted of Mr. Jefferson and his amanuensis, Mr. Meriwether Lewis.

A century ago, or in 1825, so a dusty volume in the Library of Congress discloses, the number of Federal officials and clerks stationed at Washington was fewer than 300. The Treasury, with somewhat more than 100 officials, clerks and messengers, overshadowed in size all other branches of the government. The State Department gave employment to fewer than fifty job-holders. The Patent Office force consisted of a commissioner, an assistant, a clerk and a messenger. And the number of laws on the books was fewer than 1,000. All the revenues of the government in those innocent days would hardly defray the cost of a single Congress today: it now approximates $25,000,000. Like everything else, the cost of passing laws has risen, and now every public law passed by Congress represents an outlay of from $80,000 to $100,000.

As the sum total of Federal laws passed by all the Congresses from the First to the Sixty-ninth, inclusive, there have been placed on the statute books somewhat more than 20,000 public measures. Many of these, of course, have been wartime laws and others have been repealers. The unknown quantity is the number of laws still in effect. A conservative estimate, perhaps, is half of the total, or 10,000. For the purposes of this recital, that guess will be accepted. It may be out of the way, but if so, the chances are that it is an underestimate. Anyhow, nobody can say truthfully that there are *not* 10,000 existing Federal laws unless he spends the better part of a life-time in searching the record. If he wants to do that, and thus perform a much needed public service, the writer will accept his correction. No estimating triflers, however, need apply for a revision of this otherwise tenable figure.

Thus we come back to our Ohio policeman with an accretion of 10,000 Federal

laws. With their enforcement he is charged along with the job of guarding school children at the crossings and pulling the call-box at regular intervals. These 10,000 Federal laws, when added to the 19,000 State and local laws, bring us to a grand total of 29,000. This is the number of statutes of which the policeman is the enforcement agent. For the second time, it will be noted, the inquirer has overlooked the county laws. Heaven only knows their number. The chances are, however, that it is relatively small; and as I have conceivably overestimated the number of State laws, it probably is just as well to throw in the county laws as an offset without increasing the total beyond the original 29,000.

Consider, now, the policeman. He is the living embodiment of the law—the only embodiment to nine persons out of every ten on his station. He is charged with Law Enforcement; *ergo*, he should know the law. Theoretically, under our system, he *does* know it. But actually? Does anyone anywhere make any such claim for him? Right there, in fact, at that precise point of contact, our legal machinery begins to break down. We have given our policeman a task too great for Hercules; we have set him a problem that Solomon could not solve.

Let us attempt to measure the task we have saddled upon him. Let us assume that he takes his job literally at its full requirement. Let us give him ample time to prepare for his duties before he assumes them, and to that let us add unusually high intelligence—something I have failed to discover in some of the policemen I have observed—and a memory such as Addison Sims of Seattle would envy. Well, then, our candidate for police duty trains for his prospective work by studying and digesting the laws he is to be called on to enforce. Let us say he succeeds in mastering ten laws a day, which, in itself, is no ignoble accomplishment. If so, it will require ten years for him to familiarize himself with all the laws he is to enforce!

After studying ten years, he would know, with the aid of a perfect memory, the law as it stands on the books today, the early part of 1927. But he would not have acquired the knowledge until 1937! He would then have a ten-year accumulation of new laws—those passed from 1926 to 1936—with which to acquaint himself. In order to bring himself up to date, he would have to study five years more. Thus at the end of another period of five years, or in 1942, he would be fully equipped to join the force and begin to draw his $125 a month.

Obviously, the laws are not being enforced at the first point of contact with the public. Is it the fault of the policeman? Manifestly not; his task is impossible. Is it the fault of the public? Only to the degree that the public has failed to shut down the law-mill. What has happened in this typical illustration is not peculiar to Ohio. That great State is simply the victim of my selection. Her plight is little better, little worse, than the plight of her neighbors. Because of her resemblance to an average of all the States, so far as law is concerned, she has been chosen to illustrate the point. No odium of comparison is designed.

III

Ohio and her hustling little city are the average exponents of a system that was started on its accumulating way throughout the United States more than 307 years ago at Jamestown, when the first duly authorized legislative assembly of white men in the Western World was called to convention. As we have been considering the present flower of that seedling, it, perhaps, may be profitable to look more closely at the seedling itself.

Historians differ as to the exact date of the meeting of that first law-making body of America. The Library of Congress fixes it as of Friday, August 9, 1619. Some historians, including Woodrow Wilson, say the date was July 30, 1619. The exact date is unimportant. Prior to that time, the

struggling colonists had tasted the bitter potion of Sir Thomas Dale's Code of Martial Law. To Mr. Samuel W. Niemeyer of Washington, D.C., I am indebted for a fair working idea of the code's primitive application of justice in the New World. Sir Thomas apparently had a religion of a sort that he deemed beneficial for the colonists. Much of his code consequently was designed to enhance the spiritual as well as the temporal well-being of the colony. Among the crimes punished under it was refusal to go to a clergyman to be instructed in religion. The first offender was whipped; a second offense was punishable by "whipping twice and public contrition." Thereafter the wilful were whipped in public daily until they acknowledged their error and mended their ways.

Disrespect to a dominie was punishable by whipping and public supplication for pardon on three consecutive Sundays. The blasphemer was given a severe flogging for his first offense. If he offended the second time, a stout bodkin was pushed through his tongue. His third offense was punishable by death. Death was also prescribed for deriding God's Word, for speaking against the Holy Trinity or the articles of Christian Faith, and for the third failure to attend Sunday services. With these pleasant little penalties in prospect, few of the colonists turned Modernist. Equally simple was the punishment for infraction of the non-religious provisions of the code. Death was the punishment for such now prevalent sports as perjury, adultery, fornication, abusing the King, robbery, slandering the Virginia Company, cheating, stealing, fraud, and unauthorized trading with the Indians. The code prescribed other rules of conduct and other penalties, too, but the foregoing are sufficiently illuminating to enable one to form some idea of the affection in which the colonists must have held their first laws. In 1619 they were allowed, by grace of London, to legislate, within certain limitations, for themselves.

The Library of Congress has furnished me, from its research in the Journals of the House of Burgesses and from other material compiled by Mr. C. C. Tansill, of the Library's Legislature Reference Service staff, the following narrative of events at Jamestown at that time:

> On April 29, 1619, [says Mr. Tansill], George Yeardley, the new Governor of Virginia, arrived at Jamestown with the Great Charter of Privileges, the Commission for Establishing the Council of Estate and the General Assembly, and sundry instructions. He at once issued a proclamation that "those cruell lawes by which we had soe longe been governed were now abrogated" and in conformity with his instructions he "sente his summons all over the country, as well to invite those of the Counsell of Estate that were absente as also for the election of Burgesses."
>
> Accordingly, on Friday, Aug. 9, 1619, the first popular representative assembly ever held within the limits of the present United States convened at Jamestown. As related in the proceedings, "the most convenient place for the Assembly to meet in" was "the quire of the church." There were present at this first meeting, the Governor, six councillors, and twenty-two burgesses representing eleven places, three of which were called cities. The session opened with prayer, and all the burgesses, "none staggering at it," took the oath.
>
> The House of Commons in England had secured the privilege of judging of the qualifications and elections of its own members. This same privilege the General Assembly at once exercised, and in the case of the admittance of Capt. John Martin, it voted that he should either give over a part of his patent, or the burgesses from his plantation should not be admitted. This he refused to do, so his representatives were dismissed.
>
> These preliminaries having been arranged, the Assembly proceeded to legislative business. The members' purpose in general was to adopt English practice to Virginian conditions, and this is well illustrated in the laws passed. The Church of England was the established church, and attendance at service was made compulsory. Idleness, gambling, drunkenness, and other human weaknesses were strongly reprobated and suitable punishments meted out. The legislators' attention was even directed towards curbing the excess in wearing apparel that began to be in evidence, and in order to check any such tendency it was enacted that every man should be taxed in the church "for all publique contributions, if he be unmarried according to his own apparell, if he be married, according to his owne and his wive's, or either of their apparell."
>
> The Assembly, however, was not content with mere legislative powers, but at once proceeded to sit as a court of law in two cases. The first was that of Thomas Garnett, who had sought to encompass his master's fall by deceit. For this Garnett was condemned to stand in the pillory for four days with his ears nailed to the board,

and be publicly whipped. The other case was that of Capt. Henry Spelman, who had spoken disrespectfully of Governor Yeardley. His punishment was in the form of degradation from office.

On account of the extreme heat and the ill health of several of the burgesses, the Governor decided to make Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1619, the last day of the session, and so prorogued it until March 7, 1620. This Assembly was preeminently one of action. The members debated little and decided promptly. Counting both the day of meeting and the day of adjournment, they were together only six days, one of which was Sunday.

Thus was transplanted from England the legislative seedling which has since grown to forest size, blanketing America. Our people, ever imaginative, have sought, in millions of fantastic ways, to apply a legal check to every conceivable trifle of misconduct. Where, but in America, for instance, could there be such a legal proposal as that introduced in the Kansas legislature back in the railroad-baiting days? It provided, in substance, an infallible remedy against accidents at rail crossings by the simple expedient of directing that whenever two trains approached an intersection each should stop and neither should proceed until the other had gone on. Here in the land of liberty it is against the law in some jurisdictions to place on a hotel bed sheets of a size other than that prescribed by the authorities. One's gate, in some towns, must open inward; in others, outward. The size of screws used by electricians and their relative positions are subjects for legislation in some building codes. And within the past two years the Legislature of one State, Oregon, considered, at a single session, these choice measures:

A bill requiring the posting of the Lord's Prayer in all places of business and amusement.

A bill to prohibit poster advertising of cigarettes.

A bill to create a State Board of Automobile Mechanics, composed wholly of labor unionists.

A bill to prohibit the use of paint-spraying machines.

Sometime ago I addressed an inquiry to the Governor of each State and to the mayors of fifty cities. I asked those officials, each the head of the law-enforcement agency within the bailiwick, two questions:

How many laws are on your statute books?
How many laws were enacted last year?

To the first question the response, overwhelmingly, was, "Frankly, we don't know." The second question elicited detailed information, upon which I estimated that no fewer than 13,000 new laws appeared on the books of the forty-eight States in 1925. The cities, whose councils meet more frequently than do the State Legislatures, pass many more laws than do the States.

Raymond Manning, of the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress, kept a record of new State laws between 1917 and 1924, inclusive. His tally showed a grand total of 71,125. The New York State Library Index of Legislation compiled figures covering new State laws from 1900 to 1908, inclusive, and its total ran to 87,193. Many of those laws, without doubt, repealed or amended previous enactments. But how many, nobody knows.

Since 1900, according to these figures, the States have passed 250,000 new laws At least twice as many, however, are today on the statute books, even using a most sparing estimate of existing laws passed prior to 1900. The revised statutes of Alabama, for instance, contain more than 10,000 sections. Iowa has more than 14,000 laws on her books. Minnesota reported 10,981 sections in the General Statutes of 1923. Chief Justice Peaslee of New Hampshire wrote, "I have no idea how many separate bits of statutory law have been enacted by New Hampshire." "Laws of the forty-eight States in 1923," says William M. Bullitt in the *Journal of the American Bar Association*, "fill 3,576 Volumes of 1,592,000 pages."

As for the cities, Chicago passed 345 new laws in 1924; Boston, 10; Baltimore, 232; Newark, N. J., 165; Kansas City, Mo. (estimated) 2,000; Denver, 214; Louisville, 473; Akron, O., 893; Birmingham, 72; Springfield, Mass., 23; Grand Rapids, 30; and Providence, 64. The figures are selected at random from responses to my inquiry by the mayors of the various

towns. Fifteen typical American cities, including the foregoing, added 4,833 new laws to their books during the year. On that basis, there is passed, on the average, a new law every day in every city in the United States. There are about 275 cities of 30,000 inhabitants or more; below that arbitrary line of division the incorporated places of the United States number about 13,000. That does not include somewhat more than 3,000 counties, all of which have their own legislative bodies.

IV

What, then, is the total number of laws now in effect in America? Obviously, there can be only an estimate, and one man's estimate, perhaps, is as good as another's. It is my own opinion that no fewer than 10,000,000 laws and ordinances are theoretically operative in the United States today.

Even the most conscientious observer can hardly fail during the course of a single day to violate unwittingly some of them. The law has become so complex and extensive that no living man can hope to learn its provisions or observe it in full. The traffic laws alone—that tangled skein of tomfoolery that nobody can unravel—make lawbreakers of all motorists. The record shows that one motorist out of every five within a wide survey was arrested for some violation or other of the traffic laws during the year 1924. Apply the ratio to the nation, and there were no less than 3,500,000 traffic lawbreakers apprehended in the United States during the year! And for every motorist whose misfortune it was to become caught in the skein, how many broke through undetected? What automobile driver can truthfully tell himself that he has never broken the law?

To such absurdities have our lawmakers led us. But just as surely as there was a Roman Empire in the days of old, so surely will the days to come bring forth a modern American Justinian and a new and simpler code, founded on the old-time virtue of common sense.

CHINA BOY

BY IDWAL JONES

I FIRST beheld Pon Look twelve years ago, and even then he was the oldest human creature in Fiddle Creek township. It was on top of Confidence Hill one August day, when the pines were withering in the terrific heat and the road was a foot deep in white dust. Pon Look came over the brow of the hill, from below.

He waddled like a crab, leaning on a staff, and extreme age had bent his body at a right angle to his stunted legs. His physiognomy was fearsome, like a Chinese actor's in a print. His head was sunk forward, so that his ears were in line with his shoulders, and the protuberant chin was adorned with sparse, silvery hairs. For all he had the aspect of a crippled galley-slave, he progressed smartly, slewing that head continually from side to side with a strange grace. He seemed to be propelling himself through the heat waves with that sculling movement. He had something alive, which he held in check with a rope. It was a large, feline animal, with a bobbed tail and a funny wicker hat fitting over its head, like a muzzle. At intervals this beast leaped into the air, and, uttering frantic cries, tore furiously at the muzzle with its forefeet. It had eyes as glittering as topazes. It was a superb catamount. Pon Look no more minded its antics than if they were the antics of a mosquito.

I offered Pon Look a cigar. His face wreathed instantly with smiles, and he took it shyly. Laughter wrinkles creased his smooth high forehead.

"You are taking your pet out for a breath of air?"

"Pet?" he queried. Meanwhile the catamount was whirring insanely in the dust, at taut rope, with the velocity of a squirrel in a cage. "Pet?—oh, no—I jus' catch heem now in the canyon."

"What are you going to do with him?"

Pon Look gave a fierce yank at the rope. "Oh—I tame him first. Then in two weeks, if he not fliendly, I kill him."

Heaven only knows how Pon Look, dried-up like a cricket, captured these monsters. Certain it was that he was wise in the arcana of nature, and cunning in the manipulation of willow forks, ropes, knots and all the little tricks of leverage. Once a month, at least, he rattled down the steep road in his buckboard, with a wildcat, a cougar or a brown bear in the crate behind. These beasts he sold to merchants in the Chinatown of San Francisco, who liked them because they drew crowds before the shops.

Though he sold his spoils for a bagful of money, he invariably came back to Fiddle Creek without a dime. He had his little failings. Fan-tan, bottles of *ng-ka-py*, dinners of pickled goose for his old cronies, bouts with the poppy, and nights of amorous dalliance—that was how the money went.

As a sort of watchman, he tyrannized over a domain of three square miles, covered with chaparral, snake-infested and repellent in Summer, and no more desirable in the rainy season. It had once been called Summerfield's Place. Some bank held it in lien, or it was held in mortmain. It is of no consequence. On top of this hill Pon Look lived alone.

When he was born, I never learned, nor could he himself guess. Even his begin-

nings were as shrouded in mystery as his end. In Fiddle Creek and Tamales there were ancients who had come to this part of California in the fifties, but had to admit grudgingly that Pon Look was there before them. A Digger Indian squaw averred that he was there before she was born. At the time of this declaration she was sixty, so I am probably not wrong in setting Pon Look's age at this meeting as about eighty-five. The school-children in Sonora looked upon him with as much awe as Boston infants would a resurrected Pilgrim. Still, Pon Look was sometimes articulate.

He began his career at the age of ten, as stable boy to La Penelli. A few old prints, a casual note in a diary written by an Argonaut who had applauded her exploits—that is all one can find concerning La Penelli. This person was a gymnast who performed in John Rowe's Olympic Circus in Kearny street in 1850. That was the first outdoor entertainment in San Francisco. One Sampson was its star, clown, harlequin and chariot driver. But what the pioneers most applauded was the lady act, wherein the ravishing Penelli turned somersaults on the back of a galloping white horse. This being the only female exhibition in the city, Rowe made considerable money, until the equestrienne got drunk, and the secret was out. It was Sampson, who had disguised himself with a white wig and an ingenious system of padding. The Olympic habitués were furious, and there was talk of lynching the proprietor. To make things worse for Rowe, one Foley set up a rival circus a block away, and exhibited freaks—the best being Iron Jaws, who could bite through six pieces of pioneer pie at one time. This feat he performed daily until some disgruntled patron inserted a tin pie plate in the strata and wrecked his maxillary leverage.

The circus business declining, Sampson withdrew with his horse and China boy, and took to loafing in the Boomerang Saloon, the rendezvous of British gentlemen. Here roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and pale India ale were procurable. Once a week, a genuine Stilton cheese, venerable with age, double-creamed and mouldy, was roasted on the spit. The *Times* and *Galignani's Messenger* were on file. Sampson drank and ate well, became fat, pop-eyed and garrulous, and ran up an enormous bill. Pon Look worked it out by serving as porter.

The spoken drama was looking up; Sampson went in for Shakespearean rôles, and set off with a barnstorming troupe into the foothills. Pon Look drove the coach, with scenery and costumes lashed behind, all over a dozen counties. Twenty months later, after an altercation with the rest of the company, Sampson absconded with the funds, and started back for England. Pon Look, who went back to the city, spent weeks in futile search for his master, but Sampson had gone to the bottom of the sea in the ill-fated *Brother Jonathan*.

II

The youth mooned in the alleys of Chinatown, half dead with grief, and smitten with a nostalgia for the hills. He apprenticed himself to a Cantonese cobbler who kept a booth near the plaza, and worked with such diligence that he mastered the craft in eight months, and made for himself covertly a pair of fine high boots. They were wrought of Chili ox-hide, oak-tanned and embroidered with dragons. He burnt a hundred candle-ends stitching on that pair of boots. They had to be good, for he had a hard road ahead of him.

Without saying good-bye to a soul, Pon Look tramped back into the hills, going by the devious Mariposa route into the region of the Southern Mines. He wore a coolie hat, flat-crowned, and a dolman, like an actor. At some of the camps the miners were kind and gave him bread; at other camps he was stoned, and bloody-eyed gaunt dogs were turned loose on him. He passed wanderers who limped by in tattered shoes, or else dragged along weary

and swollen feet bound in rags. They cursed, never because they were hungry or hopeless, but because of their feet. The sharp quartz slashed their soles, and split open their toes like figs, so that they left blood in their tracks. Pon Look rejoiced that he himself was well shod.

One day he heard loud singing by the side of the road, and there on a rock sat a venerable old man with a snowy beard. He held an open book, and his aspect was so benign that Pon Look paused in reverence.

"Well, well, John—stop and rest a while," said the old man, holding out both hands in greeting. His head was bare, he carried a heavy staff, and his feet were swathed in burlap. "Come and have a cup of tea."

Pon Look was touched. The aged one built a fire of pine cones, and brewed tea, which he shared with the boy from one pannikin. Between draughts he roared scraps of hymns. Pon Look was taking another swallow of tea, when his skull was struck with such violence that he fell senseless. It was night before he awoke. The beautiful old man was gone, and so were Pon Look's fine boots.

He shunned the road after that, and made his own path through the woods and over the hillsides. He would have thrown away his dolman to ensure himself against further attack, but the pockets were handy to carry bread and rice in. Toward nightfall, as he was about to cross a road, sounds of lamentation fell upon his ears. He concealed himself behind a clump of juniper. A man came riding on an agile gray pony. He wore a Mexican sombrero, with a horse-hair strap under his prow of a nose. His teeth were protruding, like a rat's; his wizened face was pockmarked; his eyes were a dead black, and humorous. To the pommel of his saddle was attached a long rope wound in bights about the necks of eight Chinese who tripped and stumbled behind. Pon Look trembled at the sight. What would be their fate? Later he could guess, for he learned that the rat-toothed man was the bandit Murietta, a merry and bloody personage.

Clearly, he had to be discreet above all else. For days and nights he kept off the trails, and never ventured across country until he had first surveyed the land from a height. The second week he fell in with a party of fifteen Cantonese, foot-sore and staggering under the weight of their loaded baying-poles. These, too, groaned and whined, being under the command of a harsh giant, a hairy Manchurian who set the pace, for he was unencumbered and had long legs. This captain had been a dealer in jargoon, moonstones and beryls in Foo-Chow, and was on his mad way to explore the upper reaches of the Tuolumne in search of like things. He permitted Pon Look to tote a heavy sack of millet in recompense for company and safe convoy.

This was the party that made the great strike of Summerfield Flat. That night they had encamped in a narrow valley littered with boulders and gravel, a strip of land so barren that it sustained merely chamiso bush and a few lodge-pole pines. In digging for a fire-pit, a shovel turned up a strip of blackened metal. It was gold. Forthwith, with yells and sweating, everybody plied tools, and the Flat was discovered to be paved with shards and shields of gold, an inch thick, flattened by glacier action, and under no more than two feet of ground. By dawn, when they had dug and piled up tons of gold, a great and appalling discouragement came over them. Even the jargoon merchant was filled with inquietude. What was so plentiful must necessarily be valueless. All hurried away from that spot of disillusionment.

The big Manchu and his party in time returned, loudly cursing the day they had set forth, for luck was against them. They found the Flat throbbing with tumult and life. It was plowed deep, swarming with men like maggots in a honeycomb. Over six million dollars' worth of gold was being taken out. The Cantonese, screaming like magpies, beat their captain with

staves, and he crawled away, out of his wits with chagrin.

It was then that Pon Look got a glimpse of the truth that was to abide with him to the end of his days: adventure and travel are the futile expedients of the foolish to escape from themselves. His companions scattered, but he stayed on.

III

Across from the Flat was a narrow pass in a long mountain of black, igneous rock. The mountain was in a semi-circle, and encompassed many square miles of the only green land in the countryside. It was moist from hidden springs, and the virgin soil, overlaid with the humus of centuries, was phenomenal in its richness. Old Man Summerfield owned it. He was a hard-scrabble Vermont farmer who lived in a good house with his haggard wife. He waylaid cattle from the ox-trains, and decoyed them into the enclosure. They bred calves, and he grew passably rich. He dwelt in antipathy with his neighbors, who at night frequently took pot-shots at him. It was on the domains of this ogre that Pon Look trespassed. The owner came riding out with a rifle.

"What do you want here, you yellow limb? Get off my place!"

"A job," responded Pon Look.

After some reflection, the farmer manœuvred Pon Look, as if he were a stray ox, and drove him to the cow-house.

"Live there," he snarled. "You'll find some sacks to sleep on."

Pon Look entered upon his duties, and became known as Summerfield's China Boy. There were twenty-five head of cattle, and it was his function to ride about on horseback and keep a wary eye on them, and if they showed symptoms of bursting, to dismount and stab them in the belly with a trochar. Because of the succulence of the grass they would overeat and suffer from bloat.

He acquired a sympathy with these animals, and in his solicitude would keep them moving incessantly, and try to retain them where the grass was somewhat less luxuriant. One night a handsome black bull escaped through the pass and vanished. Probably it got carved into steaks by unscrupulous neighbors. Old Man Summerfield frothed through his beard. He raged at Pon Look.

"What am I paying you board for, hey? To lose cattle for me? If that happens again—you get kicked out!"

The boy was aghast. There was every likelihood that it would happen again. It was then that he conceived the idea of building a wall around the ranch. It was a felicitous idea. Along one side of the low cliff was a talus of lava boulders; material right to hand. The stuff was in every size, from pebbles the bigness of a fist to rocks the size of a huge hog, and all rounded by æons of time. The most of them resembled footballs, and were known locally as nigger-heads.

He built a stone-boat, trained a cadgy old ox to haul it, and began to close the pass. He built a wall six feet high, and three and a half wide, with a wooden gate in the middle. The quarry was a quarter mile distant, and his tools were a crowbar and an end of plank. The job was finished after a year of back-breaking toil and the cost of Pon Look's right toe. Old Man Summerfield was so proud of this entrance that he spent hours sitting on the gate so people could see him as they drove by.

It was a notably fine gate, portentous and eye-taking. It was a gate that connoted landed respectability, and its psychological effect was curious. Old Man Summerfield swelled with self-esteem. He loafed at the saloons in the camp, and leading talk to the job, arrogated to himself all the credit for its design and building.

"It's all in handling the ma-terial," he would say. "You got to know how to lay them boulders and lock 'em so they won't roll off like balloons. They's nothing like a good gate to keep the cattle in."

"A better gate 'ud be one that kept other folks' cattle out," some neighbor

would remark, after Old Man Summerfield had left.

The China Boy's task was only just started. He now began to haul boulders to close in the southern and open arc of the circle. He lived on a diet of boiled beef and rice, which he cooked at his end of the cow-house, where he also slept. He arose before dawn, ate breakfast, then hitched the ox and boated a load of nigger-heads to the scene of operations. These he laid down before he returned to do the chores and attend to the milch cows. Not even after the rainy season was past was danger to the cattle over, and he had to be vigilant against the bloat. His masonry plan was to lay down the bottom tier, for the space of four miles, large boulders that required a trip apiece; then to superimpose smaller boulders, then loads upon loads of nigger-heads, until the wall was complete.

Progress was slow. The stone-boat ox would cough, then die very soon, and Pon Look had to train another one; or the vehicle would wear out, and he had to build another. Old Man Summerfield's wife, who had kept within the house and was wont to shout loud at night, gave up the ghost, so the master went to San Francisco to do some wooing, and being, as he said, "a particular man to please," it was three months before he returned with her successor. The boy did the work of two men in the meanwhile, but had to suspend work on the wall.

The new mistress was a fat shrew of a body, with a clacking tongue, and much displeased Pon Look by her interference. She made him beat carpets, trudge about the country to buy laying hens, and dig a garden. He submitted to it all, and arose an hour earlier, making a return trip with the stone-boat before sun-up. On one occasion, as he was passing by the house, she called to him to come in and wash the dishes. He said no. Whereupon she rushed at him with a broom and smote him violently as he stood in the yard. Pon Look took the blows without a murmur, and remained like a statue, with hands folded, while his mistress, still plying the broom, waxed hysterical.

There was no budging Pon Look. She spun round to beat at his face. It was serene, but pallid. The lips bespoke an obstinate resolve, but the eyes gleamed mistily at her with pity and forgiveness. Mrs. Summerfield's arms dropped, then she clutched at her throat, and staring at him walked backward into the house.

IV

When Pon Look returned to the cow-house that night, he found on his table a hot raisin pie. On the window-sill the next morning, Mrs. Summerfield found the pie plate, scrubbed with the sand so bright that it reflected the sun like a mirror, and upon it a handful of the white daisies that grew nowhere except near the bog a mile distant. Pon Look had dined that night, as usual, on rice and beef. The mystified hens, before going to roost, had filled their craws with pastry and raisins.

Thenceforward, Mrs. Summerfield treated Pon Look with a respect that was a compound of both affection and fear. On no pretext could he be induced to enter her house. She did not know what to make of him, so she left him alone. She ran the domestic establishment, but Pon Look, since the old man spent all day and half the night in the camp saloon, saw to the running of the ranch, the sale of the cattle and, of course, the construction of the wall.

"You don't have ter build that wall entire of rocks, China Boy," she said one evening, when the indomitable mason, scrubbed, and in his fresh alpaca coat, stood surveying in the dusk the lengthening boundary of the ranch. "Wire's just as good, and fence-stakes is cheaper than they was."

Pon Look gave a smile so expansive that his eyes disappeared in the creases. "Make 'um all stone, Mis' Sommyfeel'—begin 'um stone, and finish 'um stone, allee same niggy haid."

She plucked timorously at her alpaca apron. "Oh, well, it's you're doing it, not us."

Yet she took a pride in the fabulous immensity of the task. The editor of the county-town paper drove over one day and watched China Boy wrestling with the boulders. The next week he published a page story on the Summerfields' stone wall. It was a monument to Mr. Summerfield's enterprise and vision, he said; a testimony to the will, the perseverance and crag-like virtues that made New England great, etc. He dragged in quotations from the Latin poets. This story attracted a surprising lot of attention. Old Man Summerfield bought several copies, and wore them to rags in making a boozy tour of all the saloons in the county. People came to see, and amongst them were women who owned family coaches. Mrs. Summerfield made social contacts in this way, and finally joined the Ladies' Aid Society, and bought a bombazine dress and a landaulette so she could ride over to the meetings. Her period of ostracism was over.

The year 1879 was memorable in the annals of the family. Pon Look had completed the southern wall after the unremitting labors of twenty-seven years. Death enfolded Mrs. Summerfield that Autumn, while she was pruning a rose-bush in her garden. Pon Look worked by lantern-light in the barn and built an enormous hexagonal coffin to house her frail body. It was so heavy that eight men buckled under the weight as they carried it to the hearse. Old Man Summerfield bought a new silk hat for the occasion, and was very proud of it. The minister held a service in the parlor, with no less than six families in attendance; and all throughout the widower nursed the hat on his knees, in full view of the admiring assemblage. Pon Look participated by looking in through the open window. He did not attend the funeral at the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, for there was much to do.

He trudged all over the ground with a tape-measure, and made mental calculations. He returned very late, and sat on the veranda to smoke a pipe in the moonlight. The old lady had latterly been quiet, and his thoughts were tinged with regret that she had gone. He was gratified that the master had taken things sensibly. A wind arose, and because it was cool, and he was afraid of the moon shining on his temples and making him mad, he got up to retire to the cow-shed. Between the lower bars of the gate something white caught his eye. He thought it one of the fluffy pom-poms that had been blown thither from the garden where the old lady had planted a clump of Holy Thistles. He drew nearer, picked up wonderingly a new silk hat, and found that the object was Old Man Summerfield's snowy head. Whiskey and grief had done for him.

There was some wearisome business with the coroner. Pon Look wanted to attend the funeral, but could not, for some excitable men detained him for a week in a stone room with bars at the window. He was released with palliative back-slappings and a handful of cigars after the inquest. He had been put to a great inconvenience, for the rains were now on, coming down like firm and slanting spears without let-up for days and days. He had to slosh around in the bog to lay a timber road across which to sled his rock. The Summerfield heir, an elderly nephew, took over the place a month afterwards. He was a city man, with a waxed moustache and a square-cut derby. He drank somewhat, and was inclined to be companionable. China Boy avoided him, looking rigidly ahead every time they passed.

"How much longer that job, John?" he asked one day.

"No can say."

"Well, then, how long did it take to build all that wall?"

"Oh—thirty—thirty-five year."

"Good God!" murmured the heir.

He sat under the trees dismally, like a strange bird. Then he panned for gold in various corners of the ranch, and did other foolish things. He would sit hunched on

he sacred gate, mope about whistling with a dirge-like note, or keep to the house and drink. He was a lonely and wistful interloper. All his actions lowered him in China Boy's esteem, and he knew it. China Boy strutted about with aloof and cold arrogance, and the heir's morale ebbed. Finally he accosted the mason and came to an understanding. China Boy was to keep an eye on the place, market the stock and keep a percentage for himself. Then he packed up his things in a wicker suit-case, and went away forever.

The Chinaman had the place to himself now, and sold off most of the heifers so they wouldn't breed and rob him of time he could apply to building. The wall progressed handsomely. He had stretched barbed wire across the northerly side of the farm until the work should be finished. When that was done the place would be a paradise for cattle. They could cram themselves with lush grass in one part of the ranch, then chew the cud in the cropped field adjoining. That would be the end of bloat. China Boy worked incessantly, visited by no one except the banker who came along every quarter to represent the routed heir. In time the wall got itself done. It undulated for miles over uneven ground, but plumb, as straight as a furrow, without a single bend. The job had taken China Boy forty years to complete. By this time he was doubled with age, his pigtail white, and his hands rock-hard and stumpy.

V

It was in August, when China Boy went up to ring the nose of the little black bull, that he saw the ground was parched. Down he went on his knees in the middle of the field and pulled up a handful of soil. It was as dry as ashes. The cattle came around with their tongues, leathery and swollen, hanging out. Palsied with terror, China Boy arose, and shading his myopic eyes, turned round and round like a weather cock, and stared for a glimpse of green. The entire ranch was as brown as a brick. Drouth had laid waste the ground as if with torches.

He saddled a pony and galloped, pigtail a-flying, to the bank. The banker, when he heard the plaint, grumbled:

"I knew there was a hoodoo on the damned place. It's cooking hot, but I'll come down and see."

Together they rode back. The banker drew up in the buggy before a new mine in the field adjoining the Summerfield ranch. Here were a tall gallows-hoist, with sheaves whirring, a mill from which poundings emanated, and an engine house with a high stack. The ditch alongside the road was filled with a roaring flood of water.

"Ye–ah," he grunted, pointing at the ditch with his whip. "That's what I expected. The shaft has tapped the springs underlying the Summerfield flat. Might as well sell off the cattle, the place will be as dry as a volcano from now on." Then he scratched his head. "I'll have to send down some goats, Angora goats. Mebbe they'll pay off the taxes. Guess we can cut down some timber, too. I'll have a look at it."

China Boy got out and walked in a daze to the grove. The banker followed afoot, then paused when his guide appeared at the door of his cabin with a musket in his hands.

"Cattle can go," China Boy informed him, "but these trees they stay up, I watch 'um."

And up they stayed. The story got about, for the banker, who had been taken by the handsomeness of the grove, told it on himself. "An arbor-maniac, that's what he is. He made that wall business a life-long job, so he could live right there among those trees. Poor old chap, I'll have him pensioned off."

The banker kept his word, but China Boy drove a hard bargain. His terms for being superannuated were the weekly dole of five pounds of corn flour, a piece of bacon, six cartridges and a quart of whiskey, all to be delivered at his cabin.

Thereafter China Boy lived in the grove. Two hundred trees! Lordly sugar-pines, gold traced with black, like Porto-Venere marble. Five sequoias, so colossal that only after staring at them for twenty minutes did their size dawn upon you, and then with a finality that took you in the pit of the stomach like a blow. Wine-stemmed manzanitas, gnarled chaparral. The rest were all redwoods, with high fluted columns; and through their branches interlaced overhead the sunlight streamed in lines and cast disks of silver upon the dark trunks and the ochre ground twinkling with ants. It was something like the inside of a church.

There was a wood for you! Visitors came rarely. Bearded blanket-stiffs, homeless men, tarried for a night on their way to the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus. An occasional prospector, reverent among trees, stayed sometimes two days. China Boy was their invisible host. He peered at them through the foliage, as if he were a bird, but never spoke to them, unless he perceived their shoes needed cobbling and he felt sure they could pay for the job, nothing less than a dollar, for even a philosopher must live. Aloof, and wrapped in an old army overcoat, he sometimes watched them all night, being afraid they would be careless with their pipes or forget to stamp out the embers of their camp fires.

His house, hidden away in the trees, was rather a nice one, of a single large room, very high, and built of brick. Decades before, he had come across an abandoned express office, and had carried it thither, piecemeal, a bushel of brick at a time, and set it up exactly as it was before, even to the legend board above the doorway: "Wells-Fargo Express."

It was a forest lover's house, with blackberry bushes climbing into the window, hedgehogs and gray squirrels sunning themselves on the step, and pine cones dropping like cannon-balls on the roof. It held a cot, a stove, a shoe-last, and a library that consisted in a wisdom-banner that hung on the wall. If he found you, after years of acquaintance, worthy enough, he would translate the wiggly ideographs thus:

"It is shame to be ignorant at sixty, for time flies like a mountain stream."

Here in this tree sanctuary that was of hoary age long before the Sung dynasty had started, China Boy had gone to school. He listened to the wind wrestling with the tree tops, to the language of the birds, the cries of the coyotes and owls, and other sounds that made the air articulate and vibrant. He loved to sit in the middle of his grove at night, still and pensive amid the falling leaves, like a rheumy-eyed hamadryad.

At intervals he straggled afoot to Sonora, with shirt-tail out and the sun warded off by an umbrella: quite the gentleman of leisure. But these excursions bored him finally, and he desisted, except when he had to call at the bank to complain about the quality of the whiskey. It was surprising what an educated palate he had. He wouldn't let the grocer's boy depart until he had first sampled the liquor ration.

Two years ago he trapped a pair of fine wildcats, and carted them off to town, and tarried over-long. Some campers came to the grove and were careless with their fire. China Boy's woods made a gorgeous blaze, singing and burning for ten hours, with the gray squirrels plumping down roasted, and the philosopher's house turning to a black lump like fused glass.

The story made five lines in the county paper. The forest ranger said afterwards that he had seen the Old-Man-Mad-About-Trees pull up to the ruins in his buckboard, look on a few minutes, then drive away.

The banker was dubious. "Must have checked out through old age in the city," he said, "else he would have come up to the bank. He drove an awful hard bargain over that whiskey. He had me paying eleven dollars a bottle for the stuff I used to get for him at two before Prohibition. If anybody's ahead of the game, it's me."

HAPPY DAYS

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

Prohibition gave Washington its first wallop in 1903. The wets who then flourished in Congress dropped their guard one day, and before they had recovered, the ancient bar in the basement of the Capitol had been abolished and the sale of liquor stopped in the House and Senate restaurants.

For some years the white ribbon lobby had been in a great state of horror over this vending of drink in the very halls of Congress. The bar was at one end of the House restaurant, directly below the hall of the House—a long, mahogany bench running the width of the room and set in front of large mirrors against which rested neat stacks of polished glasses, decanters, stock bottles of Overholt, Old Taylor, Johnny Walker in either label, and little basketed flasks of Chianti, which last made very neat gifts for the ladies. Three hard-working bartenders ministered to the congressional trade. Nine-tenths of all Congressmen, in those far-off sinful days, were steady guzzlers. Toward noon they would wander in from their morning committee meetings, so that when the House convened at noon and the chaplain launched into his morning prayer, the quorum was usually assembled downstairs, with its feet on the brass rail.

The Senators, more dignified, did not permit an open bar in their wing of the Capitol. The trade in wines and liquors there was restricted to service with meals. There was, however, no rule against a Senatorial luncheon of one cheese sandwich and five high-balls. To the Senate dining-room the elder statesmen brought their constituents when polite jobs of oiling were to be done. Liquor was sold with meals in the House restaurant also.

This iniquitous traffic was rooted out quite unexpectedly, and largely because of a fumble by the wets, in the Spring of 1903. A general immigration bill was before the house. A pious Congressman from bleeding Kansas, mainly for the purpose of bringing cheers from home, proposed an amendment to prohibit the sale of intoxicants at all immigration stations. This novel proposal was resented by the chairman in charge of the bill, Shattuc of Ohio. He retaliated with an amendment authorizing the selling of beer. Landis of Indiana, the Upshaw of his day, protested that it was ridiculous and immoral to propose handing a glass of beer to each arriving immigrant.

"Then why don't you distinguish yourself by offering a resolution to stop drinking in this Capitol?" shouted the exasperated Shattuc. Landis snapped up the taunt and offered the amendment.

"If the same members of Congress who seem so eager to close the bar in the basement of the Capitol would abstain from patronizing it," declared the sarcastic Cochran of Missouri, "it would close for want of business."

But this bitter remark had no effect and the Landis amendment was adopted by 108 votes to 19, more than half of the House not voting. The absentees were downstairs in the bar.

The wets on Capitol Hill were chagrined but not alarmed. The powerful Senator Boies Penrose was then chairman of the Senate Immigration Committee, and it was expected that he would kill the amend-

ment when it reached him, for he was the wettest wet ever heard of. But for some occult reason he let it go through. Why, nobody knows to this day. Possibly he was sensitive about the reputation that had fastened itself upon him.

"Look at Knox," he complained one day later on, referring to his fellow Senator from Pennsylvania. "He drinks three times as much as I do and goes into the Senate and never shows it. But if I take one drink my face gets red and everybody says, 'Penrose is drunk again.' "

Or possibly he had just been irritated by some petty incident like the one which occurred when a constituent came to him for a trivial favor. Penrose was unable to locate any Pennsylvania Congressman to do the necessary errand.

"Everybody seems to be off drunk," he explained to his visitor. "But I'm temporarily sober, so I'll do it myself."

Whatever was in his mind, he let the amendment come out of his committee. Other Senators, seeing that the wettest of wets accepted it, were not disposed to object. A few days later the Federal attorney for the District of Columbia served notice that the liquor stocks in the House and Senate must be disposed of by July 1 or a prosecution would follow. Thus perished the House bar.

This primeval Prohibition act was observed just about as its big brother is being observed today—in spots. The old employés on Capitol Hill say that after the bar was closed the members and their friends were served with drinks in teacups. Brock's saloon was on a nearby corner in those days, where the House Office Building now stands. A dry Congressman would send over for a quart and make away with it in the cloakroom.

"It was a lot worse than before," one old House employé told me. "When there was a bar they used to go downstairs and take a couple of drinks and behave themselves. But after the bar was closed they got to bringing liquor into the cloakrooms by the jug, and they wouldn't quit until they had killed the jug. Congressmen went around like boiled owls."

Today, as everyone knows, Prohibition is in force all over the Republic; nevertheless, it is no secret that liquor is still obtainable in the Capitol. Not long ago a waiter in the Senate restaurant dropped a pint flask on the hard floor in full view and hearing of many eminent diners. It was announced next day that the contraband belonged to him, and every suggestion that it was destined for a Senator was indignantly denied. So the waiter was discharged with loud hosannas—and quietly hired again a few days later.

During the last session of Congress one peevish Senator complained that bootleggers were so numerous, and so persistent in canvassing the Senate Office Building, that they had become a downright nuisance. Policemen on duty at the entrance to the building have been known to fall into the *faux pas* of arresting bootleggers, mistaking them for peddlers, who are not permitted in the place. On one such occasion, the trapped purveyor, eager to protect his distinguished clients, fled into the nearest Representative's office and hid his brief-case before he would submit to arrest.

Congress contains numerous amphibians who have, in the historic words of the Hon. George Brennan, "dry throats and wet bellies." One was exposed not long ago, when it was testified in another member's divorce suit that he had presided over a party of dry Congressmen with a pitcher of liquor. He decided not to run for reëlection. But such catastrophes are rare. It is hardly necessary for even the most impassioned dry Congressman to pull down the blinds in Washington when he wants to wet his whistle. The Prohibition agents there all have very poor eyes. And so long as a Congressman votes right, he need have no fear of trouble from the Anti-Saloon League, which takes the high moral position that what a member of Congress does outside of business hours is nobody's—at least not its—business.

Sometimes an eminent souse sails right out into the open bearing a full cargo, as happened one afternoon when a well-known Southern Senator, a faithful supporter of Prohibition ambled into the Senate chamber listing heavily to port, and fell asleep in the over-sized chair of Senator Penrose, who was then still alive, and who seems to turn up in every Washington liquor anecdote. Visitors in the galleries recognize Senators by means of numbered seat charts distributed by the ushers. The devoted public servant from Pennsylvania feared that he might become the victim of mistaken identity, so he announced formally to the Senate that his seat at that moment was being occupied by another Senator.

II

But after the Capitol bar was closed the tendency of Senators and Congressmen was more and more to contain themselves until the end of the day and then go downtown to drink their way along Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol to the White House, the historic route of inaugural parades. It was an Appian Way of Bacchus, with forty-seven bars to its mile. Probably nowhere in America were there such superb drinking facilities in equally compact form. Nor such distinguished gullets to be quenched. Nowadays a Congressman meeting another in the cloakroom boasts that he played thirty-six holes of golf yesterday; in the old days he boasted of making thirty-six bars on his way up Pennsylvania avenue. To get as far up as Hancock's, at No. 1234, without having to call a hack was equivalent to breaking a hundred at Chevy Chase today.

Hancock's was a place of manifold and incomparable delights. Mint juleps there had thick frost on the outside of the glass —surely something to sit down to in Washington's Summer heat! But the big drink was Hancock's fruit punch—a punch likened at the time to that of John L. Sullivan, for its man always went down for the count. Any time you went into Hancock's you'd find a couple of Senators with their noses deep in mint at a bare table in the back room. The old place is lost now in a row of second-hand shops, but at night, I suppose, many an illustrious ghost comes back to sniff the musty walls. In the old days the pungent breath of lager mingled with the sweet scent of corn pone and chicken *à la* Maryland frying in the kitchen. Hancock's Old Curiosity Shop got its name from its ancient collection of rusty pistols, faded theatre programmes, helmets of Washington's early volunteer firemen and other such things. There was a piece of blanket said to have wrapped the body of John Wilkes Booth, and beside it was what was said to have been Jeff Davis's toddy glass. The firemen's hats were in great demand on nights when the dry and distinguished boys from Capitol Hill were in a playful mood.

Shoomaker's was another favorite resort of statesmen. Shoo's, as it was usually called, was in the heart of Rum Row, just around the corner from Newspaper Row. Strangers were almost invariably disappointed when they first entered. Shoo's was known among well-informed bibuli the length of the land as Washington's most remarkable saloon, the birthplace of the celebrated concoction dedicated to Col. Joe Rickey, the favorite bar of Cabinet members, Supreme Court Justices, generals, and politicians. But it was nothing to look at. Its appeal grew only with acquaintance. There was no more disreputable looking bar in town. Dilapidated is a better word. Cob-webs hung across the dark corners. Boxes, barrels and packing cases littered the none too spacious drinking room. The place was never dusted. Cats crawled over the rubbish. A stale smell of souring malt greeted customers at the door. The dingy walls were hung with faded cartoons and yellowed newspaper clippings, most of which clung on by one corner and seemed in imminent danger of dropping off.

Shoo's scorned the free lunch that was set up in most other Washington saloons. Every afternoon, just before the four o'clock rush, a small plate of rat-trap cheese and a bowl of crackers and gingersnaps were put out. You could take it or leave it. Shoo's depended entirely on the quality of its drinks. Its gin rickey was nationally famous, of course. Its barrel liquor supported an excellent bead and was as good as could be bought. The place always had a quiet, dignified air about it; it was more like a decaying club than a dram-shop. The bartenders did not wear the white jackets of their trade. Instead, they worked in well-pressed business suits and carried themselves with dignity. Gloomy Gus Noack, the chief of the staff, was suspected of being a Sunday-school superintendent on Sundays. One of his colleagues, Billy Withers, worked there throughout the sixty years the old joint was open.

Odd characters were more numerous in Shoo's than in any of the other bars of the town. One was an ex-faro dealer, a patriarchal old fellow with a long white beard. He always wore a plug hat and a Prince Albert coat. Another was a faded poet who, given a drink and a patient ear, would argue interminably that he, and not Ella Wheeler Wilcox, wrote "Laugh and the World Laughs with You." There were legends of famous men who in bygone days had enjoyed their daily libations in Shoo's quiet retreat—Grant, Sherman, Little Phil Sheridan (who was fond of brandy smashes) Rosecrans, Custer, Miles and Pope, and Senators and Congressmen without end.

The District of Columbia went dry on October 30, 1917. Shoo's held on as a near-beer stand for a few months. But its customers disappeared, and so, in March 1918, the doors were closed. There was no ceremony. A few eminent clients were allowed to carry away mementoes. The next day carpenters came in and began remodeling the place into a cheap restaurant to feed war-workers.

Pre-Prohibition Washington knew many other noble bars: Sawdust Hall, where Jack Kane kept a set of boxing gloves for customers to use; Count Perreard's, where Bastille Day was celebrated each year with great damage to the premises but none to the generous heart of the kindly little Frenchman; Klotz's behind the State, War and Navy Building, an Army and Navy filling-station where you were greeted by Bartender Harry's growl, "Don't speak to me; I've got everything but a hare-lip"; Made's, with its back-yard pond of live bull-frogs, whose croakings were extremely annoying to Senators in their cups; Gerstenberg's, famous for its beer and sour-kraut; and many that were more noted for their food than for their liquor, such as Losekam's, Bucholtz's, and Harvey's, the home of sea-food.

Across the street from the Treasury, where the National Press Club and Keith's Theatre now stand, was the Riggs House, whose genial bar was a popular first aid station for government clerks. This bar was the home of the Foolish cocktail, a Martini with a floating slice of onion. Miss Frances Willard, founder of the W.C.T.U., often stopped at the Riggs House, but was seldom, if ever, seen in the bar. But Ollie James and Gumshoe Bill Stone were there often. The bar was a fine old black walnut affair, kept cleaner than some of the other troughs of the time, with fresh towels always ready for the more refined boozers.

Then there was the Ebbitt House bar, where the racing crowd and Army and Navy officers congregated before a sumptuous free lunch every afternoon. The hot Virginia ham, served with salads and other delicatessen, often sustained indigent Washington newspaper men until payday. The Raleigh Hotel bar was a highly ethical place, where a bartender almost lost his job when he was discovered filling an Apollinaris bottle with seltzer water. It was scandalized one day when a woman shot a Senator in the adjoining lobby, an episode which the sedate Washington *Star*

heralded with the headline: "At the Raleigh."

One of the favorite saloon-keepers of those glorious and departed days was Dennis Mullany, who was educated for the priesthood but preferred to keep a modest gin-house at the southwest corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Fourteenth street, opposite the New Willard. Mullaney's equipment was meager. He drew his beer direct from the keg and had no coils. There was a very plain bar in the front room and a pine table and a few chairs in the back room. Here the Brain Trust of Newspaper Row met every afternoon, to exchange news and gossip. Sam Blythe spent many happy hours there before he took the veil and mounted the water-wagon. Bob Wynne, later Postmaster-General; James Rankin Young, once a Congressman from Pennsylvania; Major Stofer, and other famous correspondents made it their headquarters. Mullany, a well-read man, often neglected his trade to sit, with his chair turned backward, his chin hung over the back of it, arguing the tariff, free silver, or anything, no subject barred. Sunday closing being then in effect, he left his back door open, and his favorite customers enjoyed open house in the back room. Everything was free on the Sabbath.

Free drinks were also frequent at Engel's —that is, during the baseball season. The old man's son, Joe, now a scout for the Washington baseball club, was a star pitcher in those days. Every time he won a game his father would order drinks on the house. There was always a rush from the scoreboard into Engel's when Washington won. The old man would tuck back his white apron and go around exclaiming proudly, "My poy, Choe!"

III

It all passed into the shadows very quietly. On the fatal day all the serious drinkers of the town, official and private, were lined up at the bars three and four deep. It was a mournful time. Only one saloon reported any disturbance. Arrests for drunkenness were fewer than usual for a Saturday night. The Willard, Raleigh and Shoreham Hotels had closed their bars a few days before. The clubs auctioned off their supplies. When the final hour drew near, all partially empty bottles on the saloon bars were given away. Glasses were distributed to eminent clients as mementoes. The final toasts were drunk quietly.

In a house in Massachusetts avenue a little tight-lipped man sat before his fireplace reading the evening newspaper. He was the Hon. Morris Sheppard, Senator from the State of Texas, author of the fateful act that made Washington dry.

CYPRIAN HYMN

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

Safe in the courts of Love, we have forgotten—the sunny courts of Love set round with cedars—we have forgotten the pits of shame, the dismal swamps, dead trees with scaling bark and deadly vines, close-clinging, trailing slime. . . . Oh, wonder! Oh, praised be Venus that we should ever have come through, past sights that freeze the blood like fearful dreams, dreams that beset the helpless spirit to sleep abandoned. Praised be Love!

There by his mottled pool Narcissus lies, the prey of obscene birds—Narcissus, who so long time, deaf to the tender invitations of woodland girls, sealed up within the circle of his own passion, beseeching himself for love, for mercy, bloodless, haggard with incessant craving, was made the victim of his own image. His own image, green from the mantled pool, rose like a wraith of mist from the stagnant water, and like a serpent round his throat and loins, strangled Narcissus. . . . How could we ever pass a sight so fearful? Praised be Venus!

How did we escape pollution of harpies, filthy birds with throats insatiable, forever swooping and snatching filth? Or those caged apes that torture one another and mishandle, or crouch alone in the gloom, passive and melancholy on their haunches? How did we escape the trampling of centaurs, herds of centaurs male and female, stampeding, spattering mud from frantic hooves, and straining to sever human breasts and shoulders from loins of beastly mare and stallion? Praised be Venus!

Here in the courts of Love set round with cedars, poplar and maple spring in mounded spires, and oaks tough-fibred, branches firm-set in trunks millennial, down shameless aisles of woodland cast the shadow of their green fulfillment. Gravelled ways through grassy borders lead down by terraced gardens, by unexhausted fountains tossing rainbowed spray. And marble urns at measured intervals offer to Love oblation of purple flowers and the incense of flowers.

Round about the temple—set on the greenest hill, pillar and pediment of yellow marble veined with purple and rose—the Graces scatter the dew of the lawns with rose-veined feet, and there by light of the rising moon young Hyacinths unharmed play with the nymphs at discus-throwing. Unharmed Actæon gazes on bathing Artemis. Leaving her tunic, and leaving her bow and arrows and her maidens, she runs inviting down the leafiest track. Happy Actæon! No fear of spotted hide and branching horns! You shall come on human feet with a man's hands to scatter incense on the sacred flame!

Oh, praised be Venus, we have come through the place of tombs, the lurid desert without moon, without a star! Our dragging feet we have freed from

the sticky meshes of that nightmare. We could not move, we could not turn our eyes, when we beheld the son of Laius caught in the clutch of that riddling monster, half woman, half wildcat, stony haunches spreading backward in the dark clamped to the rock, the coffin-cover. Woman's breasts gleaming in the red light shed from a woman's eyes—her mother's eyes beaming with tender light, her mother's lips glued to his writhing bloodless lips. Soon he will lie beside his father beneath the rock, beneath those stony haunches. . . . Praised be Venus! we have looked on Œdipus and have forgotten. We have forgotten, for we looked on Œdipus and knew him.

There in that lurid night we have seen men running, running in terror and glancing backward at men with knives pursuing. They were distorted shadows of themselves. And women terror-stricken, haunted with voices, haunted with shapes and voices, apes and parrots, whispering, shouting, offering and accusing. These were their own cravings, severed fragments of self disowned, strangled and buried, returning livid from the tomb, the dead demanding to be reunited with the living. Ah, seldom shall any, by grace of Love knowing herself, win through and find her peace within these sunny courts set round with cedars!

O blackest night behind the stony hill of Golgotha, bristling with spikes and sabres and lighted only with pallid and with blood-dripping blossoms of the cactus! There upon blasted cypress boles pale Christs hang agonizing, passionately submissive and beseeching imaginary legionaries to drive their nails through feet and hands. Oh, self-accusing, self-exalting, these know not Venus, but with blood and gall, with thorns and spikes crucifying the flesh, they have raised themselves to godhead; they hang exalted above a word shuddering and terror-stricken.

Sadder than these, most sad and death-distilling, the tranced and lotos-bearing Buddhas, impotent, each in his gilded shrine, his gilded smile snake-like playing about his thin and sensual lips. Lovers of self and self-sufficient, in vain for them the temple bells, dropping like lotos-petals through the air, measure the hours for those that labor in the rice-fields. In vain for them the pilgrims winding upward make the ascent of the holy mountain. In vain the sunlight prints on earth the image of the pine-branch; the moon follows the sun across the airy vault, and lovers together bathe in the moonlight as in holy water. Self-enchanted, these are transported to a land where all is nothing.

We have known these horrors. We have been Narcissus and gazed despairingly on our own image. We have been Œdipus. We have chattered with apes and spattered mud in the mad stampede of centaurs. We have hung upon the blasted cypress and cried out for nails in hands and feet. We have folded hands and felt the gilded smile crawl round our lips, while the sun faded and the temple bells grew faint and ceased upon our ears stopped up. Oh, praised be Venus! we have known ourselves and, knowing, we have freed our feet from the meshes of that nightmare. And now with feet unfettered we scatter dew of the lawns before the rose-veined temple. In the courts of Love we have carved stone and raised up pillars. We have set words to the lyre and sung them, in Dorian mode and Lydian. We have known love and the fruits of love weigh down our boughs like golden apples. Praised be Love!

But last we paused beside that still and starless water, grown round with willows black and lustreless—that water, not water, that sticky, pallid and repulsive fluid—drippings and drainings of wasted strength—that dim grey sheet of lake where in the center rises an isle funereal. Steep black rocks encircling a grove of cypress, at whose feet by the water's edge dim portals open inward to the cavernous heart of the rock. Are these the gates from which at birth we issued, that like a magnet draw desperate men across the lake of death, before their time, like desperate children, to crawl back in their mother's womb? One such we saw, shining in dead white cerement and rigid, floating in his black barque a shape of death, having already paid the final price for peace.

We dared not linger, we dared not gaze, but dragged our feet through mud and slime from that shore bewitched, and ran like mad, sweating and shivering, until we reached the courts set round with cedars, where men and women sing together and dance in the sunlight, having forgotten the pits of shame, the dismal swamps, the place of tombs, the lake of death, knowing themselves at last and knowing Love. Oh, praised be Love!

HERMAN MELVILLE

BY FRED LEWIS PATTEE

THERE are few more interesting problems in biography," says Raymond M. Weaver, "than that offered by [e]rman Melville's paradoxical career." [a]nd there is none more bristling with in[e]rrogations that touch the heart of our [l]erary history. Are there really literary [a]riables? If not, how explain the fact [t]at a first magnitude star could be rated [b]y two generations, and by competent [o]bservers, as of tenth magnitude or less? [A]re there other major stars now rated as [a]steroids in the literary ephemeris?

John Nichol, in 1882, dismissed Melville [f]rom his British survey of American let[e]rs with ten words, as a mere traveller. [F]our years later, Richardson, in his two-[v]olume history, which devoted forty-seven [p]ages to Longfellow and sixty to Haw[t]horne, gave him a scant half page—as a [m]ere panderer for popularity. At the open[i]ng of the new century, Barrett Wendell in [h]is Harvardocentric survey, which ac[c]orded to Holmes eighteen pages, summed [h]im up in forty words and these chiefly [t]o combat Stevenson's praise. Higginson [d]id not mention the man; Abernethy al[l]uded to him simply as "another forgotten [N]ew York novelist." One might go on and [o]n. A moment of curiosity was created in [t]he eighties by Stevenson and Clark Rus[s]ell, but they dwelt solely upon his real[i]sm, his ability to transport his reader into [t]he forecastle of a ship at sea; they did not [r]aise the true powers of the man. Then [s]ilence again for a generation.

In 1890, the Western frontier, since colo[n]ial days the boundary line of American [r]omance, had reached the Pacific. A decade [l]ater it was in Alaska, the new Eldorado; another decade later, discovered by youngsters of the new period, London, O'Brien, and others, it was found to be in the South Sea Isles, the ultimate West. Never was discovery exploited with more superlatives. Here at last was the land where mere actuality was melodrama—a realm of enchanted islands languorous with tropic beauty and peopled with nymphs voluptuous, the Ultima Thule of romance. O'Brien's gorgeous book became a best-seller.

Then suddenly, almost by accident, it was found that precisely the same thing had been done two generations before, and with a literary power that out-adventured London and out-glamored the sensuous O'Brien. Then was discovered the epic power of "Moby-Dick," the lyrical charm of "Mardi," the torrential cynicism of "Pierre." Over night Melville became a classic, rated by the younger critics as the peer of Whitman and Mark Twain, and the superior of Poe. His writings were for the first time gathered and published in uniform editions, some of them magnificent; an adequate biography appeared; richly illustrated single volumes began to brighten the book stands, and, as with Whitman and Poe, every scrap of his composition, even the inanities, was sought out and issued, sometimes in *de luxe* editions. After seventy-five years Melville had arrived.

Now it was that the full mystery of the man began to be felt. Why should a genius capable of creating "Moby-Dick" have lapsed into silence and for a generation lived sterile of vital literary product? Why the amazing inequalities in his work? Was the man sane or insane? Were his books,

like Blake's, powerful because of their affinity with madness? No American author, not even Poe, offers to the critic problems more fascinating—and more baffling.

The year 1819 was marked in America by the birth of three major literary forces, three men in revolt, breakers-away: Lowell, New England Brahmin, undiluted Puritan, born under the shadow of Harvard; Whitman, completely bourgeois, untouched by New England, born on a Long Island farm not far from New York; Melville, aristocrat and proletarian, mingled Knickerbocker and Puritan, but to be classified with neither element, born in New York City and yet schooled through all his childhood in the straitest sect of Calvinism by a Boston father. Of the three the one most completely thewed for leadership was Melville, a Titan in soul, in originality and daring surpassing Lowell, in imagination and intellect surpassing Whitman, in epic sweep and superhuman force surpassing both. Lowell, the first to rise, hailed while in his thirties as an iconoclast, the literary leader of his generation, and a contemporary classic, is in eclipse today. He was hamstrung, we now see, by his Puritan environment. To maintain the "quality of Boston" he surrendered his originality and the fire that was his birthright, and became a parlor poet, a maker of puns and exquisite brilliances, of stylistic critiques, smart and cock-sure. Whitman was of slower growth: full recognition came late, almost too late for him to realize personally its limits. There was no New Englandism in his work and New England spurned him. He was totally of New York: he was cosmopolitan, tolerant, uncolleged, outspoken. A drop of the Harvard cordial in his Bohemian beer might possibly have helped him, might have given to his poetry a wider appeal and smoothed out some of his uncouthness. But probably not, for we can see now what the blending of the two heritages brought to Melville. He was of both regions and he was of neither. He fell between the thorns of New York and th rocks of New England and so perished For two generations he lay dormant, until watered by the appreciation of a new era he sprang to life.

To realize what actually happened t the man one must begin with his tw grandfathers, Revolutionary officers: o the paternal side, Major Melville of Bos ton; Scotch; New England born in th mid Eighteenth Century; A.B. Princeton A.M. Harvard; married early into the old Boston family of the Scollays; Puritani cal; conservative to the degree of wearing in his old age the cocked hat and knee breeches of his boyhood era. No rebel here No come-outer fires in this Beacon stree ancient with his patrician figure and chis elled features, this gentle scholar branded with the Harvard herd-mark. No Titan surely this elderly dandy with the silver shoe buckles and the courtly bow. But the maternal grandfather of Melville was of sterner stuff: General Peter Gansevoort of New York; Knickerbocker Dutch; gigantic in frame, six feet and four like Washington and correspondingly broad; blue-eyed as a Viking and as impetuous. "During a fire in the old manorial mansion, with one dash of the foot, he had smitten down the oaken door, to admit the buckets of his Negro slaves. . . . In a night scuffle in the wilderness before the Revolutionary War, he had annihilated two Indian savages by making reciprocal bludgeons of their heads." It was this old giant-killer, so Melville declares in "Pierre," who first fired his youthful imagination and furnished him with his first superman hero.

The son of the Bostonian, Allen Melville, had broken early the New England fetter and become a wandering trader, even to the crossing of the Atlantic in repeated voyages. Once he spent a whole year in Paris, where he learned to speak French like a native. Then in Albany, on a trading venture, he found Maria Gansevoort,—blue-eyed, full-bosomed, voluptuous, and the result was the forsaking of New Eng-

nd forever and the adoption of New ork State as his home. Of this extra-ibal union, which produced in time even children, Herman was the fourth ild. In physique, in animal perfection, impetuosity, and lawless imagination, was a Gansevoort, the child of his other; in religious seriousness, in sym-athies, in patrician instincts, in pride, nd intellectual power he was a Melville. he wandering restlessness of his father as a molding influence. He grew up in atmosphere of romance: tales of ocean oyages, of giant waves that all but wamped the ship, of adventures in strange ties. So vivid became this romance that wo of the boys of the family in time ran way to sea, one of them to become a ptain of deep-water vessels. But the ther remained inflexibly a Puritan: he doctrinated his children with Scotch oroughness. Until late in adolescence Melville never dreamed that his elaborate stem was not as immutable as the very obe itself.

II

The father's sudden death when the boy as thirteen left the family in the direst overty. All the children who were old nough were forced to seek employment. urther schooling was impossible. Young erman, like Whitman and Mark Twain, ew up practically self-educated, and self-irected in his reading and his thinking. t seventeen his romantic soul could no nger be curbed to the ordinary: he broke way—the first of a mad series of break-gs-away: he was off to sea on the Sum-er voyage of four months recorded in Redburn." Brief as it was, it was the rning point of his life: it was his fitting-hool, his preparatory course, just as his ter voyages were his university career. e was off to realize on the dreamings of is repressed youth, to explore the lands is boyish imagination had peopled with mi-gods.

One thinks inevitably of Mark Twain: is tiny boyhood world, the main street of a squalid village where he knew intimately every soul, where he was taught that fundamentally men are good, that in the long run right conquers, that God is in His Heaven and the wicked infallibly suffer; his dreaming of the golden world beyond the horizon from which the steamboats came and into which they disappeared; his boyhood break from this world to find the rainbow's end; his schooling in the cruelty and abysmal wickedness of the Great River and the wild Western mining camps, with their elemental men and their standards of value that rated a man only for what he actually could do; his return at last to the gilded areas of civilization, disillusioned but still dreaming; his marriage into an old and conservative Eastern family, and his residence on the Brahmin avenue of a New England city; then the utter climax of disillusion, the heartsick world wanderings, and the final cynicism and despair. It is a phenomenon peculiarly American.

Again at twenty-one Melville broke away. The Gansevoort blood within him lusted for Life, for adventure, for fellowship with Men. He had heard the yell of the demoniac Jackson as he had been torn from the yard-arm in the storm, defying men and gods, and swallowed by the sea still blasphemous and unconquered; he had seen brutal captains, unsoftened by civilization, driving men and working their imperious wills, and he dreamed of Titans of the measure of his old grandfather, the Indian killer. "Parlor men, dancing masters, graduates of the Albe Bellgrade who shrug their lace shoulders at boisterousness"—faugh! He was off on a New Bedford whaler for his college course, which was to last, as it proved, three years and nine months, and which was to throw him into four different ships, and give him for teachers and fellow class-mates the human sewage from the open cesspools of the world. For fifteen months he was on the whaler *Acushnet* and, "with very few exceptions, our crew was composed of a parcel of dastardly and mean-spirited

wretches." So brutal was this first breaking-in that while at an island of the Marquesas group where they had touched for supplies, he fled the ship and plunged into the jungle, where all declared it was certain death to enter.

For four months he lived in utter savagery with cannibals. Then, rescued by the whaler *Julia*, he continued his education, his fellow class-mates now a crew of "villains of all nations and dyes, picked up in the lawless Spanish Main and among the savages of the islands." He was in a mutiny, he was thrust into the bilboes at Tahiti, for weeks and months he lived as a fugitive with beach-combers—the offscourings of humanity. Then life on another whaler and finally a transfer to the American ship of war, *United States*, where for a year he lived in the school of the utterly worldly: "the pent-up wickedness of five hundred men nearly overcame all my previous theories." At twenty-five he was home again in New York, with a university course not recognized by Harvard, yet one that had been exhaustively thorough in the actual fundamentals of human life, a course that had controverted all of the early conventional teachings of his Puritan father, one that had admitted him into the red-blooded fellowship of Men, or, as he himself expressed it, "that stark stripped human relationship which is deeper than the depths of sex."

III

Home from his amazing adventure, the boy of twenty-five settled to a career of authorship—one of his youthful dreams. There had been no apprenticeship in letters: his four years in the forecastle had been anything but literary. Mark Twain had had preliminary training at a printer's case, and so had Whitman, but the young Melville, scarcely out of his sailor's slops, without practice and without models, sat down to tell his story in his own words. Time and again he had told it in the forecastle groups and to eager relatives. Varnished unquestionably it was, spiced freely with the marvelous, and worked always to a surprising climax, but it squared at every point with forecastle knowledge and nautical technique: his early audiences were imperious here. The result was "Typee," one of the most original books of the mid-century, as completely without prototype as "Roughing It" and "Huckleberry Finn."

It was as much a product of New York as "Knickerbocker's History," or Cooper's novels, or "Leaves of Grass." None of them could have come from New England. The original creations of American literature, our genuinely *American* classics, have with few exceptions been extra-New England in origin. For flouters of the old order, whether in religion or in literature, the Puritan had only damnation. The novel from the first he despised, and as a result, to the present day, Hawthorne alone excepted, no great piece of fiction has come from New England. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would never have been written but for its author's seventeen years in the Middle West. The *North American Review*, inspired voice of the Brahmins, never once in its whole New England career mentioned Whitman or Melville. Even Hawthorne had to fight twenty-five years for recognition, and he received it at last only because "The Scarlet Letter" seemed to be a Puritan document and sermonic at heart.

But even cosmopolitan New York hesitated at "Typee": the English edition was pruned of its anti-missionary sentences before the Putnams dared issue it. The book was scarcely off the press when both in England and America it was attacked with ferocity. It was lecherous, it was blasphemous, it was deliberately untrue. The man by his own confession was a vile outcast, one who naturally would have no sympathy with missions or with anything else that stood for decency. Leading magazines, widely circulated, such as the *Living Age*, lashed him with superlatives:

> With this tribe he remained about four months, during which he cohabited with a native girl,

> named Fayaway. We shall not pollute our pages by transferring to them the scenes in which this wretched profligate appears, self-confessed as the chief actor. . . . When they left jail no captain in the harbor would have anything to do with them on account of their desperate character. They even leagued with a reckless gang of seamen known in the Pacific as "Beachcombers."

Thus was Herman Melville first presented to the reading world. FitzJames O'Brien, New York Bohemian, was the first adequately to review the book. It was its utter originality, he declared, that was damning it, its frank sensuousness in an age of mawkishness and religiosity. No later critic has surpassed some phases of his diagnosis:

> The man is essentially exotical in feeling. Matter is his god. His dreams are material. His philosophy is sensual. Beautiful women, shadowy lakes, nodding plumy trees, and succulent banquets make Melville's scenery, unless his theme utterly preclude all such. His language is rich and heavy with a plating of imagery. He has a barbaric love of ornament and does not mind how much it is put on. Swept away by his sensual longing, he frequently writes at random. One can see that he uses certain words only because they roll off his pen lusciously and roundly.

But even O'Brien missed the fundamental secret of "Typee." The book is woven of three strands. One, as O'Brien discovered, is the realistic and sensuous. Everywhere first-hand observation: the manufacture of poee-poeee, and tappa; the laws of the taboo; the personal habits and daily life of the natives; and so on and on. Some have seen only this element, and have classified "Typee" as a book of travel. But the book fundamentally is a romance. Its affinity is with "Robinson Crusoe": the infernal whale ship, the exciting escape, the desert island with its unheard-of flora and fauna, the cannibals, the man Friday, the final escape. Everything is heightened even to melodrama; everywhere the marvellous; everywhere the hero central. The landscape through which he flees, itself melodramatic, with the mighty waterfalls in a series, three hundred feet high; the final break from captivity with the death of the villain Mow-Mow at the hero's hands, all seems carefully planned romance.

Consider the beauty of Fayaway. Three pages of superlatives he lavishes upon her: "I would have matched the charming Fayaway against any beauty in the world. . . . Her figure was the very perfection of feminine grace and beauty, . . . her rosy mouth with teeth of dazzling whiteness, . . . her hands soft and delicate as those of any countess." A Bertha M. Clay heroine could not be more perfect. But this is not enough: *all* the maidens of Typee are beautiful: "To compare them with the gallery of coronation beauties in Westminster Abbey: it would be the Venus de Medici placed beside a milliner's doll." Mere superlatives, indeed, are too feeble to embody his dream. To see a Peruvian lady inhale a *cigarro* under orange trees, he declares, is ravishment, "but Fayaway, holding in her delicately-formed olive hand the long yellow reed of her pipe, with its quaintly carved bowl, and every few moments languishingly giving forth light wreaths of vapor from her mouth and nostrils, looks still more engaging. . . . To the mild fumes of the tobacco her rosy breath added a fresh perfume." It is too much: we begin to be suspicious of the whole story. "I boldly pronounce the teeth of the Typees to be far more beautiful than ivory itself. . . . Nearly every individual of their number might have been taken for a sculptor's model." This is not a book of travels, a record of mere fact: it is romance, it is rhapsody.

Which leads directly to the third strand, the heart of the book. Starting as a "Robinson Crusoe" it ends as a "Utopia." The Knickerbocker romancer is interrupted by the Puritan. The perfection of the savage Typees is but a foil for the rottenness of civilization. The book is a Carlylean sermon. In that little valley ten miles long, there are only physical perfection, ideal symmetry, radiant health, but "stripped of the cunning artifices of the tailor and standing forth in the garb of Eden, what a sorry set of round-shouldered, spindled shanked, crane-necked varlets would civilized men appear!" Life is elementally

simple among the happy Typees, "No mortgages, no protested notes, no bills payable, no debts of honor in Typee; no unreasonable tailors and shoemakers, perversely bent on being paid; no duns of any description; no assault and battery attorneys to foment discord, backing their clients up in a quarrel, and then knocking their heads together; no poor relations everlastingly occupying the spare bedchamber, and diminishing the elbow room at the family table; no destitute widows with their children starving on the cold charities of the world; no beggars; no debtor's prisons; no proud and hard-hearted nabobs in Typee; or to sum up all in one word—no Money!"

The book was completely in the key of the reforming forties—the era of the Transcendental ferment. It should be placed on the same shelf as "Walden," Emerson's "The New England Reformers," the Brook Farm story, "The Blithedale Romance," and Cooper's "The Crater," written in supreme contempt of all the New England gospels. Thoreau would lessen the denominator of civilization by the practice of New England parsimony and by using nature as a cathartic and a balm, but the young Melville would go to the utter extreme: he would return to the savagery from which the race sprang, to primitive morals when mankind was naked and unashamed, and to primitive health of body and soul.

"Typee" was followed by "Omoo," Book II of the amazing Odyssey of his four years in the Pacific; then, somewhat later, by "White Jacket," which is Book III.

IV

Thus Chapter I of Melville's literary life. These first books were sensationally received on both sides of the water. The fierce criticism of the press helped rather than hindered their circulation. Everywhere the cry was, "More cannibal stories." But Melville had developed during the two years since he had left the sea. "Typee" and "Omoo," indeed, were but apprentice work. "To go down to posterity—as a man who has lived among cannibals!" he sneered. Intolerable! "Until I was twenty-five I had no development at all. From my twenty-fifth year I date my life." He had begun to read—eagerly, impetuously: the wealth of literary allusion in his later volumes is remarkable. His New England ancestry was confronting him: he would write, if he wrote at all, in a major key. He would write as a master. He would write books of power. Cooper at the same stage had an experience that was identical. Merely to tell Indian stories began to seem trivial, and so he wrote "The Bravo," "The Heidenmauer," and "The Headsman."

Then came another break in the life of young Melville, a turning point this time. This dreamer of supermen, this watcher for months and years of far ocean horizons from the whaler's main-top, this rover with elemental men in the vast lawlessness of the Pacific, behold him now shorn of his Samson locks, married to the only daughter of the Chief Justice of Massachusetts, Elizabeth Shaw of the Boston aristocracy, dainty, conventional, and ingrained to helplessness with the New England taboos. Behold him with a growing family about him, removed to a New England farm, fighting for a livelihood and in vain, for he will work only with his pen and he will write no more of cannibals. Failure, poverty among the New England rocks, support at length by the wife's father. A jungle lion chained by the leg, burning out his soul in rage, powerless save for his roar.

Books he would write commensurate with those of his new-found superman Hawthorne, but he could centre upon nothing objective. Like Byron's, his genius was lyric: he could write only of himself. Unless he had personally felt, or actually experienced, his imagination took no fire. All that he ever wrote was autobiographic, egocentric, and always it is an ego in fierce rebellion,—a "sayer of NO in thun-

tr," a Puritan disillusioned. The vivid-ss of his early ideals was balanced by a rresponding intensity of bitterness.

All of Melville's major characters are yronic, Titans in rebellion, supermen who unt their defiance even in the face of the lmighty. Like Jack London in later ars, the man had looked into hell; he ad seen ruthless power, sea wolves in thority, and he had seen them triumph ren in the face of all justice and humanity. revolutionized, after four years of it, his rly philosophy. He was a Nietzschean hen Nietzsche was but a schoolboy. Be rd, smite down, trample, be a superman, else be yourself trampled—that was the w of Nature,—of God if there be a God. De god wat made shark," ruled Quee-eg, "must be one dam Ingin." He felt the a-wolf lust of domination in his own ul. He himself was a superman. In all s characters we see only Melville. He is aji, a god, in "Mardi." He is Jack Chase, the masterpiece of all God's works," in White Jacket." He is Jackson in "Red-rn," rotted to a skeleton by consump-on, yet claiming to the last ounce of his rength his master place on the sail in e hurricane and hurled to death with lls of blasphemy. In "Israel Potter" he Paul Jones, "the Coriolanus of the sea a cross between the gentleman and the olf; . . . his wild lonely heart incapable sympathizing with cuddled natures ade humdrum by long exemption from ain,"—Paul Jones who single-handed ent forth in a bowl to fight the whole ritish Empire.

In "Moby-Dick" he is Captain Ahab, the man who, like Russia," as he ex-ained to Hawthorne, "or the British mpire, declares himself a sovereign nature n himself) amid the powers of Heaven, ell, and earth. He may perish; but so long he exists he insists upon treating with ll powers upon an equal basis." He was than Allen: in him he saw his gigantic randfather—himself. Captured by the nglish, Allen, as he explains, found that e had "fallen into the hands of Dyaks." He was turned brutally over to the Indians to be butchered, but "with desperate intrepidity, he availed himself of his enormous physical strength, by twitching a British officer to him, and using him for a living target, whirling him round and round against the murderous tomahawks of the savages." And again he was Allen, —Allen taken to England to be hanged, and in London while on his way, as he believed, to the gallows, defying the whole Empire with curses and roars of contempt. And he was Israel Potter, living his young life in an ecstasy of mad adventure, capturing single-handed a British vessel and killing its crew, fighting shoulder to shoulder with Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard;* then a soldier of fortune, a fugitive, the sport of chance; then married to an English shop-girl; then crushed with family cares, dogged by creditors; then forty years of squalor and exile; then death.

Into his third volume, "Mardi," Melville threw all his powers. Again he has opening chapters of exciting adventure and again closing chapters of didactics and cynical criticism: "Robinson Crusoe" shading into Ecclesiastes. No book has been more misunderstood. It is not an insane jumble; it is a book of power. No other American could have written it and no Englishman, save perhaps Swift. It is "Gulliver" in a South Seas setting: an epic of disillusion. The central figure, Taji, self-elected god—Melville himself—, hemmed in by the intolerable commonplace, and dreaming of romance beyond the blank horizon which bound him to littleness, breaks from the ship in mid-ocean, and in a cockle-shell boat begins an independent voyage, himself as captain —sheer madness! But glorious adventure rewards him: he becomes master of an abandoned wreck, rich in treasure. Still unsatisfied, he hurls himself again upon the deep, and finds Yillah, a goddess, the maiden of a thousand dreams. A few days on the Isle of Perfect Joy and she is gone.

And now he too has become a god,

moving with gods and island kings, but Yillah is gone and without her life is inconceivable. Companioned by gods and seers, he scours the islands of the world for the vision he has lost. It is the blue flower of Novalis; it is the lost dream and illusion of youth: "For, oh, Yillah! were you not the earthly semblance of that sweet vision that haunted my earliest thoughts?" One by one the Isles of the Blessed are found to be but habitations of the wretched; one by one all things deemed of worth by man—the glory of kings, the joys of love, the dream of liberty, the ideals of faith, hope, charity, all that humanity has deemed valuable—he finds but vanity and a striving after the wind. On only two islands would he linger—the one where Bacchus rules as king and the other where the teachings of Jesus are actually lived in all their literalness. But even here he finds not Yillah. It is Ecclesiastes with South Seas furnishings; it is the drama of his own life. It ends in sordidness and despair: he finds not Yillah, but Hautia,—Circe, the malicious and carnal. "As my hand touched Hautia's, down dropped a dead bird from the clouds."

Some of Melville's most distinctive work is in "Mardi." An anthology of amorphic lyrics, as original and as compelling as Whitman's, might be culled from its paragraphs. It appeared in 1851, when Whitman was halting at the cross-roads of his poetic career, four years before "Leaves of Grass." Was "Mardi" the source of Whitman's inspiration? Consider this random paragraph, which I have ventured to throw into the Whitman line-length:

West, West! West, West!
Whitherward point Hope and prophet-fingers;
Whitherward, at sunset, kneel all worshippers of fire;
Whitherward in mid-ocean, the great whales turn to die;
Whitherward face all the Moslem dead in Persia;
Whitherward lie Heaven and Hell!

West, West!
Whitherward mankind and empires—flocks, caravans, armies, navies, worlds, suns, and stars all wend!

West, West!
Oh, boundless boundary! Eternal goal!
Whitherward rush, in thousand worlds, ten thousand keels!
Beacon, by which the universe is steered!—
Like the north-star, attracting all needles!
Unattainable forever; but forever leading to great things this side thyself!
Hive of all sunsets!
Gabriel's pinions may not overtake thee!

Everywhere, after the escape of Yillah, poetry in rhapsodic prose, "As if 'Mardi' were a poem, and every island a canto, the shore now in sight was called Flozella-a-Nina, or The-Last-Verse-of-the-Song." It is a book to live with, to study long. It bathes one's soul in beauty.

V

The masterpiece of Melville, the Caliban monster "Moby-Dick," was born in travail that all but destroyed its creator. It was written by compulsion—headlong, convulsive. Part I was on the press before Part II had been started. It was written for money, for dear life, some of it in the cool stillness of the Berkshires, some of it in the "Babylonish brick-kiln" heat of a New York attic in August. "Dollars damn me!" There was a mortgaged home, there was a young family growing ever more expensive, there were debts, and to fight them there was but his single pen. "Mardi" had not sold well: it had been misunderstood and brutally criticised. A new book must be written and at once: no time for revision, no time for finish, no time even for careful thought. "The calm, the coolness, the silent grass-growing mood in which a man *ought* always to compose—that can seldom be mine. . . . What I feel most moved to write, that is damned—it will not pay. Yet, altogether, write the other way I cannot. So the product is a final hash, and all my books are botches."

Sad words, yet always must they serve as the first description of "Moby-Dick." The book is indeed a hash: it is a headlong, lawless hodge-podge, the most chaotic book that ever rose to the dignity of a classic. What an encyclopedia of the whal-

ng industry, what a biologic study of marine fauna, what a mess of nautical nthology, history, sea yarns, gargoyle portraitures, sermons in whale-skin, prose, poetry, realism, romanticism, metaphysics run mad—where in all English can you ind a mix-up to equal it?

You do not read long, however, before he strange tale compels you. You are one f the wild crew; you are pulling at an oar n mad pursuit of whales; you are in the ry-works at midnight toiling like a nome; you are at the helm steering hrough inky blackness and storm; you re in the forecastle discussing monsters, eligion, tropical metaphysics, exotic gas-ronomics, and mad old Captain Ahab with the whalebone leg; and in the last limax you are hearing with throbbing erves his dying challenge to fate, a limax that renders the death of Long om Coffin in "The Pilot" mere common-lace. You awake as from an actual experi-nce; you are home from a four years' voy-ge. And then it bursts upon you that he book is not a hodge-podge at all, but unity; it is a voyage, and what is a oyage but a vast miscellany? And again ou awake with a start: it bursts upon you hat this is more than a mere voyage: it is n infernal Pilgrim's Progress; it is a study f the fundamentals of human life; it is a linic; it is a mad attempt to thrust aside he veil that hides the supreme mystery f man; it is a mad "Invictus" hurled at whatever gods there be."

The metaphysics of the book, "the hell-re in which the whole book is broiled," o use Melville's own phrase, is best ex-lained in Captain Ahab's own words:

> All visible objects are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event—in the living act, the undoubted deed—there, some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the moldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If a man will strike, strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me, the white whale is that wall, shoved near to me. Sometimes I think there is naught beyond. But 'tis enough. He taxes me; he heaps me; I see in his outrageous strength, with an inscrutable malice sinewing it. That inscrutable thing is chiefly what I hate; and be the white whale agent or be the white whale principal, I will wreak that hate upon him. Talk not to me of blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted me.

Melville was anatomizing his own soul: his contempt for the herd, his "NO-saying in thunder." The monomania of Ahab was his own monomania. There is no blasphemer like a Puritan "back-slidden," but always his renegade blasphemy is accompanied by brooding moroseness and secret horror. To Hawthorne the man talked interminably of metaphysics. Indoctrinate a boy until he is thirteen, and the marks are inerasable forever.

But apart from its colossal Ahab and its fierce light upon Melville himself and the universal human soul, "Moby-Dick" has literary values that place it among the few really great books of the Nineteenth Century. Its graphic narratives of primitive men fighting in the vastness of the ocean in a cockle-shell of a boat against the most powerful of all God's created animals,—"the mightiest elephant is but a terrier to Leviathan, so, compared with Leviathan's tail, his trunk is but the stalk of a lily"; its quivering excitements; its stove boats; its insane moments when a Titan arm darts the harpoon to the mad yell "Starn all"; its hissing line leaping from the tubs; its league-long tows racing through fluke-torn seas; its colossal death scenes—the dying monster heading at last toward the sun,—all this stirs the reader like a drug. "As the swift monster drags you deeper and deeper into the frantic shoal, you bid adieu to circumspect life and only exist in a delirious throb."

Nothing else in all American literature is keyed to the pitch of some of the chapters of this mighty saga. The picture of the try-works at midnight casts a shadow that is infernal, "a redness, and madness, and ghastliness" of horror that is not the conscious art of Poe but is the very substance of a haunted soul:

> As they narrated to each other their unholy adventures, their tales of terror told in words of mirth; as their uncivilized laughter forked upwards out of them, like the flames from the furnace; as to and fro, in their front, the harpooners

> wildly gesticulated with their huge pronged forks and dippers; as the wind howled on, and the sea leaped, and the ship groaned and dived, and yet steadfastly shot her red hell further and further into the blackness of the sea and the night, and scornfully champed the white bone in her mouth, and viciously spat round her on all sides; then the rushing *Pequod*, freighted with savages, and laden with fire, and burning a corpse, and plunging into that blackness of darkness, seemed the material counterpart of her monomaniac commander's soul.

VI

The novel "Pierre" which quickly followed "Moby-Dick" estranged even his best friends. Nothing from Melville's pen has been more misjudged. While, to quote his own words, at times "he seems to have directly plagiarized from his own experiences to fill out the record of his apparent author-hero," the book is not autobiography. It is rather Hawthorne-like romance in major key, a tragedy with a "Cenci" theme and "Cenci" intensity, a clinic over a rebel Titan dead, a study written with lunar caustic of disillusion: "all round and round does the world lie as in a sharpshooter's ambush, to pick off the beautiful illusions of youth, by the pitiless cracking rifles of the realities of the age." By a relentless logic he brings his "hero" to despise his father, his mother, his cousin, his pastor—the whole world, and then by the same unescapable logic he drives him to marry his own half-sister, the secret fruit of his father's sin. The hero—Melville himself—is a Titan, Enceladus, "son of the incestuous union of Cœlus and Terra, of the incestuous Heaven and Earth." "A grandson of the sky," he feels his wings and his mighty heaven-mounting powers, but he is held down at every point "by terrestrial taint to his terrestrial mother," and like Enceladus again, defeated at last "among the repulsed group of heaven-assaulters," he dies unconquered, hurling his terrible hate into the very face of the Almighty. "Let the gods look after their own combustibles. If they have put powder casks in me, let them look to it!"

The real power of this novel has never been recognized. A story of deliberate incest, no matter what its art or what its revelations of the fundamental elements of human life, could be classed only as insanity by the feminine fifties that were crowning as classics "The Wide Wide World" and "The Lamplighter." Everywhere it was spoken of in horrified whispers. This reception merely intensified the author's rage. He had written it with honest intent, he had put into it his best, and in any other atmosphere it would have been hailed as a strong creation. His first impulse was to "give jeer for jeer, and taunt the apes that jibed him," but *noblesse oblige*. "He felt the pyramidical scorn of the genuine loftiness for the whole infinite company of infinitesimal critics. His was the scorn which thinks it not worth the while to be scornful." His generation was not ready for him, and he refused to yield to its demands. Like his own Pierre:

> Now he began to feel that in him the thews of a Titan were forestallingly cut by the scissors of Fate. He felt as a moose hamstrung. All things that think, or move, or be still, seemed as created to mock and torment him. He seemed gifted with loftiness, merely that it might be dragged down to the mud.

Fate struck the final blow: the Harper's fire of 1852 destroyed all the plates of Melville's books and most of the printed sheets, and he was not popular enough to republish. He was ruined, he who already was ruined. Seven years of struggle there had been, seven years of "clamorous pennilessness," of caustic criticism—seven years and seven volumes, and then, save for "Israel Potter," written four years later, and a few magazine articles, brief flarings up of the embers, silence for forty years. It was 1891 when he died.

VII

We can appraise the man today. The prejudices and the trim-timidity that damned him in the Nineteenth Century have died away. We can see now that for sheer literary power and sweep of imagination and for primitive originality no one in all the range of our American literature can

easure up to him, save only Whitman. here is a startling likeness between the wo men: their literary independence, neir irreverence for the ordinary and the stablished, their sympathies that included ll men of all conditions, their physical erfection before hardship had broken em down, their dominating egotism, neir compelling masculinity and their ank acceptance of Nature, their origiality of expression that voiced itself in lf-created literary forms—they were both dical beyond their own generation.

Of the two, Melville excelled in literary ower. It was in him to write in Whitan's own measure poetry commensurate power with Whitman's own. Had he ut realized it, he had in his hands years efore Whitman discovered it Whitman's wn poetic instrument. There are in his olumes turns of expression, Homeric simes, compelling bursts of narrative, adective touches, poetic rhapsodies, paraaphs of impressionism, daubings in opic color, unsurpassed in American terature. Note for instance his lurid icturings of London—City of Dreadful ight,—his psychoanalysis of Benjamin anklin, his description of the fight of ones in the *Bon Homme Richard*, his imressionistic characterizings of the islands f the "Encantadas," his prose lyric ights in the later chapters of "Mardi." ut his flights were seldom sustained. His enius was like that of Coleridge: sudden yric outbursts rather than finished wholes, nd then silence.

Whitman was without New England conscience or New England training; he fell into no harassing religious doubts, no brooding or melancholy: his philosophy was not grounded upon formal metaphysics. He had, moreover, infinite patience and the gift of totality. "Leaves of Grass," for all of its accretions, is a unity. It grew. It was remorselessly pruned, revised, reconsidered. Unlike Melville, the man was unhurried, unhampered by family, unvexed by necessities. And early he selected his poetical instrument and tuned it to his own touch, so that with full freedom and economy he could bring to bear the full maximum of his powers.

Melville had none of this: his temperament undoubtedly was autocratic and mercurial. Had wealth been his and perfect freedom of foot, doubtless it would have been the same story. Jack London, who at many points startlingly resembled him, surrendered to the reading public, gave it precisely what it demanded, and prospered; but Melville despised the public, refused to yield a single point to its demands, hurled his contempt for it into its very face with blasphemy, and wrote to satisfy his own lordly soul. Like Byron, he was over-egotistic, over-intellectual, over-impetuous: the fire within him burned out his soul at thirty-two. He was a genius born into a perverse generation which stoned him and left him for dead; a genius born two generations too soon. He has scarcely even now caught up with the audience for which he wrote.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

TRIUMPH of Law Enforcement in Booneville, as revealed by a political advertisement in the eminent *Progress:*

WANTED

Everybody's vote who is against the (so called) Bone Dry Law. No Bone Dry votes wanted.

J. M. SUGG,
Independent Candidate for
Adv. *Logan County Sheriff*

CALIFORNIA

LITERARY activities of the lady Aristotles of the State university, Southern branch:

Bema, the women's forensic society, will hold a debate upon the subject: Resolved, that Red Grange is a better football player than a movie actor.

How a love of beautiful letters is rammed into the sweating high-school students of glorious Los Angeles by the talented pedagogues of the town, as revealed by a form book-report:

I. Title—date of writing—scene and time portrayed.
II. Author—chief dates—places connected with his life—other works.
III. Classification as an expression of America (give many details).
  A. Geographical.
  B. Social.
    1. Degree of education.
    2. Amusements.
    3. Classes of society (contrasts and relations and feelings).
    4. Comforts and luxuries.
    5. Use of leisure time.
    6. Chief interests and outlook.
    7. Accomplishments.
    8. Homes and furnishing and surroundings.
    9. Dress.
    10. Family life.
    11. Manners.
    12. Politics.
  C. Religious and moral.
    1. Place of church in lives of people.
    2. Reliance on a power higher than themselves.
    3. Degree of respect for clergy—influence of clergy.
    4. Guiding mottoes of principles or absence of same.
    5. Ideas of right and wrong—restraining influences—social or individual.
    6. What decides the choice of conduct?
    7. Degree of certainty—as to right and wrong.
    8. Attitude toward unfortunate.
  D. Industrial.
  E. Æsthetic.
    1. Appreciation or creation of music.
    2. Painting.
    3. Sculpture.
    4. Architecture.
    5. Theatre.
    6. Dancing.
    7. Literature.
IV. Style: Give quotations to prove your statements.
  A. Vocabulary—vivid—flat—colloquial—elegant—simple—stilted—easy—dignified—quaint—provincial—difficult—refined—coarse.
  B. Mood: gay—sombre—humorous—sad—adventurous—didactic—tender—fatalistic—pessimistic—optimistic.
  C. Coherence and proportion.
  D. Interest and suspense.
    1. What creates them?
    2. What questions must be answered before the reader is satisfied?

ADVERTISEMENT in the Modesto *News-Herald:*

MODESTO COOPERAGE—407 Tenth st. Tanks and wine barrels of all description. Repairing promptly attended to.

POLITE remonstrance and request of the fair editor of the Sawtelle *Enterprise:*

The *Enterprise* editor asks her friends, who find her full name—Susie Pierson Miller—too long to use, to refer to her as Miss Miller. This name is easy to remember, also easy to speak. Under ordinary circumstances it would be permissable for intimate friends to use the given name Susie, but unfortunately there are others who are only casual acquaintances who hear the close friends refer to the editor in that way, and they also

adopt that style. Therefore all friends are asked to refrain entirely from this habit. Comparative strangers, who fall into this ill-bred style, invariably make the excuse that they heard others say Susie—instead of Miss Miller or Susie Pierson Miller.

BUSINESS card of a scientist of San Francisco, the old home of Dr. Albert Abrams:

DR. JAMES A. M. McLEAN

Anatomist, Biologist, Chemist, Evolutionist, Geologist, Pathologist, Erosionist, Poet, Theophonist & Psycologist

Physical, Metaphysical & Spiritual
Healer & Developer
Reduces and Builds Up Obesities
Reduces, Disorders, Diseases & Deformities

BY APPOINTMENT

Phone Walnut 3540 1605 Broderick st.

THE Hon. Harry Carr, the eminent columnist of the incomparable Los Angeles *Times:*

President Coolidge is one of the most remarkable men ever to occupy the White House. He has the level, enlightened common sense to see that great international problems are no more complicated than the problem of trading a horse.

ANOTHER apothegm by the same gifted publicist:

When California was made, Providence just spit on her hands and turned to and made a real job of it.

PROGRAM in the *Rotary Gram*, official organ of the Long Beach Rotary Club:

Gossip is a vicarious sexual pleasure, enjoyed most by those who have been cheated.

FROM the bulletin of courses at Pacific Union College:

13 ab. GOSPEL SALESMANSHIP. The application of the principles used in the development of character, personality, and leadership, fitting one for evangelistic colporteur work and helpful in all other vocations. Science, coupled with actual field experience, makes it a course of real value to all. *2 hours each semester: Tu, 11:05, and field work: 4 hours.*

DELAWARE

SERMON-SUBJECT of the Rev. Dr. Leonard Smith, a distinguished divine of Wilmington:

God Broadcasting

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SUPREME effort by the chief editorial writer of the Washington *Star:*

The people like President Coolidge because he likes them, because he is their kind of a human being. It is as simple as the liking that existed between Mary and her lamb.

CHRISTIAN sporting news sent out by the Associated Press from Washington:

Some Negro girl of Baptist faith could swim the English Channel, in the opinion of the annual convention of the White Cross Bureau here. The delegates adopted a resolution proposed by the Rev. Edward Johnson calling on Negro Baptist business men to finance a search for a likely Negro feminine candidate and a year's special training in preparation for an attempt to eclipse the record of Gertrude Ederle.

SPECIMEN of musical criticism from the *Post*, organ of the Coolidge idealism:

Rubinoff's programme this week includes "Yes, Sir; That's My Baby" in classical form, and "Let's Talk About My Sweetie," both played as only Rubinoff can—with that exquisite finishing touch.

GEORGIA

FROM Daily Bulletin No. 219, issued at Fort Benning:

Several instances have occurred on the reservation lately of cars overtaking and passing the Commandant in his official car. This discourtesy will be discontinued.

PUBLIC notice in the Atlanta *Constitution:*

I, Frank W. Wright (colored), wish to announce that I am not married to Maudine Hawkins, who lives at 1051 Quara street, city.

SPECIMEN of the homiletic tactics of a divine of Fayetteville:

The Rev. Dr. Thomas M. Elliott, pastor of the Methodist church here, announces he will give away 300 full-size loaves of bread to people attending the Sunday night services at the church here, at which time he will preach on the subject "Jesus Christ the Bread of Life."

ILLINOIS

THE birth of a new Fellowship in Springfield:

THE COSMOPOLITAN CLUB
A Society of Red Bloods
DEVOTED TO
Larger Living *Truer Thinking* *Better Business*
STATE ARSENAL
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

WHAT it means to be a student at Broadview College:

All who are coming to school should provide themselves with proper and sufficient clothing to dress in harmony with good taste and divine instruction. . . . There is but one woman in a thousand who clothes her limbs as she should. . . . Women should clothe their limbs as thoroughly as do men. . . . This applies to other parts of the body as well. No one should be without rubbers. These suggestions are of the highest importance for the preservation of good health in order that students may make a success of their school life. . . . The wearing of jewelry, such as eardrops and finger rings, and other unnecessary ornaments, is decidedly in bad taste. Hair should be dressed simply and becomingly. The wearing of extravagant styles of hair dressing is not in harmony with the principles of the institution. . . . Young men and women are allowed to associate in a frank, manly and womanly manner at times and in places that are proper and in harmony with the rules of the school. Sentimentalism, flirting, strolling together about the grounds or elsewhere, and correspondence among students in the school are forbidden.

IOWA

PORTRAIT of an eminent personage of DeWitt, in the *Observer:*

THAT YOU MAY KNOW THEM BETTER

T. W. LARGE

President Iowa Mutual Insurance Company and retired lumber dealer and builder

When did you first come to DeWitt and why?
March 7, 1866, because I was born here.
What book had the most influence on you as a boy?
Building plan books.
What is your favorite form of recreation?
Fishing and golfing.
If you were to begin your business life again what would you do?
Lumber and building business.
What is your favorite form of reading and why?
Mechanics.
What is your favorite song and why?
Iowa Corn Song.
What do you think of cigarette smoking by women and why?
I'm not in favor of it. It is bad enough for men.
What public improvement should DeWitt strive for next?
Public swimming pool in the park for children.
Who do you think will be the next President? Whom would you like to see as President?
Coolidge—Coolidge.

MARYLAND FREE STATE

SIEGE operations of the Devil in Christian Baltimore, as reported by the eminent *Evening Sun:*

The art of making up, in order to simulate the tint of a delicate blush on cheeks void of color, will be taught at the School of Charm to be opened at the Young Women's Christian Association under the direction of Miss Ruth Hudson.

MICHIGAN

SPRIGHTLY advertisement in the Kalamazoo *Gazette:*

You are cordially invited to attend the opening of our new display of fine funeral furnishings, at our chapel, 431 West Main st., afternoon and evening. Goods and services marked in plain figures—the same price to all.

Music — Flowers for the Ladies

EDW. L. GOODALE
431 WEST MAIN ST.

MINNESOTA

PLATFORM of a candidate for public office in St. James, as reported by the *Plaindealer:*

Any man who is ashamed to acknowledge God and Christ has no right to be entitled to citizenship, where liberty and the pursuit of happiness prevails.

DR. C. E. MCNAUGHT,
Candidate for State Senator, 9th District

MISSISSIPPI

CHRISTIAN words from the learned Knox M. Broom, A.B. (Millsaps), assistant superintendent of schools of this great State:

To the public:

My attention has been called to a statement in a New Orleans paper in which I am quoted as saying that the anti-evolution law of our State will not be enforced by the State Board of Education.

I want to deny most emphatically that I authorized any such statement and to say that I favor the enforcement of all laws written into the statute books of our State as do the members of the State Board of Education. Those who knew me as a student at Millsaps College or as a teacher in the public and high schools of the State will know that I never made any such statement as is attributed to me in the New Orleans paper.

Thus far in my life I have tried to uphold the law, and as a son of a Methodist minister and a graduate of a denominational college, I have tried to be faithful to the ideals of the church to which I belong.

I want the people of Mississippi to know that, as assistant State superintendent of education, I believe in the enforcement of all laws and that so far as the question of evolution is concerned I believe that man was made in the image of God his Creator, and I favor putting out of the schoolroom any man or woman teaching any other doctrine.

On the other hand I believe that every

teacher and every school should so live and teach as to increase the faith of the children in the God of our fathers.

MISSOURI

FOOTNOTE on journalistic ethics from the *Ozark Democrat:*

The *Democrat* acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the annual check from the county W. C. T. U., as an expression from that organization of its appreciation for the paper's persistent stand for law observance and law obedience, as well as support given the W. C. T. U. in its fight for a continuance of Prohibition.

NEW JERSEY

PROGRESS of refinement in the everglades behind Atlantic City, as reported in a press dispatch from that celebrated Gomorrah:

Led by Prohibition Agent Wilmer E. Barous, a dozen operatives entered a house in a thicket near Absecon and found two 500-gallon stills in full operation. The copper and brass of the mechanism shone like a mirror, the floor was spotless, and in one corner was an office in which sat a blonde stenographer.

NEW YORK

SPORTING and ecclesiastical notice from the celebrated Brooklyn *Eagle*, the principal print of the City of Churches:

Andy Di Vodi, Bay Ridge youngster, again showed the prowess of his punch when he scored a technical knockout over Joe Zink of the U. S. Navy in the fourth frame of a scheduled six-rounder that topped the card at Long Beach last night. Di Vodi waded into Zink from the start and had him on the defensive throughout. He kept pumping both hands into Zink's face and body with machine-like precision and had him on the verge of a knockout when the mill was stopped. The bouts drew the largest crowd of the season, 3,000 customers packing the stadium to capacity. *The show was put on for the benefit of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, of Malverne, L. I.*

THE Rev. Hillyer Hawthorne Straton, D.D., son of the eminent Dr. John Roach Straton:

I know that God has called me to preach.

NOTE on Law Enforcement from a great Manhattan journal:

There are more teetotallers than tipplers at Sing Sing, according to Dr. Amos O. Squire, Medical Examiner of Westchester County and former physician at the prison. He examined 1217 prisoners last year, he said in an address before the Rotary Club of White Plains. Of this number, 777 said they were total abstainers, and only 440 were drinkers. There were fifteen divorced men, thirty widowers, 502 married men and 670 single men.

JUDICIAL gossip from Brooklyn:

Philip Tohis, of 9742 36th street, was arraigned before Magistrate Conway in Long Island City Court yesterday on a charge of speeding. Asked why he broke the law, he said:

"My corns were hurting."

"What have your corns to do with the charge?" asked the Court.

"Whenever it is going to rain my corns hurt and I wanted to beat the rain home," replied Tohis.

"Did it rain?" asked the Magistrate.

"It did next day."

Tohis paid a fine of $25.

LAW ENFORCEMENT headline from the eminent *Herald-Tribune:*

RUM-PROOF MATERIAL
DISPLAYED FOR WOMEN'S
HOSE AND FROCKS

NORTH DAKOTA

SERMON-SUBJECT of the Rev. H. M. Wyrich, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Grand Forks:

How to Love Your Mother-in-Law

A HEART-BROKEN father of Belfield unbosoms himself in the *Review* of that town:

I have decided to sell my 200-acre farm on the Red river, all improved, near Grand Forks, for $10,000. This land has been in the McCabe family for nearly twenty years.

I expected to hold it for the boys, but Peter says he is going to be a dentist and John wants to be a civil engineer.

They will likely both wind up with a herd of sheep in the Bad Lands.

Description of land in my office.

Three thousand cash, balance easy. This farm is worth $20,000.

tfc J. E. McCABE

OHIO

FROM an inspiring address before the convention of the National Confectioners Association, held at Cincinnati:

The first electric sign that swung across the skylight of the firmament was put there in answer to the Divine injunction, Let there be light! And there was light, and the light was good, and the light will be good for your industry if you turn it on.

STRANGE works of the Almighty in Darke county, as reported by the Greenville *Daily Advocate:*

A report came to Greenville Monday morning of a shower of small toads in the vicinity north-

east of Dawn, Darke county. After the heavy rain Sunday evening, which occurred about 8:30 o'clock, automobilists who traveled on the cement highway and residents in the vicinity reported that hundreds of small live toads were found on the highway and the fields nearby. It is said that these toads came from the heavens with the heavy rainfall. Showers of fishes have been reported in this locality several times, but this is the first time that a shower of small toads has come to our notice.

CONTRIBUTION to medical science by an eminent moralist of Youngstown, as reported in a United Press dispatch from there:

"If you don't want to live long, indulge in petting parties," is the advice handed out to adolescents by Ross Clarke, physical director of the Y. M. C. A. Modern petting and necking, Clarke says, produces a psychological condition resulting in ill health, nervous ailments and premature old age. "Pet and die young," Clarke warns youth.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE Rev. Dr. Carl Agee, pastor of the First Christian Church, Roosevelt boulevard and Tenth street, Philadelphia, as reported by the *Evening Bulletin:*

St. Paul was the sports writer of the New Testament.

FESTAL day in Pillow Gap:

Saturday evening the comfort station in Pillow Gap will be opened for business by Preston Troutman. The Pillow Band will give a concert.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE Hon. Frank P. Gaines in the eminent Greenville *Piedmont:*

To cast aspersion upon Rotary indicates bad taste, poor judgment, and a marked ingratitude.

Rotary has provided broad and sweet comradeship between man and man and has thus fed the hunger of myriad hearts.

TEXAS

WANT AD in the San Antonio *Express:*

WANT OFFICE WOMAN

Over 25 years of age, one who wants job and not position; hard work, long hours, small pay and no future. Crockett 6632.

THE progress of heresy in this great State, as reported by Science Service:

A man may leave a million dollars to found an astronomical observatory and still be of sound mind, according to a decision just made by a Texas court. The case involved the will of the late W. J. McDonald, of Paris, Texas.

UTAH

APPEARANCE of a new civic honor in Salt Lake City:

The Frances Willard W. C. T. U. were invited by Sheriff Ben R. Harries to the county jail, where they assisted in pouring several gallons of confiscated liquor down the sewer.

VERMONT

THE New Morality along Lake Champlain:

Collector Harry C. Whitehill, of St. Albans, has set another scheme in motion in an effort to decrease bootlegging activities in this section. Anybody who gives information which results in the seizure of liquor will get 25% of the fines imposed on the boat's or vehicle's crew and 25% of the sum recovered by the government from the sale of the means of transportation. Mr. Whitehill said the government was empowered to make this offer to amateur informers by Section 619 of the Tariff Act of 1922.

VIRGINIA

THE Rev. Dr. John W. Ham, speaking before the Roanoke Real Estate Board, as reported by the *Times* of that fortunate town:

If Noah had had the modern oil-burning engine in his boat and the information concerning the immediate territory around Roanoke, he would have headed straight for Dead Man's Mountain and tied up there instead of Mt. Ararat, with all of its howling waste and wilderness of sand dunes. Abraham started out in quest of the Land of Canaan. He knew nothing about the Shenandoah Valley. If he had known he would have turned West instead of East.

Moses was a developer. They charged him in Egypt with being a labor agitator. He was a real estate man. He saw wonderful possibilities in Canaan. Quicker returns would come by developing Canaan than by fooling around in the deserts of Egypt. He left with a colony of a million and a half to build a city in a more even temperate climate with greater resources. He was permitted from Mt. Nebo to look over into that land. Abraham had started toward that land centuries before. He had the spirit of the realtor. He wanted to develop and expand in all that land of opportunity. Joshua was chosen to carry on. He announced his purpose to complete the job by overturning some of the old backward towns by shaking the life out of them and starting all over again. He marched around Jericho with brass bands. At a given notice there was lots of noise. Some one has said that they put over a vast amount of hot air on that occasion.

BLACK CHILD

BY WINIFRED SANFORD

Mama's Papa

Callie was sitting in the doorway, her bare toes curled over the splintered gray edge of the step, with Beatrice squirming in her arms.

"Callie," Mama had said, "you watch Washington and Leroy and Beatrice while I stir up the corn-bread. And mind you don't wake your Papa."

"Well 'm."

Callie could hear Papa snoring on the bed, and the thud of Mama's spoon against the bowl. In the reddish dirt outside, Washington and Leroy were playing, pulling nails with Papa's hammer from a board they had found in the city dump down the road. Beatrice was crying for the nails.

"You shut up," said Callie, holding her more tightly.

She realized too late that she shouldn't have spoken. Washington had forgotten he was there. Now he said, "Callie, I's goin' to drive this nail in your toe!"

"No you ain't!"

"Sure am!"

Leroy rolled in the dust and grinned at Washington. "Go do it, Washington."

"If you does," warned Callie, "I tells Mama."

Washington was grinning and making faces as he picked up the hammer and the longest, sharpest nail. "Here I goes, Callie!"

Callie held her breath and clutched Beatrice and shut her eyes. And then, suddenly, unexpectedly, she heard Washington say "Huh!" in his throat.

Callie looked where he was looking. To the road, past the piles of broken crates and tin cans on the dump, around the gray board wall of the Texas Barbecue, bounced Mis' Carpenter's car. The sun was so bright on its windshield that it almost made Callie blind. Mis' Carpenter's car dipped in the holes and rose on the bumps, and presently it groaned and stopped in front of the house.

Mis' Carpenter leaned over the wheel and honked. Callie could see her long pink arms and the blue embroidery on her white dress and the diamonds on her finger.

Mama came out, scuffing along in her house slippers. "Good morning, Mis' Carpenter."

"Pearl," said Mis' Carpenter, leaning back and lifting one knee over the other so that Callie could see the shimmer of her white silk stocking, "Pearl, you've got to help me out." Mis' Carpenter threw out her hands and let them drop in her lap. "I can't get any decent help. That cousin of yours—what's her name? Bertha? —isn't any good at all. I have to watch her every minute, Pearl."

"Yes'm."

"You've simply got to help me out," Mis' Carpenter went on. "There are ten people coming for lunch tomorrow, Pearl, and I don't see how I can manage."

"Yes'm," said Mama, shoving Leroy away from the running-board. "That means a lot of work, Mis' Carpenter."

"That's why you've got to help me," said Mis' Carpenter.

Mama didn't say anything for a minute. She looked around at Callie, trying to hang on to Beatrice, and at Washington, staring at Mis' Carpenter with his mouth

open, and at Leroy, playing with his toes.

"Mis' Carpenter," said Mama, rubbing her eyes with her knuckle, "I haven't nobody but Callie to leave with the children."

"Can't you get your cousin Bertha?"

"No ma'am, I wouldn't like to ask Cousin Bertha."

"Well, leave them with Callie, then. I tell you, Pearl, I simply *have* to have you."

"Callie's only five, Mis' Carpenter."

Mis' Carpenter leaned over and smiled at Callie. "Aren't you big enough to look after the others, Callie? Just for one day?"

"Yes'm," said Callie, trembling a little.

"You see, Pearl," said Mis Carpenter.

"Well 'm, I'll try," said Mama at last, kicking the dust with the toe of her house slipper.

Callie knew that Mama was in a hurry to get back to the corn-bread. If Papa woke up and the corn-bread wasn't ready, he would sure be mad. But Mis' Carpenter wanted to talk.

"Pearl, you're the only colored woman I ever had who worked like a white woman."

"Yes'm."

Just then Washington went around to the back of Mis' Carpenter's car and made a little scratch with the nail he had pulled out of the board.

"Hst!" warned Callie. Washington stuck out his tongue.

Callie had missed what Mis' Carpenter said, but she could hear Mama. "Well, I don't rightly know as to that, Mis' Carpenter. I couldn't say. I've wondered myself sometimes."

"You're so very light, Pearl. Is your mother light?"

"No, ma'am, Mama's as dark as Callie, but Papa was bright."

"Hm."

"Papa's Mama was a widow woman, that's what he always said, Mis' Carpenter."

"I see."

"And when we asked him who was his Papa, he used to get up and walk around and blow out his cheeks. 'My Papa's name was John Webster Parsons.' That's all he ever said, Mis' Carpenter, and I was scared to ask him."

"There used to be a white family named Parsons around here," said Mis' Carpenter.

"Yes'm, I know that."

"Hm," said Mis' Carpenter.

Neither Mis' Carpenter nor Mama saw what Washington was going to do. Washington was going to drive a nail into Mis' Carpenter's tire. He winked at Leroy.

"Washington," said Callie in a whisper, "you quit that or I tells Mama."

Washington made a face at Leroy, and Leroy made a face at Callie.

Washington lifted the hammer to drive his nail.

"Mama!" called Callie.

Washington yelled all the time Mama was whipping him.

"That's what you get," said Mama. "Now you do like Callie says, and keep your hands off things that ain't yours."

"All right! Let me go!"

After Mis' Carpenter had driven away and Mama had gone back to the kitchen, Washington rolled for a long time in the dust, bawling and making faces. Leroy bawled too, and pounded his knees and looked at Callie as if he hated her. "Shut up, Leroy," warned Callie. She was scared. Suppose they woke Papa! Suppose Papa came out and whipped all of them!

Beatrice looked as if she were going to sleep. She made a bubble with her lips and sucked it in. Her eyes were little slits.

"Sh!"

Callie didn't see Washington until too late . . . until she saw his hand sneak up toward her from the ground, like the brown head of a snake. She tried to dodge, but Beatrice was too heavy on her knees. Washington took hold of Callie's bare leg with his finger nails. Callie saw him clench his teeth as he dug them into her.

Callie made a hissing sound: "Jesus!"

"Mama," yelled Washington, triumphantly, "Callie's done said a bad word!"

II

The Baptising

When Callie was seven, Mama went to cook for Mis' Carpenter.

"You'll have to do the best you can, Callie," said Mama. "And don't you let Beatrice out of your sight."

"Well, 'm."

"And if I'm late getting home, you'll have to give the baby some milk from the can."

"Well 'm."

"I don't know what you're going to do about Washington."

"No, ma'am."

"And if your Papa comes home, be sure you get him some dinner, Callie."

"Well 'm."

Papa was working this Summer, except when he was tired and had to lie in bed. He kept Mis' Carpenter's lawn, and Mis' Carpenter let him borrow the mower and rake and hoe and canvas basket that caught the grass so that he could keep other people's lawns as well. Once Callie had seen him standing in front of the Texas Barbecue, with the mower, and the tools tied on the handle. He had been talking to Mama's Cousin Bertha, spitting and kicking the dirt, and laughing all over.

"Colored men is triflin'," Mama used to say.

"That's Washington, too," thought Callie. "Triflin'!"

Today was Monday, and Mama had rubbed out the clothes before she went to get breakfast for Mis' Carpenter. "All you have to do, Callie," she said, "is rinse them and hang them out, but mind you do it right. I don't want no yellow clothes on my line."

"No, ma'am."

Usually, on wash days, Washington was bad. When Callie stood on the box to reach the clothes-line, he would jerk it out from under her. Or he would run off with the clothes-pins. Once he told Leroy to throw dirt on the clean clothes, but Mama whipped him and he was scared to do it again. Sometimes Beatrice made trouble, and Callie would have to shake her and say, "Quit that or I tells Mama."

But today they were good. Washington didn't do a thing all the time Callie was rinsing and hanging out except sit on the step and look away off and whistle. And Leroy didn't do a thing except watch Washington's mouth and try to whistle himself. Beatrice sat on the ground and put dirt into a tin-can. And the baby slept on the bed.

Callie was feeling happy, and when Washington said, "Let's have a baptising, what you say, Callie?" she said, "Huh! who you a-goin' to baptise, Washington?"

"Leroy," said Washington. "I's goin' to baptise Leroy."

"Where you goin' to baptise Leroy?"

"Where you s'pose?"

Callie knew what he meant. He meant the tank, and she was scared. The tank was down the road by the city dump. By the end of the Summer it would be nothing but a big hole with tin cans in it, but now it was full of water which had run down from the dump when it rained. "Callie," Mama had said lots of times, "don't you forget that tank. If one of you was to fall in, you'd like to get drowned." And she used to add, sometimes, "Suppose one of the children fell in the tank, what would you do? Tell Mama."

Callie knew. "Roll 'em on a barrel, ma'am."

"Don't you forget now, Callie."

"No ma'am. I won't forget."

So Callie was scared about the baptising.

"Mama said we wasn't to go down by the tank, Washington."

"Going anyhow."

"No you ain't."

"Am!"

Washington started off down the road, kicking up the dust like smoke. Leroy ran after him. "Leroy," shouted Callie, clutching Theodore and holding

Beatrice by the hand. "You come back!"

But Leroy only ran the faster, and Callie had to go after them, dragging Beatrice down the road.

When she reached the tank, the baptising had begun. Leroy was kneeling down and Washington was praying. "Brothers and sisters . . ."

"Washington," cried Callie. "Don't you dast!"

Washington showed his teeth. "Sister Callie, you shut your mouth!"

In spite of herself Callie snickered. She found an old bucket in the dump and sat down on it with Theodore.

"Brothers and sisters, let us pray."

Washington was praying just like the preacher. "We thanks Thee, O God, for this here sinner come to repentance." Washington was waving his arms and rolling his eyes. "In the name of the Father . . ."

Callie lifted her head just in time to see Leroy go down into the tank, and come up again, choking and kicking.

"And of the Son . . ."

Callie was too scared to holler, for Leroy was limp when he came up the second time.

"And of the Holy Ghost . . ."

Callie grabbed Leroy by the leg just as Washington was about to duck him the third time. She hung on tightly. "Washington, you done drowned him!"

"Huh!" said Washington. Suddenly he looked scared and ran away up the road. Beatrice began to cry.

"Shut up," said Callie. "I got to find me a barrel. Leroy, he's drowned." She laid the baby carefully on the ground.

Leroy was moaning and gulping in the mud. Callie began to pray as she hunted for a barrel. "O Jesus . . . O Jesus!"

Just a little way up the slope Callie found a barrel full of tin cans and broken bottles, and dragged it down to the tank. "Beatrice, you keep out of here." Heaving and tugging and pulling, she got Leroy over the barrel. "Beatrice, if you touches that baby, I blisters you good."

Leroy was sick. He choked and cried in the mud. Callie rolled and rolled and rolled him on the barrel.

"Leroy, is you drowned?"

"I sure is!"

"You ain't dead yet, Leroy!"

Yet all the way home Callie was scared. Suppose Leroy fell down dead in the road . . . drowned! Suppose she hadn't rolled him long enough on the barrel!

They found Washington lying on the bed.

"If you tells Mama," he said hoarsely, opening one eye, "I calls the Law."

"I ain't agoin to tell nobody," said Callie, as she stripped off Leroy's overalls.

III

The Little Pin

Callie was helping Mis' Carpenter while Mama was in bed with the new baby.

"How are you going to manage about your work, Pearl?" Mis' Carpenter had asked.

"Mis' Carpenter," Mama had answered, "if you can get along without a cook for a week, I'll get my Cousin Bertha to wash, and Callie can do the ironing and the dishes and the cleaning. I've learned her how to work."

"But she's only eight," said Mis' Carpenter.

"Yes'm, but she knows how to work."

Today was Monday and Cousin Bertha had come to wash. Cousin Bertha was short and plump, and she wore black satin shoes with high heels and a red and yellow ensemble suit and a white lace hat, and she carried a red and purple bead bag over her arm.

"Now, Callie," said Cousin Bertha as she took off her suit coat in the washhouse, "you run in and ask Mis' Carpenter for a hanger for my coat, and then you can help me fill the boiler. I got a stitch in my side today."

While Callie lugged water from the hydrant in a bucket, Cousin Bertha peeled off

ker dress and put on her apron over her ink silk bloomers. Then she kicked off er shoes and stretched her toes and stuck hem into her purple house-shoes. Then she an a string through her diamond ring and ied a knot in it and slipped it carefully ver her hair, so as not to disturb her arcel.

"Now," said Cousin Bertha, "you can ll the tubs." And presently, "Callie, you ub out the white things while I goes in nd makes me some ice-water."

While she was gone, Callie found the ttle pin.

She had fished in the soapsuds until she rought up one of Mis' Carpenter's night owns, with a lace yoke. Callie soaped it nd rubbed it on the brass ridges of the ash-board. It made a little clicking ound . . . once . . . twice. Callie wiped e sweat from her face and peered through e steam.

It was a little brass pin that fastened ke a safety-pin. Mis' Carpenter kept a ard of them on her chiffonier. Callie dis-ntangled it from the lace. "I'll give it to Mis' Carpenter when I goes in," she hought as she pinned it under the belt of er dress.

Callie never knew quite why she didn't ive it to Mis' Carpenter. She thought fterwards that the devil must have got nto her and made her envy Cousin Ber-ha's diamond, which swung between her reasts as she bent over the tub.

"I's going to have a diamond bar-pin or my birthday," said Cousin Bertha. But don't you tell nobody, Callie."

"Well 'm."

"And my husband's going to rent the at over the Texas Barbecue. Three rooms, allie."

"Yes'm."

"Now you rinse the white things, allie. I got to sit down and rest a bit." ousin Bertha yawned. "I never got to bed ll two last night and I'm that tired I'm ke to die."

"Yes'm."

By the time the clothes were on the line and the tubs were emptied, it was noon, and Callie went into the kitchen to help Mis' Carpenter with lunch. "I'll give it to her just before I goes," thought Callie, feeling secretly for the hard back of the little pin under her belt.

She was chopping ice for the ice-water when Cousin Bertha came to the door in her ensemble suit and her lace hat.

"Where's Mis' Carpenter?"

"Mis' Carpenter's talking on the telephone."

Cousin Bertha opened the ice-box and took three eggs from the bowl on the shelf. Winking at Callie, she put them very carefully into the beaded bag on her arm, tiptoed across the back porch, down the steps, and out of sight beyond the gate.

Mis' Carpenter was smiling when she came back from the telephone. "You're a good girl, Callie."

"Yes'm," said Callie, holding her hand, like a little bowl, over the pin.

Callie walked home, after lunch, with the pin shining on the front of her dress, where it would show. "Just for tonight," she thought. She meant it, too. Tomorrow, when she was ironing, she would tell Mis' Carpenter she had found it in the gown. "You're a good girl, Callie," Mis' Carpenter would say.

Afterwards she wondered how she could have forgotten Mama. She might have known Mama would notice it the very first thing.

"Callie," called Mama from the bed where she was nursing the new baby. "You come here to me. Where you get that pin?"

"Found it."

"Where you find it?"

"In Mis' Carpenter's gown."

Mama sat up, and all the children formed a line, staring at Callie—Washington and Leroy and Beatrice and Theodore. Washington was grinning and rubbing his stomach.

"Callie, you done stole that pin."

Callie didn't want to answer, but she said at last, very low, "Yes'm."

For a minute nobody said anything. Then Mama got out of bed and put on her clothes. Callie didn't dare ask her what she was going to do. She didn't even dare look at Mama.

"You all come with me," said Mama, picking up the new baby.

Because Theodore couldn't keep up with them, Callie had to carry him on her hip. She dragged Beatrice along by the hand. Washington and Leroy ran along through the dust at the side of the road, making faces and teasing. "Mama's goin' take you to jail! Callie's a bad one! Callie's done stole Mis' Carpenter's pin!"

But Mama went straight up the road. Once she stopped in a vacant lot and sat down on the edge of the sidewalk to rest. Then she got up again and went resolutely on.

Callie knew where she was going. She was going to Mis' Carpenter's.

"Why, Pearl!" said Mis' Carpenter, at the kitchen door.

"Mis' Carpenter!" Mama was that tired she could hardly speak. "Callie's done stole your pin. Give it to her, Callie."

Hiding her face in Mama's skirt, Callie held out the pin.

"Oh, that!" laughed Mis' Carpenter. "It's nothing I want, Pearl. Let the child keep it."

"No, ma'am," said Mama. "She can't keep it."

"She's been a good girl, Pearl."

"I'm ashamed of Callie," said Mama.

All the way home Callie held her head very low.

"Callie," whispered Washington in her ear, "I's goin' tell the Law!"

"No you ain't."

"He'll take you off in the hoodlum wagon, sure nuff."

"No he won't, neither."

When they passed the Law in his blue uniform, swinging his stick in front of the Barbecue, Callie was shaking from head to foot.

"Hello there," said the Law.

Callie put her arm over her face.

IV

The Law

MAMA was sick. "Seems like I can hardly drag myself around," she told Cousin Bertha. "And how I'm going to manage with seven of them is more'n I know."

"What you ought to do, Pearl," said Cousin Bertha, "is send the kids to your Mama. That's what I done with mine."

"I'd be awful lonesome, Cousin Bertha."

"I ain't lonesome," Cousin Bertha laughed, and she unwrapped the bundle she had brought under her arm. "I've got me a new red dress to wear to the dance."

"Where you get that dress?"

"Mis' Trasker gave it to me. I washed for her last week."

"That's a mighty nice dress to give away, Cousin Bertha."

Cousin Bertha grinned and winked at Callie.

The next morning Mama was so sick she could hardly get into her clothes. "I'd ask Cousin Bertha to help me out," she said as she braided her pigtails, "only Mis' Carpenter don't like her. I don't know what's got into Cousin Bertha."

Mama went very slowly up the road, waddling a little because she couldn't rightly see where she was going. Pretty soon Papa got up for breakfast, and after he had gone Callie cleaned house.

The baby was sleeping on the bed, with his legs drawn up to his stomach. Theodore and Beatrice were digging holes in the dirt by the step. Washington and Leroy had gone off somewhere.

Callie swept as well as she could with the old broom Mis' Carpenter had given Mama. Without disturbing the baby, she straightened the sheet on the bed and the calico curtain that hung on a string over Papa's overcoat in the corner. She blew the dust from the vaseline bottle and the comb on the trunk, and from Papa's banjo. Then she went outside to the hydrant to draw the water for the mop.

While she was standing there, letting

: run into the bucket, and thinking about ousin Bertha's red dress, she saw the oodlum wagon come down the road, ngling its bell. Callie was scared when stopped on the corner by the Barbecue. ne called, "Leroy . . . Washington!"

Everybody was running towards the arbecue. Terrified, Callie watched them ass, until, through the clouds of dust irred up by their passing, she saw Wash- gton plunging towards her, and after im Leroy. Washington was too scared to lk. He rolled his eyes, went into the ouse and crawled under the bed.

Callie dragged the other children inside nd shut the door.

"Leroy, what's matter?"

Leroy gulped with fright as he told her. Cousin Bertha she done stole a dress from Iis' Trasker! A red silk dress!"

Callie bolted the door and barricaded it ith the trunk. With trembling fingers, ne let the window down, and pulled the nade to the bottom of the glass. Then ne picked up the baby, and holding him ery tightly, she sat down in the rocking nair so close to the window that she ould peek under the corner of the shade.

"If you hollers," said Callie to the chil- ren, in a whisper, "the Law'll git you!"

After that they hardly dared to whimper. eroy slid under the bed with Washing- on. Beatrice and Theodore stood close to allie, clutching her dress.

Callie was never so scared in all her life s when she saw, under the curled edge of he shade, the Law marching up the road. He turned in front of the house and came traight into the yard.

"We got to git!" hissed Callie. "If you nakes any noise, I busts you."

With the baby still in her arms, Callie ay down on the floor and wriggled under he bed. Beatrice and Theodore, fighting ach other, crawled in after her.

They heard the Law pounding on the oor. "Hey you kids, let me in."

"Sh!" warned Callie. She was so scared he felt sick. The baby started to cry, and he had to stuff her apron into his mouth.

"Callie!" hollered the Law. "Let us in! We won't hurt you. Honest we won't."

"Sh!" said Callie.

The Law was trying to break down the door . . . throwing himself against it. "They're kin folk," she heard him say. "Maybe she run over here."

There was a creaking, a ripping, a rattling. The bolt gave way. The trunk crashed against the bed. Theodore screamed and Callie almost had to choke him to make him stop. "They'll git you, Theodore!"

In another minute the Law had seen them. "You little fools, he said, as he jerked them out, Theodore by the leg, Beatrice by the arm. Callie crawled out by herself, shielding the baby as best she could. The Law hauled Washington out by the seat of the pants. Washington kicked; the Law slapped him.

Callie couldn't stand that. She would have died first. As quick as lightning she put the baby on the bed and began fighting the Law,—biting him, scratching his face, kicking his stomach. She had him wheezing and choking and striking out blindly. "You little hell-cat," he said, getting hold of her hands and nearly twisting her arms off, "You fighting little hell-cat!" He held her down in the rocking chair. "Where's Bertha? Tell me, and I'll let you go."

Callie was too scared to speak. Besides, the baby was yelling and she was afraid he would throw himself off the bed. Out of the corner of her eye she could see him lifting himself on his heels and his head, moving inch by inch toward the edge. Once a long time ago Beatrice had fallen off and cut her head on the rocker.

Just as Callie was bracing herself for the final struggle, she heard voices outside. "Sure they found her . . . right in the barber-shop. Yes, sir."

The Law pushed Callie away from him. "You damn little fool!" he said. "Why didn't you tell me in the first place she wasn't here, eh?"

Callie, free at last, dived forward, and caught the baby just as he wriggled off the edge of the bed.

COMSTOCK THE LESS

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

Assuming, for the moment, that the late Mr. Anthony Comstock was correct in his belief that his labors were for the Lord, and that he now has his post-mortem reward and carries on his gloomy work in behalf of virgin but shaky Archangels—assuming all this, it is very probable that he often looks down from the casements of jasper to see how the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice is getting along without him. If so, very painful emotions must shake his once rugged but now ghostly frame. For the old gaudy, glorious days of smut-hunting are no more, at least in New York, and the Society, lacking his inspired leadership, is no longer the shining light for righteousness that it once was. Having suppressed an unworthy and earthly gratification over this flattering fact, old Anthony must often shed a tear or two. Satan, taking advantage of his absence, now controls the courts, the police, the Legislature, the book and magazine publishers, the theatrical producers, and the press. Season by season the drama grows in wickedness. Only Florenz Ziegfeld, he of great talents, shows any sign whatever of returning to Higher Things.

Viewing, from his glittering eminence, the work of Mr. John S. Sumner, his heir and assign as head of the Vice Society, Mr. Comstock must find much to praise but also, unhappily, much to condemn. On the credit side Mr. Sumner seems earnest, hard-working and desperately sincere. He continues to receive modest but fairly regular contributions from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the Colgate soap family, Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, LL.D., Thomas A. Edison and the usual run of highly agitated elderly ladies. He reads industriously what he suspects may be, from a legal though maybe not literary standpoint, "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting" books. He lobbies faithfully at Albany for harsher and harsher laws. He cherishes his Christian belief that the great majority of the American people have no use for the salacious, and that, as he once said," youth is humorous but in a clean and whimsical way." He affirms his faith in 100% Americanism, pure womanhood, the Y. M. C. A. and the domestic hearth.

Nevertheless, the founder of the Vice Society must suspect, at times, that Mr. Sumner is a shade too refined for his job. No longer, as in Anthony's own days, are peddlers of inflammatory magazines seized by the scruffs of their necks and bodily hurled into the jug. No longer do the annual reports of the Society contain fascinating articles with such titles as "Home Invaded," "Boy Gamblers," "Children in Public Streets Assailed," "A Mother's Appeal," "A St. Louis Scoundrel" and "A Most Pathetic and Awful Case." Dignity and decorum have been substituted for the strong arm and the throbbing human interest stories of Mr. Comstock. Mr. Sumner meets the enemies of the Methodist ethic in a dinner coat and in public debate instead of physical combat. He strives hard to be good-natured. Words, he is sure, can never hurt him. Under attack his smile is as genial, if as synthetic, as that of a Y. M. C. A. secretary meeting a squad of doughboys returning uproariously from a bordello. He

cdes himself, in the Kiwanis fashion, on ing a good fellow. For weeks on end, few years ago, Heywood Broun made marks about him in the *World*. When, er all this bombardment, Sumner ancered with an ingratiating letter, Broun uld only say:

> Mr. Sumner belongs to the new and superefficient chool of Puritans. There ought to be a law proiding that whenever a Puritan is captured wearng other raiment than the garb of his sect he hall be immediately shot as a spy. Sumner is ttempting to show, not without skill, it seems o us, that he is not such a doleful fellow after all. ll this is interesting but beside the point. It nakes no difference whether Mr. Sumner suppressed "Jurgen" in blind fury or with bland ood humor. Levity about such things is wholly nappropriate. The frivolity of modern Puritanism—what with Mr. Sumner's little jokes, and illy Sunday's slang and John Roach Straton's andsprings—only serves to reveal the fundamental wantonness of this philosophy of life.

But Mr. Sumner really is serious about s work, and believes that it is absolutely cessary for the salvation of New York. rtain other citizens of the town—posly, counting the preachers, 200 or 300 ong the 6,000,000—also believe in the mstock Society, and a few of them go far as to admit it publicly. All the rest the New Yorkers appear to view the o of literary garbage man with disgust. ey wonder how so amiable a fellow as mner can stand it year after year, and ank their several gods that he has it, d not they themselves. Meanwhile, the cisions of various New York courts ntinue to nibble away at the Comstock rt. City Magistrates, some of them of reign birth and therefore anæsthetic to merican ideals, decline to hold purveyors "filth" for trial. Thus Mr. Sumner ds himself, despite his unflagging zeal, the unpleasant position of being unable prohibit anything short of the unexrgated autobiography of Frank Harris hich even the notoriously loose French nnot stomach) or the lewd eccentricities, English translation, of court life at the me of the Emperor Nero. Phony "art" agazines are displayed on every newsnd in the big town and pictures of naked women flaunt him a dozen times a day. Cheap, smutty joke-books and the cheaper jokes that the imitators of Bernarr Macfadden publish as magazines have large and unimpeded circulations. Mr. Macfadden himself is said to be an expert on the censorship laws, but to be safe he has a committee of ministers pass on his own magazines. But plain nudity, despite Mr. Ziegfeld, continues to be the substitute for humor in most Broadway musical comedies. Mr. Earl Carroll has been legally vindicated after boldly displaying portraits of naked ladies in his theatre lobby. No one would buy "September Morn" in these high-spiced days, and even Bishop Manning declines to have anything to do with Mr. Sumner's attempts to have the so-called Clean Books Bill adopted by the State Legislature.

But despite all these set-backs the work of the Comstock Society will undoubtedly continue, even if less effectively, much as it has for the fifty-three years of its existence. Between Seventh and Eighth avenues there is an ancient brownstone building; it is not far distant from the heart of Old Chelsea, one of the few remaining parts of Manhattan where there are still front yards with swinging gates and green grass. No. 215 West Twenty-second street, now the headquarters of the Society, was once a home where men lived and laughed and probably drank rum. To-day its dim cellar is crammed with the Society's unparallelled collection of dirty books. It is from this bastile that Mr. Sumner sets forth to fight for purity with, as the Rev. Harold L. Bowlby of the Lord's Day Alliance puts it, "a shining and flashing rapier." On a budget of but $10,000 or $15,000 a year, he often goes out alone. But sometimes the rapier is flashed by Charles J. Bamberger, a corpulent gentleman who is the Special Agent of the Society. Often a girl employé is sent out to do the dirty work.

It is becoming increasingly difficult for Mr. Sumner to conduct his own raids. He has appeared in public too frequently and has indiscreetly permitted his photograph

to be published in the tabloids. A year or so ago he was eager to obtain from the source of publication a copy of one of the new and lurid "art" magazines. If it could be done a really important conviction might follow, instead of the usual two or three days' sentence of a bewildered Greek newsdealer. Pulling his hat down over his eyes, Mr. Sumner marched boldly into the office of the publishing company. But unfortunately the editor happened to be in the outer office, and he knew the crusader very well. So he cupped his hands and called loudly to his staff, working inside.

"Hey!" he bellowed, "come out and take a look at Sumner!"

The staff crowded up as the editor, with heavy sarcasm, urged his visitor to stay for tea. Mr. Sumner, handling himself very well, declined the invitation.

"I wanted to purchase a copy of *Art Lure*," he said.

"We're awfully sorry, but we can't sell you one," replied the editor.

"Ah!" said Mr. Sumner politely. "Some other day, then. You win this time."

II

Mr. Sumner fell heir to the robes of old Anthony in October of 1915, and for a number of years thereafter seemed to be quite satisfied with the efficacy of the Comstock Act (Penal Section 1141). As late as 1922 he was quoted as declaring that "the sting is still in the statute" and as giving public warning against "the risk and danger of transgression." But this was before the Hon. John Ford, J., caught his daughter reading "Women in Love," and then found to his dismay that the statute did not provide for its instantaneous suppression. And it was before Magistrate Oberwager had ruled, after a diligent research in the Public Library, that the Satyricon of Petronius was a contribution to literature and human knowledge. "Jurgen," in those innocent days, it will be recalled, was banished from all law-abiding book-shops.

But actually it was long before 1921 that the forces of evil, eventually to be cloaked in the sanctity of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, started their effort so to undermine Penal Section 1141 that eventually, in the eyes of all Christian men, it became worthless. Strangely enough, the cunning agents of Hell used Mr. Sumner himself as the instrument of their work. More strangely still, among the varied factors in the débâcle were the ancient and dignified publishing house of Harper & Brothers, the autobiography of a prostitute, and the loyalty of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst to the then Mayor Hylan. Now that Mr. Hylan has been forced back to private life and Mr. Hearst is in retirement in California, it looks very much as if Mr. Sumner had been rather neatly made use of.

How the Harpers ever came to publish "Madeleine, an Autobiography" will always be something of a mystery. The volume made its appearance in 1919 and was declared by the loose New York critics to be a dull tome, reading "like a report of the Comstock Society." The learned Boston *Transcript* treated it in the light of a sociological document. It was supposed to tell the life story of a prostitute, and it so portrayed that life that any Red Light Rose, after wading through it, must have hailed a taxi and rushed to the nearest Y. W. C. A. Yet in December of the year of publication, with "Madeleine" moving very slowly in the book-stores, the Comstock Society arrested Clinton T. Brainard, president of the Harper firm, for violating Section 1141 by publishing it. Mr. Brainard was appalled. He had never read the book, he protested. It had been accepted and published by the house while he was in Europe. He promised that it would be withdrawn at once.

The arrest of Mr. Brainard and the fact that he had been held in $500 bail for trial were treated briefly in most of the New York papers. But in Mr. Hearst's moral *American* the news crashed the first page,

l in the highly flavored story there was first clue to the reason for the arrest. e *American* revealed that the Harper ecutive was also secretary of the Extraor- ary Grand Jury which, at the time, s engaged in one of the periodic investi- ions of the Hylan administration. The *erican*, in righteous indignation, pointed that the very fellow who besmirched pure name of the heroic Hylan was w himself branded as a publisher of ccene literature, and hence a corruptor the young.

Mr. Sumner seems to have realized at ce that he had been roped into a highly ious private feud. He made it known t if the plates were destroyed he uld be happy to forget all further prose- ion. But this did not suit the indignant l vociferous Mr. Hearst in the least. e following warning was published in paper next morning:

> ne of the most amazing incidents of the hearing esterday was when the complainant against arper & Brothers, John S. Sumner, chief special gent of the New York Society for the Suppres- on of Vice, sought to minimize the charge and have it actually dismissed. Turning to Magis- ate Simpson, he said that Brainard had prom- ed to discontinue the sale of the book and had greed to destroy the plates at once, and that if is was done he would feel satisfied to drop the atter.

Thus publicly exposed and challenged, . Sumner could do nothing but go on, n although chilled by a premonition t in the end all would not be well with n. The Hearst papers continued to oop it up, never forgetting to mention t Brainard was a member of the Grand y investigating the Hearst-controlled y administration. Sumner, in a panic, ally yielded to the uproar, and declared Madeleine" to be "one of the worst and st dangerous books that has come to our ention in a long time." Los Angeles d Boston, both of which cities are ored with Hearst papers, also took ion against it. The *American* assured virtuous readers that "the forces of ency are rising all over the country ainst it." Brainard was convicted and fined $1,000. The *American's* report said in part:

> Clinton T. Brainard, secretary of the Extraordinary Grand Jury, stepped from the Criminal Court chambers, where he was investigating Mayor Hylan yesterday, to go on trial himself in the Court of Special Sessions. Five hours later he was found guilty of publishing, possessing and selling obscene literature and was finger-printed like any other common law-breaker.

For the next year and a half Mr. Sumner must have done a lot of cold sweating. For he knew that the Brainard case was before the Appellate Division on appeal and that he had not heard the last of it. Meanwhile "Madeleine" earned excellent money for the bookleggers. On July 10, 1920, the higher court reversed the Harper conviction in an opinion that spelled disaster for the Comstocks. Said the court:

> . . . no one can read this book and truthfully say that it contains a single word or picture *which tends to excite lustful or lecherous desire.* It contains the autobiography of a prostitute, but without the recital of any facts *which come within the condemnation of the section (1141) as thus interpreted.*

Mr. Sumner and his co-workers did not realize the true significance of this decision for some time. Then it dawned upon them that the Appellate Division had added to the descriptive terms of the statute the provision (very difficult on proof) that books accused must tend to excite "lustful or lecherous desire." Since then Mr. Sumner has referred to the Harper case many times and very sadly, and always in support of his demand for more rigorous laws. Privately, he bitterly laments that he was ever bullied by Mr. Hearst into carrying the case through to a finish. The Appellate Division, he has said (he is a lawyer himself), was wrong about the law. But right or wrong, its decision rules in New York. Nothing is now obscene there that is not actually aphrodisiacal. This revolutionary qualification was originally the notion of a Judge of the Court of Appeals and was contained in a dissenting opinion. The Harper ruling made the dissenting opinion a part of the law of the State.

III

Among the unfair statements all too frequently made by the libertines of the New York press regarding Mr. Sumner is that he spends all his time nosing around in the hope of finding nasty books. This hint that he really enjoys smut breaks down the genial nature of the crusader and makes him decidedly huffy. He never loses an opportunity to deny it. The Comstock Society, he declares, begins action only after some irate citizen (such as Justice Ford) has made a complaint. It stands *in loco* The People, who have not the time or dislike the attendant notoriety. This may be so. But it is interesting to note that "Jurgen" was barred from legal (but not, of course, from illegal) sale for more than two years because of the efforts of a Broadway press-agent to grab a little free publicity. Early in 1919, the records show, Walter Kingsley was public relations counsel for the Palace Theater. Having read and enjoyed "Jurgen" himself, he conceived the bright notion of writing a letter to one of the papers revealing the fact that the ladies of the ensemble at the Palace had all bought copies of the book and that by means of it they had invented a new indoor sport. This, said Mr. Kingsley, consisted of finding and listing all the questionable passages that they could understand. Competition, among them, he reported, was very keen. In furnishing this morsel of information to the world Mr. Kingsley added his gratuitous opinion that "Jurgen" was "a very naughty book." He sent his letter to Heywood Broun, then on the *Tribune*. Mr. Broun thought it mildly amusing and so printed it.

Then things began to happen. Someone, probably in fun, sent the clipping to the Comstock Society. Within a few days Mr. Sumner made a complaint. He said the book was so obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent and disgusting that he would not pollute the pure air of the Magistrate's Court by reading it aloud. Instead, he obligingly furnished the pag numbers of the most juicy passages, tha the magistrate might examine them com fortably in his chambers. Within a few weeks the publishing house involved ha been indicted, together with several of it executives, and copies of "Jurgen" wer being sold at as much as $30.

This suppression of a book that ha been almost universally praised create high excitement in the writing trade Debates on the Comstock censorship begar to fill the Sunday papers. A Defence Committee was organized to put Mr. Sumner down. But he stuck to his guns, and even became somewhat cocky, for, although the Harper case had been decided, he was not yet fully aware how greatly his powers had been diminished. When some one asserted that "Jurgen," because of its great artistic merit, should be exempt from all censorship, he retorted that art had nothing to do with the case. He even went further:

> This law (Penal Section 1141) does not make exceptions as to the publications of any particular class. That is, it does not distinguish between the writings of John Doe, who has no reputation, and those of Richard Roe, who is a distinguished author; nor have the courts, in interpreting this law, permitted the intent of the author, expressed or implied, to influence them in their decisions. If the language of the book is lewd, or if it is suggestive of lewdness, it is a violation of the law, regardless of the literary or artistic character of the published matter. Some of the courts have held that writing of an obscene character was more dangerous when couched in fine language than when set forth in crude form, and this is undoubtedly true.

Few statements more beautifully revelatory of the reformer run amok have ever been made. Mr. Sumner's moral ego continued to expand. He boasted that "the greater the artist, the more important to suppress him when he traverses the conventional standards." And then he got another terrific wallop when Judge Nott, of the Court of General Sessions, directed the jury to acquit all the defendants. The Judge's decision said:

> I have examined and read the book carefully. It is based on medieval legends of Jurgen and is

ighly imaginative and fantastic tale. The most
nt can be said of the book is that certain pas-
ges therein may be considered suggestive in a
led and subtle way, but such suggestions are
icately conveyed and the whole atmosphere
the story is of such an unreal and supernatural
ture that even these suggestions are free from
evils accompanying suggestiveness in more
listic works.

IV

y ancestors," Mr. Sumner admits
ewhat sheepishly, for he has often
teased about it, "were Puritans and
may have had something to do with
vocation." It has recently developed,
dds, that one of them was on the pas-
er list of the *Mayflower*. His father was
Admiral George W. Sumner, of the
Daniels United States Navy. Until
was fourteen years old young Sumner
in Washington. Then his papa was
ferred to the Brooklyn Navy Yard
he went to a high-school in Brooklyn.
ner is now fifty years old and still
s in Brooklyn. Upon his graduation
n high-school he became a runner for
ry Clews & Company, the stock-
ers, and began to work hard in the
f that industry and perseverance
ld inevitably lead him to success. He
red for old Mr. Clews for ten years
re he concluded that they would not.
n, still a clerk and probably not getting
h more than $20 a week, he decided
tudy law. So he attended New York
versity at night and in 1904 was de-
d learned in the juristic art and
tery. His idea was to make use of his
wledge of Wall Street by specializing
tock and bond litigations. But a few
s after he was turned out one of his
nts told him that the Society for the
pression of Vice was looking for a suc-
or to Comstock, and he was easily
uaded to consecrate his life to the
rcement of Section 1141. Just why he
se this work still puzzles Mr. Sumner
ttle. He recalls that when he was in
n-school obscene pictures were twice
ibited to him and made a profound
ression on his mind. This may have had something to do with it, but he is not certain. He had never, in his young manhood, he says, given much thought or prayer to the work of the vice hunters, nor had he, save when in high-school, been subjected to the contamination of dirty books.

Having made his choice, Mr. Sumner proceeded to give his depressing job all the talents at his command. Now, after ten years, his hair is getting a little gray and he looks rather tired. Back of his chair in the offices of the Society in West Twenty-second Street is a portrait of the immortal Comstock, with side whiskers bristling. The painting furnishes a strange contrast to the mild little man who carries on the holy work today. Mr. Sumner does not get excited, except, occasionally, when he is in court conducting a case. He dislikes the notion that he is a reformer. When he is asked how it is that he can read so much filth without danger to his soul he says that "if you read immoral books from the standpoint of detecting illegalities, you are apt to be immune from contagion." He does not have much time to read, though, except professionally. He praises, as contributions to American letters, the works of Mary Roberts Rinehart, Irving Bacheller, Booth Tarkington and Winston Churchill. He once said:

> The greatest play I ever saw was "Robespierre," in which Henry Irving appeared a good many years ago. It was a thrilling story of the French Revolution. And the one that impressed me most was a drama based on Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." I have a real liking for the theatre. I find it most interesting when it is instructive. No, I don't insist on the happy ending. The motion picture? It is one of my favorite diversions. Again my taste is historical.

Mr. Sumner likes to travel, but has never been west of Chicago. He has an idea that he would enjoy golf, but there are few links within reach of his home in Brooklyn. He enjoys, he says, to "talk things over." In high-school he was something of a debater. In 1918 the Y. M. C. A., which is the parent of the Comstock Society, sent him to France to guard the men of the

A.E.F. against the dangers of obscene literature, more deadly than shot and shell. Eventually the Y abandoned this idea and he was detailed to ordinary work with the Eighty-second Division. He returned to the United States to report that while there were individual cases of loose living and wine-bibbing in the Army, on the whole it was moral. They "went over clean and wanted to come back clean," he said.

All this was typical of the optimistic side of Mr. Sumner. He has protested that he thinks the "flapper's paint is only skin deep" and says that he "is not greatly worried about the future of American womanhood." As far as boys are concerned, his belief is "that the conduct and moral fibre of boys and young men is almost wholly governed by the girls with whom they come into contact. If the girls are lax the boys will be. If, on the other hand, the girls demand respect they get it." A year or so ago, speaking before the League for Public Discussion, he affirmed his faith in these terms:

> Youth is not interested in social sores. Youth is not blasé, surfeited with the clean things of life, and seeking excitement from that which is unclean and degenerate. Youth looks out with clear and fearless eyes from the summit of the delectable mountain and not with fear and cringing from the slough of despond. Youth laughs at mistakes and is not cast down. Youth may be critical but refrains from pain-producing sarcasm. Youth is humorous but in a clean and whimsical way. And so in American literature we have a right to demand joy and adventure, wholesome physique and sane mentality, clear vision and buoyancy, genial criticism and whimsical humor.

V

The brave and hard-boiled days of Anthony Comstock, as I have said, are no more. During his lifetime (according to Dr. Bowlby of the Lord's Day Alliance) old Antonio collected the equivalent of sixty-one freight car loads of indecent literature. It was a lean year that he did not travel from 10,000 to 14,000 miles in the interests of chemical purity. He was always fighting with some one. If it was not with the agents of evil, it was with the District Attorney or the Post Office. One of his historic battles was with Dr. W. S. Rainsford, the liberal rector of St. George's Church. During this action he wrote to Dr. Rainsford:

> I have felt the keen edge of the assassin's knife severing my flesh and veins. I have felt the hot blood of my heart flow out over my body from wounds which I have received. But I say to you, that there is nothing harder to bear than the fact that you, a Christian minister of the Gospel, are shooting darts at me from the vantage ground of St. George's rectory.

No one, at least no preacher, shoots any darts at Mr. Sumner. He works in complete harmony with the District Attorney and his very modest activities are highly approved by that official. But year by year statistics reveal that his agents are making fewer and fewer arrests. This, Mr. Sumner says sadly, is due to the way in which the teeth have been extracted from the Comstock Act. The record for the past six years is:

Year	*Arrests*	*Convictions or pleas of guilty*	*Percentage of convictions*
1920	184	150	81%
1921	120	94	78%
1922	64	57	89%
1923	34	19	55%
1924	32	14	43%
1925	41	21	51%

On the whole, though, Mr. Sumner is not discouraged. He believes that the pendulum has started to swing away from the "extreme realism of three and four years ago" and that writers are becoming less inclined than they used to be to reveal the awful mysteries of sex. He thinks that the dramatic producers of Broadway are gradually learning that clean and wholesome plays are what the public will, in the long run, support. But to be on the safe side, he hurriedly adds, the Comstock Act should be made more rigid, and so he plans again to press at Albany his Clean Books Bill.

Spurred on by the indignant Justice Ford, Mr. Sumner began his agitation for the measure early in 1923. Thus far he has been licked three times in his efforts to

pass the bill, but he is a glutton for punishment and announces that he is not yet done. The Clean Books Bill came nearest to passing on the occasion of his first attempt. It was then that Mr. Sumner went to Albany with the blessing of His Eminence, Patrick, Cardinal Hayes, of the Catholic Archdiocese of New York, whom, incidentally, the Vice Head had occasionally assisted in the enforcement of statutes against the circulation of the hellish birth control information. Mr. Sumner was an important witness before the Judiciary Committee of the State Senate in April of 1923. He provided for the delighted committee members reprints of absorbing sections from various books. The bill passed the Republican Assembly in that year and undoubtedly would have become law had it not been for Governor Smith, Jimmy Walker, now Mayor of New York but then majority leader of the Senate, and the Democratic majority of one member of the upper house. Among the innovations of the Clean Books Bill is a provision that action against publications may be taken on the basis of a single word or passage. The present law demands that the book shall be judged as a whole. In his annual reports Mr. Sumner continues to plead for this sanitary legislation. Often, indeed, his reports contain very little except these formal and restrained arguments in behalf of stricter laws. It was not so in the good old days.

Said Comstock Himself in his 1898 report:

> Of the many awful and pathetic cases brought to our attention perhaps the saddest and most pathetic of all was when a lady in deep mourning called and told of the death-bed confession made by her sister, eighteen years of age, who just before she died told of having received from the mails certain foul matters which had been sent by a procuress in this city for her to read, and which was followed up by her downfall, ruin and death. She told of other girls who had first received similar matters by mail and then had been ruined in the same manner. This mourning sister in speaking of those who had been the cause of the ruin of her younger sister said: "They have diamonds and money but may the curse be upon them!"

Mr. Sumner would recoil in horror from any such Drury Lane tragedy; if one came to his notice it is likely that he would say nothing about it. Handicapped by the law's defects, he continues to function as best he can, with sad regret that he is not universally recognized for what he believes he is: a man whose instincts for reform are tempered with a sweet reasonableness. He wants to be well thought of. He is not the tiger that Anthony was.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Design

THE MACHINE AND ITS PRODUCTS

By Lewis Mumford

Most of the objects of art that defile the common American household are machine-made. In considering the state of the useful arts in America it is quite beside the point to dwell upon the little oasis of archaic handicraft in whose shade many well-to-do people now take refuge: the very fact that this oasis is archaic is enough to account for the spindly and theatrical character of its arts and decorations. The question that must seriously concern the lively critic is what sort of art the ordinary man can afford in the ordinary home: what have Trenton and Grand Rapids and Schenectady done in the matter of furniture, lighting fixtures, walls, and floors? Have any sound æsthetic ideas begun to irrigate the Sahara of machinery?

Now, the machine has an implacable way of showing up weakness and insincerity: the job that a machine turns out is either perfect or indefensible. The very constitution of the machine seems to insure this. A bearing that is a little off center, or a planed surface with a slight ridge—these things are enough to ruin completely the working of a lathe or a motor.

With the products of the machine the same truth holds. Æsthetically, the machine lives and breathes and has its being through the principle of economy. Before that principle was recognized in machine-design, the industrial artisan used to cast cannon like those the Moguls used in India in the Eighteenth Century, with elaborately modeled surfaces, covered with images; or he used to paint the available parts of the typewriter with gaudy butterflies and flowers; or he would add baskets of iron fruit or garlands of Plutonic flowers to the girders and pillars of bridges. All these practices defied the principle of economy, by adding meaningless complications to the making of the machine. If any beauty exists in machinery, it must come from the thing itself, the nice arrangement of its parts and the careful treatment of the material; it cannot be added to its essential functions. This principle is now thoroughly recognized in the design of intermediate machines, but it holds just as well with the final products. In this department, however, the manufacturer and the designer cheerfully flout it.

Use and enjoyment are the two functions that all of the applied arts must somehow synthesize, and the machine is quite as capable of satisfying these functions as handicraft was. But, unfortunately, it is rarely given an opportunity to do so, for so unused is the manufacturer to displaying the peculiar excellences of machine products that he takes manifold pains to conceal every imprint of the machine. In furniture-making he copies antiquated styles, in wall-papers he copies Eighteenth Century examples, in the creation of electric lighting fixtures he employs bowls, jugs, tubs, candle-sconces, oil lamps, vases—in short, everything but a simple modern arrangement for holding an electric bulb. Since economy is the source of all that is beautiful in machine work, and since economy means simplicity and sincerity in design, these efforts to achieve extraneous beauties and superfluities result in so much gratuitous ugliness.

What perverse force corrupts the adequate application of the machine to the

sseful arts! I am not sure that any one nswer covers the whole situation, but I hink that the nub of the matter is that nachine-beauty is cheap, whereas art, or ather artiness, is a relatively expensive utility. The beauty that everyone can fford, like the beauty of the clouds and he landscape, goes a-begging in machine products: for what a pecuniary culture wants, as Thorstein Veblen has shown, is not beauty or fine worksmanship but conspicuous waste. Handicraft satisfies this requirement, and machine products which are tortured into imitations of handicraft also satisfy it—that is, among the lower castes of the bourgeoisie. In the absence of any better standards of taste these practices go unchallenged, and those who must put up with imitation Colonial jugs, imitation candle-sconces, and imitation Eighteenth Century furniture do so in the hope that in the fulness of time they will be able, like Mr. Henry Ford, to get hold of the real thing.

Do these general statements seem a little wide? Any person of taste can supply a dozen illustrations to back them up. Let us take a few concrete cases. A few years ago I possessed an early type of electric radiator, which was all that such a contraption should be: it had a heavy, well-modeled base, an excellent adjustment, and a slick finish. Recently I tried to purchase a similar radiator, only to be met by the latest "improvements." None of these "improvements" had any mechanical efficiency whatever; they had all been added in the interest of æsthetic uplift: one type had papyrus leaves at the base, another beads and molding.

The only alternative to all this artiness was a type that had been cheapened beyond decency so that the base was flimsy and the radiator easily tipped. All the "improvements" served only to create pockets for collecting dust and for making the radiator harder to keep clean. Next year's types will doubtless have a Tudor or a Spanish finish; only a miracle will keep the radiator from becoming more preposterous. Obviously, there are not forty possible types of electric radiator: the contrivance is so simple that the fundamental patterns are very few indeed; and every effort to achieve "individuality" or to make the radiator harmonize with an archaic scheme of decoration just nullifies its essential beauty and individuality—the beauty of economy and the individuality of function.

Take another case: the electric reading lamp-stand. A few years ago a very well-designed stand was put on the market. It was a slim iron rod with three gracefully curved legs welded on at the bottom, and a simply bent adjustable arm which held the lamp and shade. Originally, the shades were usually of parchment paper in a single tone. Except for one or two bends too many in the lamp arm, the thing was perfect. The plain blacksmithing of the upright, and the mechanical simplicity of the electrical connections, hooked up directly with the base-plug through a flexible wire, instead of being concealed in a clumsy core, made a perfect reading lamp-stand.

It is one of the few articles of furnishing in the modern American home which has spontaneously drawn a word of praise from every Continental architect to whom I have shown it. Since the essentials of a lampstand had been met, the logic of the machine process would require that these essentials be duplicated with only minor variations until some new human condition or requirement was to be met. But what in fact happened?

The sad defect of these beautiful lamp-stands is that they were cheap. They might, indeed, have been made of wrought iron and hand-hammered, but an appreciation of superior workmanship is not general enough in America today to insure that the purchaser would recognize the ten or fifteen dollars extra that this might be worth. The machine-made lamp-stand could not, in its severe beauty, be priced at much more than three dollars; even super-advertising could not have brought a

greater price. At this point the Higher Æsthetics came to the manufacturer's rescue. He seized upon the weakest part of the stand, the lamp arm, and began draping melancholy iron leaves over its naked shape; then he put in a scroll or fol de-rol as a pinnacle; finally, he added more leaves to the tripod. This was a pretty good start, but the fashion changed, and the wood-turners and gilders took over the lamp-stand. They dressed it up in meretricious Corinthian flutings and pipings, with an elaborately clumsy upright, to take the place of the spidery beauty of the original iron; and as a crowning touch they added a silk and lace lamp-shade, warranted to catch the dust and require frequent renewals. In short, the slender iron virgin of the machine had become the blowsy prostitute of the sales-room, decked out in paint, gilt, and finery, to hide the shoddiness of every line. In the act of mulcting the householder of Canarsie or Gopher Prairie of a little extra money, the manufacturer robbed him likewise of a simple beauty that had already been achieved.

There is scarcely a spot in the modern American home, outside the kitchen and the bath-room, which is not an example of this æsthetic perversion of the machine. The floors are a flagrant example. In the large and draughty rooms of an older generation, on floors trod by heavy-booted feet, a heavy carpet or rug added to the warmth and quiet, and, in a big room, served to draw its various parts into a unity. So matters stood, let us say, in 1880. Today the greater part of our newly housed population necessarily lives in small rooms. With all the imperfections of present-day house design, these rooms are well-heated, usually, indeed, too well heated. The people who use them—at least the city people—wear light shoes with rubber heels. The need for the rug or the carpet has disappeared, and the only place where a little rug has even the shadow of an excuse is by the bedside during Winter months. But what has happened? Do we take advantage of this economy? Do we adapt our floors to these conditions? Not by a long shot. The rug manufacturers, the vacuum-cleaner Babbitts and the interior decorators have all combined tacitly in a drive to put rugs and carpets and the instruments to clean them in every apartment. The rug makers of China and Philadelphia and points between are kept busy supplying needless floor-coverings to provide needless work for needless vacuum cleaners—and all for the purpose of providing a needless and archaic element of decoration.

In terms of the machine and of modern habits there are just three *inevitable* types of floor. The first is the simple wooden floor. Such a floor, with an oil and paraffin finish, has a surface that is both æsthetically satisfactory and very easy to keep clean. If half the money that is now spent on rugs and vacuum cleaners went into hardwood and into substantial joinery all our moderately priced houses would achieve a great æsthetic gain; not merely that, but there would be a basis for modern furniture and decoration which the rug itself does not harmonize with. The warm tones and rich texture of a wooden floor of unevenly matched strips, plainly and solidly laid, is very hard to beat in a small room.

But, unfortunately, the cost and upkeep of such rooms is so much cheaper than that of a rug and vacuum cleaner that it does not satisfy the need for pecuniary respectability—and that need reduces all our current æsthetics to elaborate imbecilities. Of the two other types of floor, the composition floor of tile or concrete is usually laid down in the two places which are, so to speak, the æsthetic sanctuaries of the American home—the bathroom and the kitchen. Yet even here the architect or the home-owner is frequently unwilling to let the material stand on its own merits, and is only too ready to divide the composition floor into squares that simulate tiles.

But it is in the third type of floor, the

linoleum-surfaced floor, that honest practices go side by side with abominations. Instead of sticking to plain geometrical figures and simple color contrasts, the manufacturers of linoleum, once they leave the kitchen behind them, have achieved the great absurdity of repeating carpet patterns. It is a cheat, and not even a clever one. Linoleum is a modern development that can stand by itself; it has nothing more in common with a carpet, either mechanically or æsthetically, than plain cork has. The color range of linoleum is wide; and manufacturers might well, one would think, concentrate upon this. But instead, they imitate rugs, they imitate tiles, they imitate precious marbles—in short, they are determined that linoleum shall be anything but linoleum. And the result is not elegant linoleum: it is merely bad marble, foolish tiles, inept carpets. Is it any wonder that our interior decorations lag behind our automobiles in beauty? If motor cars were designed on the same principles as are lighting fixtures, rugs, Grand Rapids furniture and floors, we should go bumping over the country in wheelless sedans, in bronze chariots, in victorias, or in post-chaises with a lackey on a motor-cycle as an outrider.

At every point where the housewife, the interior decorator, or the manufacturer tries deliberately to introduce "art" or "beauty" into a world governed by the machine principle of economy the result is neither artistic nor beautiful, but a gaudy counterfeit. A floor without carpets is cheaper than a floor with carpets, and it need not be less beautiful. A lamp-stand without withered iron oak leaves is cheaper than one with them, and it is also more beautiful. The principle of economy is written in every stroke of the machine. Where it is violated, the result is not art but artiness; not æsthetic pleasure, but expensiveness; not beauty but side.

The cheapness of machine work is not necessarily nasty: when the principle of economy is observed, not coarsely and carelessly, but intelligently, imaginatively, lovingly, cheapness may go hand in hand with indisputable excellence. It is the overelaboration of machine work, and the effort to turn good machine work into bastard handicraft, that is always expensive—and always nasty. With no desire whatever to make the dwelling house as austere as a garage or a factory, one may still hope that its fixtures and decorations will some day be as slick and inevitable as a motor car or a lathe.

Anthropology

MAN IN AMERICA

By Pliny E. Goddard

The problem of how long man has been in America is of tremendous interest to anthropologists, because its solution would shed much light on the question as to whether all civilizations take the same course of development. No scientific conclusions of any value can be drawn from witnessing something that has happened but once. The physical and chemical scientist makes experiment upon experiment, and always with variations, in order to determine exactly the invariable cause and effect relationship in the phenomenon under investigation. But the student of civilization cannot do this. He can only watch for a few years the development of something that has been going on for at least a quarter of a million years. He has no way of repeating the phenomenon with variations; he has no control whatever over the process. He can study the development of a civilization which began to flower in Western Europe, and had its higher development about the Mediterranean.

But there is no place in the great land mass of the Old World where any other civilization has had an independent growth, except possibly in certain parts of Africa.

The same domestic animals are common to Africa, Asia, and Europe. To be sure, there is much in the arts, literature, and philosophy peculiar to China and India, but it is extremely difficult to say that this element or that is an entirely independent movement, uninfluenced by outside sources.

If one explores the islands of the Pacific one finds a certain mingling of two cultures, but the more prominent of the two, the Polynesian, is evidently of quite late origin, and has a definite relationship to Southern Asia, where a related language is spoken. Australia, it is true, appears to have been long isolated culturally, and to some degree may be used as a control on the Old World civilization. The Australians, however, were without metals or domestic plants or animals, with the exception of the dog-like dingho. Although on the non-material side a highly complicated and very interesting social organization may be found there, the very limited development of material culture makes that country of slight value as a check.

How about America? It seems that at the time of the landing of Columbus the cultural isolation of America from the Old World was practically complete. There may have been some communication across Bering Strait, but it had only local influence. The important question is how long this isolation lasted. There is no reason to suppose that intercourse between the Old and New Worlds by way of Bering Strait was easier at any time since the retreat of the last ice cap than it is at present.

As to conditions before that time, geologists have not much to say. The ocean bed about Bering Strait is not far below the present surface, the depth averaging about 200 feet. It appears, then, that it would not have taken much movement of the earth's crust to provide a wide land bridge between America and Asia. But that such a movement has actually taken place, no geologist of repute will assert. Near Nome, Alaska, it is certain that there has been a sinking of the coast, and in other places a rising, which taken together mean a tilting or warping, but there is no sound evidence of a general rising or lowering.

Zoölogists, however, do have something very definite to say on the problem. There is abundant proof that many mammals migrated from Asia to America, and some from America to Asia. A very considerable migration of this sort took place during the Pleistocene Epoch, that is, the period during which great ice caps formed. The ice came down over Northern North America, and then withdrew during a warm interval and extended again toward the South when a greater rainfall and a lower temperature prevailed. Among the large mammals which entered America during that time were the musk ox, bison, moose, deer, elk, mountain goat, bear, caribou, mastodon and hairy mammoth.

Did man come to America with them? The question was much discussed in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century. Many times either human bones or objects made by human hands were reported as having been found under circumstances which indicated that man was here during the latter part of the Ice Age. In recent years interest has shifted to other problems, and little attention has been paid to the question of settling the time when America was first peopled. Now the matter appears to be gradually clearing up. One of the criticisms in the earlier discussions was that these finds made man's appearance here altogether too early. In California well-made objects of polished stone were taken from under lava flows near Table Mountain. At that time the formation of Table Mountain with its cap of lava was believed to date from Tertiary time, that is, before the Ice Age began. That meant that man in California was already in the New or Polished Stone Age before there was any evidence of his existence in Western Europe. It has now been discovered by competent investigators

that this formation is of a later date, the Pleistocene Epoch, to be specific, which places it in Quaternary time, during the Ice Age.

Among other of the earlier finds may be mentioned one made by a most trustworthy geologist, the late W J McGee, who took a well-made implement of obsidian from a Pleistocene formation in Nevada with his own hands, after having made the most careful study to be certain that it had not been introduced into the formation at a more recent time. There have been numerous instances of stone implements being taken from the gravels laid down in Ohio by the retreating glaciers. The cumulative effect of all this evidence would have been very convincing, had there not existed a strong prejudice against the presence of glacial man in America. Recently some discoveries have been made in this direction which can hardly be belittled or explained away.

In Florida two experienced and reliable geologists have discovered implements of stone under the skeletons of mastodons and mammoths, proving for the first time that man was contemporaneous with those proboscidians in America. These geologists have not definitely asserted that these remains belong to the Pleistocene Epoch, although they are associated with animals other than those mentioned above, which have always been considered as extinct since that time. In the West, three times in three separate localities, the skeletons of huge bisons of an extinct species have been found with flint points under them in such a position as to indicate definitely that the animals were hunted by men. In each of these three instances the skeletons were removed by skilled and reliable museum men, and in such circumstances that no doubt of the authenticity of the finds can be entertained.

If we place the interval between the present and the end of the Pleistocene Epoch, that is, the beginning of the glacial retreat, at 30,000 years, we have a considerable period during which the various cultures in the southern part of North America and much of South America were developing independently of Old World influences, duplicating to some extent what happened over there. The making of pottery vessels by hand coiling without the aid of the potter's wheel originated and developed in America, perhaps not only once but a number of times. Stone architecture also arose in America and attained a degree of development that places it on a par with anything found in the Old World. No more ornate structures exist than those of the Mayas, and nothing more stupendous and massive than the buildings in the Andes of Peru and Bolivia. Curiously enough, columns were then used in America, but not the arch with its keystone. In Mexico and Central America, we now know, there was an independently developed calendar system which involved a numerical system with zero and a very extended and exact knowledge of the movements of the celestial bodies. Agriculture also arose independently in America, with a large series of indigenous plants. It was carried on by hand, without the aid of domestic animals. In various localities elaborate irrigation systems were developed, and in mountainous regions terracing was employed. It is quite certain that the dog came to America with man. Only two animals of importance were bred in captivity—the turkey in Arizona and New Mexico, and the llama in the Andes. Probably the most striking defect in early American civilization was the very limited means of transportation. Only in the Andes, where the llama was employed, and in North America, where dogs were used as beasts of burden, were animals set aside for such purposes. Vehicles with wheels were entirely absent. The vessels used for water transportation were very small, and almost everywhere propelled by means of paddles or oars. The use of sails was limited to the Northern Pacific Coast and Lake Titicaca.

The 30,000 years assumed as a minimum

of independent development in America is only about a tenth of the length of time man is believed to have existed anywhere on this planet. We must suppose, then, that man, when he came to America, had a common heritage with the remainder of the world. Of what did that common heritage consist? Our knowledge on this matter is very limited. The flaking and polishing of stone in the preparation of implements, it is quite certain, was one of the elements of this heritage, and also the making of fire. That the making and use of bows and arrows was another may be assumed, although there are evidences that at one time the American natives had no such weapons. It seems likely that some sort of textile art also belonged to the common basic culture. A much greater gap in our knowledge is on the non-material side. No doubt, many of the basic mental concepts were of much earlier origin than the peopling of America, but just which ones it is difficult to say.

Enough has been said to indicate the interest and importance of the study of the cultures on this continent. Assuming on the evidence of the latest geologic discoveries that America was isolated from Old World influences for about 30,000 years, we can now study with much more basis than ever before the likenesses and differences in the development of two civilizations, and perhaps in time shall be able to determine what forces were responsible for them.

WITCHCRAFT IN WEST POLK STREET

BY ALICE HAMILTON

EVERY now and then the Maxwell Street Police Court, over on the West Side of Chicago, is the scene of a curious trial. The accused is an Italian, an old man or woman whom the police have arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. There is usually little doubt as to the money; fees of ten dollars, or even twenty, have apparently been paid for services which any American court would regard as purely fictitious, but conviction practically never follows, for the supposed victims will not testify against their defrauders. The police say the Italians dare not accuse one of their countrymen for fear of the Black Hand, but those of us who know them better believe that the reason they do not bring charges against the witchman or witchwoman,—in Italian *il mago* and *la maga*—is that they have got what they wanted, their money's worth. Without the help of these mysterious and powerful magicians they believe that they would be defenseless before terrors that the police and the doctor and even the priest cannot cope with. All such supernatural help must come from one born and bred in the old country. He can bring his gift with him to America, and to a certain extent he can pass it on to another, but the latter can never be a really potent witchman, like one who has learned his art in Italy. America does something to the Italian. Life here makes it impossible for a native to penetrate very deeply into the ancient mysteries.

The Catholic Church denounces witchmen and witchwomen, and forbids its children to have any traffic with them. They listen to the sermon and then go their way, a way worn smooth ages before the priests came to Calabria. When a charm has bewitched one of the family it is the *mago* who is invoked to save the victim. Then, when it is all over, the priest may possibly be called in to sprinkle the doors with holy water and say his prayers, as a sort of final house-cleaning after a serious illness. In my twenty-five years at Hull House I have heard many a weird and dramatic tale of this hidden side of life in the Italian colony.

One evening not long ago our Italian women's club was having a thoroughly up-to-date entertainment, a lecture on Child Hygiene, with moving pictures. I was interested to find in the front row Rafaeluccia, with her five youngest children, listening with an attention which was surprising, for in all the years I have known her she has never treated modern medical science with much respect. When I first came to Hull House she was nine years old, a pitiful little household drudge, the victim of an almost spectacularly wicked stepmother who passed for a witch among the Italians. Rafaeluccia's life is none too easy even now, with seven children and a nervous, sickly husband who wakes her in the middle of the night to say, "Feluccia, I am dying and you don't care even enough to keep awake." As Feluccia says to me, reasonably enough, "If he's going to die so often, why doesn't he do it once?"

After the lecture I tried to discover what she had got out of it, but she was vague and I gave it up, and asked about the health of the family. It appeared that both Mike, her husband, and Pasquale, her

eldest son, had been very sick. Was it the flu? Feluccia looked both important and mysterious. "It wasn't no common sickness. They was witched."

"Now why do you say that, Feluccia? Why wasn't it just a sickness that comes naturally?"

Feluccia had her answer ready. "You can tell easy. If the doctor can cure you, it's a sickness. If he can't do nothing for you and the more medicine you take the worster you are, you're witched. They was witched." Mike's blood, it seemed, was changed to water and he had strong fits, while Pasquale's blood was tied up in hard knots and he shook all over; "even his teeth shook on him."

Feluccia's mind is very tenacious when she gets an idea, and I made no effort to argue with her that evening, but a few weeks later the affair grew serious. This time she came in triumph to tell me they had found the witch. She and Mike had gone to a *maga* who had spoken thus:

"It is one who sits at table with you. Her hair is black, her eyes are black, and sometimes she rests her chin in her two hands."

They recognized her at once. It was Feluccia's stepsister, Rose, a young widow with a two-year-old child, who had been boarding with them. They rushed home to confront her as she came back from work. Mike, always a tearful soul, wept and upbraided her. Feluccia said, "Take your baby and beat it out of here," and all Rose's frantic denials—"if God kills me tonight, I didn't do it; if God kills me tomorrow, I didn't do it"—were of no avail, and so she was driven out.

"Where did she go?" I asked. "You'll have to tell me, Feluccia. I am not going to have a poor young woman with a little child treated like that."

A look of cruel triumph came over Feluccia's gentle face. "You can't find her. She's hiding. Four times in one week she had to move. Nobody wouldn't keep her, soon as they heard. Now she's gone to the North Side, where they's all Sicilians or maybe Abruzzesi, because they won't know, and she'll change her name."

The family is Calabrian and so is most of our neighborhood. I was appalled at the thought of the poor Rose, hounded like that, though she always was a selfish, trouble-making girl, and I did my best to persuade Feluccia that though these things may be true over in the old country, they do not happen in America. But she was unmoved. She knows and all her neighbors know that witching works almost as surely in this country as in Italy, and she piled up instance after instance in proof. Beside, does not Rose come of a family of witches? "The one learns the other," she said, "The mother learns the daughter and so it goes on."

"What did she do to Mike and Pasquale?" I asked.

"For Mike it was for death, so she did it to him in his wine, but for Pasquale it was only for suffering all his life, so she put three hairs on his coat sleeve. He was lucky: he touched them with his left hand. If he'd have touched them with his right hand, the *maga* says he'd have died sure."

I asked what the *maga* had done to unwitch them.

Feluccia hesitated, searching for the right word. "It's prayers," she said, "but not Christian prayers."

"Well," I said, "I don't think there is anything Christian about the whole thing. Why don't you go and talk to the priest about it? He will tell you that there is no such thing as witchcraft."

"It's in the Bible," retorted Feluccia, "and Protestants like you hold by the Bible."

"The Bible!" I exclaimed. "Why, I didn't know you ever read it, Feluccia."

"I don't. I can't read nothing. But there's a Frenchman in the back of us and he does. He tells me how it's all there, about witches, and devils inside people, and spirits, and this and that."

I began a quick protest, but memories of the Witch of Endor, of Jezebel and her witchcraft, of "Thou shalt not suffer a

witch to live" came crowding in to confuse me, and Feluccia, seeing me quite put to rout, rose to go, folding her shawl about her.

"So you see everybody believes it. Only," this by way of parting shot, "only Protestants don't because they can't do it. Protestants don't know how to witch and they don't know how to unwitch."

II

Sometimes the story is less tragic: it is of love potions and charms. One evening, when I had just got back from my Summer vacation, Filomena Cardamone and her mother came to invite me to Filomena's wedding. I knew that a marriage had been arranged with an eligible young barber, so I offered appropriate congratulations, but something was plainly wrong, for Filomena began to cry and Mrs. Cardamone to groan and shake her head.

Then it came out that the bridegroom was not the barber, but Tony Navigato, a clothing worker who had been a despised suitor because he was not making as good money as Filomena herself, a skilled buttonhole worker on Hart, Schaffner and Marx dress-coats. Tony, instead of taking his rejection humbly, had gone to a witchman and for ten dollars secured a love potion. This he dropped into a bottle of pop and tried to make Filomena drink it, but she saw that the pop looked soapy, and refused, challenging him to drink it himself. Of course he was obliged to do it or confess, so there were ten good dollars gone and no result except to make him more in love than ever. So he went to a stronger and more expensive witchman, who said that the charm would not work unless he could have something Filomena had worn. Tony bribed a small brother of hers to steal a little Dutch collar, which was duly delivered to the witchman.

Somehow it leaked out that the famous *mago* had in his possession something belonging to Filomena, and Mrs. Cardamone heard it with a cold terror. She sent for Tony. "I take him by the neck," she told me—she is about five feet two inches high —"and shake him till his teeth was loose. 'You bring me that back,' I say, 'or I kill you in your bed'." Tony brought the collar back, "stuck through and through with pin holes and smelling like the grave."

Well, of course, the charm must be removed, so she appealed to a witchman who sold her three white powders, one to be sprinkled on the collar every Friday for three Fridays; on the last day the collar must be buried. But even this was not enough. Mrs. Cardamone was possessed with the thought that only the one who had done the witching could really do the unwitching, so she took twenty dollars and went to Tony's witchman. That old sinner assured her that she was quite right; it was he alone who could take away the charm. But so strong was that charm that even he could do it only partially. Filomena's life would be saved, but she must forsake the barber and marry Tony before the last Friday in October. Therefore they had come to invite me to the wedding. I may say in passing that it was a most enjoyable wedding, with an aroma of romance and excitement which is usually quite lacking in the *mariages de convenance* of the Italian colony. Filomena's tears were soon dried. Indeed, she was decidedly puffed up by the fuss that had been made over her. As for Tony, it was the general opinion that he had acted with great gallantry. As one of the bridesmaids said to me, "Gee, wouldn't any girl be crazy about a man who done as much for her as Tony done for Filomena!"

That the pinpricks in the collar might have killed Filomena was known to all the Italians. Just recently a young man in our neighborhood died after a lingering illness which the doctors called a consumption, but that was all they knew. His mother told the neighbors what had really happened. Vincenzo was to marry Carolina, but Concetta wanted him, and when she found she could not get him she

took a doll and called it Vincenzo. She stuck a pin into it every day and each time she did so a stroke went through Vincenzo's heart. Then, when the doll was full of pins, she threw it into the Lake. At this point Vincenzo's mother consulted a famous *maga* who told her that the only way to save her son would be to find the doll and pull out all the pins. How could the poor woman find a doll in Lake Michigan? So of course Vincenzo died.

This method is a favorite, not only with disappointed lovers, but with mothers who see their sons turning from eligible maidens and following after the daughters of Heth. Rocco's mother used it to throw into a decline the girl he was going with, Cristina, as fine and fat a girl as you ever saw. When she fell ill her mother could not understand it, but soon she guessed and then she knew Cristina was for death, no matter what the doctors did for her.

I was told of an old woman far off in the mountains of Calabria who sent a death stroke over the ocean into a tenement in West Polk street. She did not need a doll to do the deed; a lemon was enough. In the Chicago tenement were her eldest son and the girl he married against his mother's will. So, for revenge, when news came to her of the birth of a baby, the old woman took a lemon and stuck it full of pins and as it withered and shrank, the baby pined away and died. Narduccia, the young mother, came and told me about it. She was born in Chicago, she has never seen Italy, she has gone to our schools, all her life has been spent here, yet she knows what the dark ways of Italian magic are as well as if she were living in Calabria.

There is a form of Italian love magic which seems to me even more primitive and savage than charms and philtres. One of my Hull House friends went to a dreary tenement to see a young woman who had been deserted by her husband. As she walked up and down soothing her sickly, fretful baby, her old mother told in Italian the story of her daughter's misfortune. It was not Ricardo's fault that he left his wife and baby and went off with the woman downstairs. She had witched him. He cried and cried. Sitting right there in the kitchen he cried because he must go; she was drawing him. She was a big, handsome woman, the mother of six children, but she left them and she took Ricardo with her. How did she do it? With her own blood. Into a glass of wine she dropped three drops of her blood and gave it to him to drink, and after that he was helpless. Her blood within him drew him to her and, fight as he would, he had to follow her. Something of unbelief must have shown in my friend's face, for the old woman added, with much dignity, "You of the New World do not know these things, but we come from a very old country and we know."

III

It is quite plain that there are some alleviations to the grief and horror of the witched and of their relatives. After all, it is less mortifying to be deserted by one's husband if it is demoniacal magic that has done it and not the superior charms of the lady downstairs. Even the death of a beloved son is less hard to bear when one is the center of interest and excitement for a whole neighborhood, with people coming in all the time to hear the story and lap up eagerly each horrifying detail. It also makes for charity toward the erring, who are not really responsible for their sins, and perhaps helps to explain that fact which is so strange to an Anglo-Saxon, that in Italian the same word stands for disgrace and misfortune. Ricardo, the wife-deserter, is *disgraziato*, a term of pity, perhaps not untinged with contempt, but quite free from moral condemnation.

We Anglo-Saxons are dependent on a proper setting for our sense of romance and mystery. To us West Polk street is inconceivable as a background for anything but the drab details of life in a poor

neighborhood, enlivened a little by the ever-present danger of violent death under a motor-truck, but with nothing for the imagination to fasten to, no single touch of the weird, the supernatural. But to the Italian these things are as much a part of the real stuff of life as is his job in the street-cleaning gang, his tenement home, the push-carts and garbage wagons on the street. *La belle dame sans merci* in West Polk street has no elfin grot in which to snare her lover. She lives at 947, second floor rear, and her victim is only a teamster, but he can be brought to quite as complete collapse of mind and will as if he were a knight-at-arms, alone and palely loitering. Rossetti's sister Helen must have a wonderful background of gloomy castle, and moon, and frozen dew, and midnight incantations while her waxen man slowly melts before the fire. Concetta Rovello needs none of these things. She spends her days packing cracker-jack at Florsheim and Griesheim's and her nights in a tiny bedroom with her younger sister, but her charms are just as deadly. She does not even need a waxen man. A doll from the ten-cent store will do as well, and for a nickel she can buy enough pins to utterly destroy the faithless Vincenzo, who "clerks by the Twelfth Street Store."

The police court in Maxwell street dismisses the old *mago* for lack of evidence against him and he goes forth with his aura of dark sorcery undimmed, and where he goes the commonplace is changed to mystery and terror, horrendous and delightful at the same time. Is he obtaining money under false pretenses? I think not. There are so many unseen perils lurking round every corner of these West Side streets and at any moment a curse may fall on an unsuspecting victim. Who can tell whence it came and who can lift it? Only the *mago*, and surely it is worth ten or even twenty hard-earned dollars to unlock his tongue and then listen to his amazing revelations.

A FIRST-CLASS FIGHTING MAN

BY GEORGE STERLING

Sag Harbor, my place of birth, was and is a town of less than five thousand inhabitants, and lies on Shelter Island Sound, a hundred miles east of Brooklyn. The Sound is a bay of turquoise-blue water, shallow, and growing yearly more shallow as the gouging ice-floes of severe Winters spread on its floor the sands of its one islet and of the capes at its northern entrance. In Summer this pan of water, roughly four miles by five, warms rapidly in the rays of the torrid sun, and affords delightful swimming. On all the other sides of the town stretch woods of pine or oak, reaching to the Hamptons, and several ponds permit skating in Winter and are dotted with pond-lilies in Summer. It was, and still potentially is, a boy's paradise, and it was in such favorable surroundings that I passed all my years, as far as the twentieth, aside from a few Winters spent at school in Maryland.

Sag Harbor is an old, old town. Originally the port of shipment for Sagg, four miles inland, whence the farmers would send livestock and vegetables to New York, it became a century later the second whaling-port of America, surpassed in importance only by the common harbor of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and with a greater tonnage than New York, which ranked only third. It was from Sag Harbor that my mother's father, Wickham Havens, sailed so many times as whaler in the twenties, thirties and forties, first as seaman and soon as captain. He was of a sporting disposition, and would never allow his mates to kill a whale unless there were several in sight. Moreover, he could cast the harpoon farther than anyone in the combined whaling-fleets. As boyhood memory recalls him, he was built on the lines of an upright-grand piano.

Sag Harbor grew rich on its whaling, till the raiding *Shenandoah* and the growing use of kerosene put an end to its prosperity. I still remember the ribs of one of the old ships, imbedded in the sands where we did much of our swimming; on very low tides it was our custom to hammer and wrench, with much labor, the copper nails protruding from the ancient timbers. The junk-man Collins paid as much as twelve cents a pound for such metal, and our toil between tides often netted us no less than six cents. True, huckleberry picking was more profitable, but was not possible in Spring, Autumn and Winter.

Sag Harbor's whale-money was not spent recklessly, but remained in the town. Hence we had many families of wealth, and of the high respectability concomitant. It was, like all Eastern communities, eminently a church-town. The steeple of its Presbyterian church, to which my grandfather's family gave tepid allegiance, and on top of which my chum and I once wired a huge pirate-flag, was the highest one on Long Island, outside of Brooklyn. And it was to this town, when I was at the tender age of eighteen, that Pete M'Coy, in his time the undefeated welter-weight of America, came to pass his remaining days, like an old warship stranded on the shore of a quiet harbor.

Not that Pete was old in years: he was aged in fighting-endurance only, lacking that tenure on pugilistic capacity that was the gift of the almost fabulous Fitz-

simmons. No—I doubt if he was much more than thirty-five years of age, though even that, naturally, seemed almost venerable to boys still in their 'teens.

We—my playmates and I—were well prepared to welcome and idolize the retiring gladiator. The news of his arrival spread on boyhood's radio through the town, and within an hour there was a group of young adorers standing opposite his brother-in-law's house, where he had taken up his abode.

Pete showed little taste for such homage, however flattered internally he may have been, and it was only by persistent attendance on his wayfarings that we—my chum Roosevelt Johnson and I—were able to gain favor in his sight. This involved the gift of cigars, many glasses of beer, and sundry flasks of bourbon filched from my father's sideboard. It was but human that he should melt at last, and, for all our youth, admit us to comradeship; and when he did confer that accolade, he did so unstintedly, and became in his heart, I thought, as one of us.

Our methods of pleasing were by no means entirely alcoholic. We had a small sailboat, and it was not over-long before he took pleasure in accompanying us on our trips around the bay, whether to swim at distant and assumably more desirable beaches, or to fish, dig clams, or go crabbing. Pete was strong for clam-bakes, the more so because portions of the bake consisted of corn-ears stolen from neighboring fields and sweet potatoes pilfered from our own cellars, the whole washed down with cold beer. This latter I would procure in my father's name from various saloon-keepers, to all of whom he rendered medical service, and who never sent in accounts.

So behold us, scions of the town's best families, of old Huguenot and Puritan blood, following this retired veteran on his comings and goings, like two faithful young whippets attending a battle-scarred bull terrier. We were the envied of all the other youths of the town, especially when we announced the news that Pete was to give us boxing lessons; and indeed he did open such a class. I, he averred, would make a good prize-fighter, what with my reach of arm—"though you'll have to say goodbye to that beak," he concluded, referring to my slender proboscis. And at an expression of distaste on my part, he exclaimed: "Well, *I* did. Look at mine."

My parents, however, put an abrupt end to Pete's plan of making a pugilist of me. My father doubted my capacity for the profession, and my mother was naturally horrified. So I was not even permitted to take boxing-lessons. Pete, however, seemed to think no less of me for that handicap, though he spoke his mind freely on the subject of folk who would allow their offspring to grow up at the mercy of those that had attained proficiency in the manly art. Nancies, he called them.

As I have said, I sometimes procured for him a modicum of bourbon, but beer was his favorite tipple, and, though no barfly, he could consume large amounts of it. My friend Roosevelt Johnson tells a story in that relation. "You know," he writes me, "I was probably about sixteen years old at the time, and thought it my duty to attend to his welfare. One day we were each sitting on an empty keg, and he was busily opening and devouring little round clams, and as industriously washing them down with long draughts of beer. After he had drunk about four glasses—to my youthful horror—I said: 'Pete, you'd better not drink any more. You know that your wife is home.' At which he ate several more clams, drank another glass of beer and retorted: 'Young man, if you'll attend to your business, I'll attend to my wife.' "

Johnson also relates: "Once, when he went swimming with me, he asked me if I could lie on the bottom. 'Of course,' I replied, and went down, only to float at once to the surface of the water again. He then turned his back to me, took, apparently, a long breath, went to the bottom and lay there like a water-logged spar. Later he taught me the trick, which

consisted of expelling instead of inhaling the breath, and I afterwards fooled many other boys with it."

I well recall his first swim with us. We had taken him, early in our acquaintanceship, for a sail to a beach across the bay, called Mashomack Point. With us were a number of quarts of beer and a generous luncheon put up by our mothers. We looked with the greatest curiosity at him when he had stripped for the swim, imagining, what of his prowess, that he would be muscled like a gladiator. No special signs appeared, however, of the formidable power concealed in his medium-sized frame. He had a moderate amount of fat over the thews of back and arms, while his breast was as hairless as a girl's, and his legs less well developed than our own.

II

For a while we had to take his prowess on faith and rumor. Then the time arrived when the town was to behold a real (as we imagined) prize-fight, though it was but a boxing-match with six-ounce gloves. The services of one Jimmy Nelson, heralded as the heavy-weight champion of Connecticut—whatever prestige that may be conceived to confer—were obtained, and the match was held in the hall of the local athletic club, whose membership was almost entirely German and Irish.

My father, to our own awful delight and our mother's customary horror, allowed me and my two brothers, both younger than I, to accompany him, and we were honored with ringside seats. We had seen the warrior from Connecticut on the street, and his size had filled us with dismay and doubt as to the safety of our friend. Indeed, as the great hairy brute sprang in through the ropes, took his seat and glared viciously over at Pete, my younger brother Jimmy burst incontinently into tears of apprehension. As for Pete, he turned his head to my father and said, with a mildly malicious leer: "Watch me smother th' big bum!"

We boys did not catch his meaning, but it was immediately made plain to us. Then, for the first time, I was made aware of that leopardlike agility of the especially gifted pugilist that I was afterwards to see in Corbett. Pete seemed to glide, to float, across the ring, rather than to make the distance with pacing feet. Apparently without effort, and in a flash of time, he was in the heavy-weight's corner as that black-browed one rose in menace from his stool. Pete was almost a blond, with steady, small blue eyes, and it was to us even as the conflict of angel and devil. A smash of gloves, as he warded off effortlessly the lunge of his opponent's left and right arms, and we saw what he had meant by smothering. For his gloves seemed always in the other man's face; the blows, not very heavy ones, following one another with a swiftness that the eye could hardly follow, till from a feeling of sharp anxiety for Pete's very life, we passed to a sense of pity for his huge but well nigh defenceless antagonist. It was like a bull-terrier worrying a great, helpless Newfoundland. Nor did the contest, as I recall it, go to the length advertised: I have a memory of the big, dark man holding out his hands to be freed of the gloves and crying bitterly: "What do you fellers think you're runnin' me up against?" Evidently he had been told that Pete was all in. Our friend, however, was not even breathing rapidly, as he turned to my father and said: "I had a good mind to land on him, but I promised the boys I wouldn't."

Later, however, he did give us a notion of the great driving-force hidden within that almost seal-smooth form, when he knocked our stable-man, a huge Negro afflicted with pugilistic ambitions, through the ropes of the same ring and over three rows of seats. "Just to show you boys how," he explained smilingly. Pete would be rated today as a welter-weight, but as a matter of fact, that division had not at the time (the late eighties) been introduced into the rules of the ring. But it was as a welter-weight that he fought the then

invincible Nonpareil Dempsey, the only man to beat him. I do not recall distinctly what date and place the dope-book gives for that fight, but it was near Philadelphia and in the eighties, not many years, no doubt, before he came to Sag Harbor to live. The combat lasted ten fierce rounds, which may give some idea of the eminence of Pete as a fighter. Any man who could stand that long before the pitiless onslaught of the ex-cooper, himself to be conquered only by Fitzsimmons, had to be a formidable ringster.

Pete's victories were many indeed, for it is a truism that in those days the pugilist fought often and for little money and for blood, not, as in these softer days of once-a-year fights, for fortunes, in which even the loser leaves the ring on his legs. But those victories are recorded in no book of fistic data that I have ever been able to discover, though I have made search. Probably no such records have gone between covers, and yet I could wish that so great and gallant a warrior might have more to make his name recalled than these transient lines and the memories of his fast vanishing acquaintances and followers. He was neither eager nor unwilling to relate those many triumphs, many of them over men superior to him in weight, and younger than himself. Of such he would speak, tersely and not unmodestly, when questioned; but for the most part he was content to let the tongues of others chant his praises.

And so, for several months, he walked the streets of our elm-embowered town, our one distinguished citizen, the mark of all eyes, the object of all boyish, and most masculine, adoration. Such was and is the normal attitude of youth toward what it regards as true greatness. Is not that estimate, involving as it does the worship of all champions of sport, indicative of the real immaturity of the average man, of the race itself? What to us were all the lords of thought? Here was a lord of the arena, red, at least in our youthful imagination, with the blood of his challengers. No need for an Achilles, a Cœur de Lion, a General Grant: here was a hero in the flesh; here was one who had stood a hundred times triumphant.

What Pete's philosophy of life was I never learned. At that age I was unaware of the existence of such trifles, and so am ignorant whether or no he had formulated for himself such a regimen of fortitude as might carry him uncomplaining to his last bout, even that with Death himself. But it may be that the manner of that ending, as I shall soon relate, may shed some light on the nature of the man, revealing the fierce warrior's pride concealed in that taciturn breast.

Whatever the truth, there can be but little doubt that his last months in our community were pleasant, if not happy, ones. I think he took his greatest pleasure in swimming, a sport at which he had early become proficient on the wharves of New York. But when the swim became an adjunct of a clam-bake, with beer *ad lib.*, his joy was at its highest. He liked crabbing as well, and when once he plunged headlong into the water in his effort to get one of the crustaceans, and then claimed that it was a premeditated act, he trusting his hand-grasp rather than the crab-net he was using, he won our hearts entirely. He was not without his compliments to us, as when we showed him the huge fish-hawks' nests we were wont to rob in the early Springtime, and, being no climber himself, he wondered at our courage—he who had stood up against the unsparing piston-strokes of Dempsey! Also he had heard, of course, of our pirate-flag escapade, and would gaze up at the steeple's two-hundred foot pinnacle and actually groan, as he contemplated our midnight ascent. Our assurances that it was no worse than climbing a high tree left him quite unconvinced. "You little devils!" was more than once his comment.

Yes—aside from his last hours, he found, I am certain, many pleasant ones on our yellow shores and turquoise waters, basking on the clean sands or in the shadow of

the listless sail, his round, bronzed face giving no indication of such memories, glad or sad, as might then haunt it. Enough that the bay was still warm enough for swimming, and his henchmen eager to ply him with the cool benediction of beer. Also a quite harmless shark used to visit us from southern waters, each Summer, and its sharp dorsal fin could often be seen when the surface of the bay became, in the frequent calms, of the color and seeming texture of blue silk. Pete swore undying vengeance against the sluggish creature, who, he was wont to assert, had been responsible for the disappearance of more than one bather, and would scan intently the waveless water, a big army-revolver clasped in his round right fist. "Let me have just one shot," he would pray. The shot was never heard. The bay began to chill in late September, the shark went back again to the tepid reaches of the Gulf, as I to my school in Maryland, nor was it till my return, the following June, that I learned the tragedy of Pete's end.

III

He had been alert, naturally, to pick up such small purses as were offered for bouts with aspiring young pugilists, for whom he had proved till then a trial horse with all too deadly a kick. Some such bout was staged in, I think, a Rhode Island town, and Pete crossed Long Island Sound in the little *Manhanset*, the steamer that made daily trips to New London, except when frozen bays prohibited. The fight, he had been assured, was to be with four-ounce gloves, which would give him an opportunity to knock out his opponent before the length of the battle should overtax his endurance, never great in a man of his years, who, in addition, had gone through no process of training whatever.

But when he entered the ring, amid the smoke and uproar of a brutish gathering, he found that only eight-ounce gloves had been provided—this, of course, with malice prepense. He protested, saying that he might as well fight with pillows on his hands, and even tried to induce his opponent's seconds to let the fight proceed with bare knuckles. They very naturally refused: as well match their man against a tiger. The time lengthened, the crowd roared, as of old, its more than disapproval, taunts began to load the air, till at last Pete gave in, though with all the unwillingness of dire misgiving.

Sure enough—he smothered his youthful antagonist, as was his wont, for round after round, the strong young man having as little chance against him, for the time being, as a puppy with a mature terrier. But youth would be served, and every dog have its day: Pete's strength finally failed him, and the unbruised youngster slowly wore the veteran to his knees.

Pete accepted the result in grim silence. It had been, he doubtless thought, his own fault, for fighting with so preposterous an armament as eight-ounce gloves. He left, perhaps unaccompanied, for the train to New London and the steamer for home. But on the boat at last, some pall of dark depression and hopelessness, or storm of outraged pride, must have fallen on his humbled head. He was seen to board the steamer: when it reached Sag Harbor, no other port intervening, he was not on it! Somewhere in the blue expanse of the larger Sound, or of Gardiner's Bay, he had thrown himself, unseen, over the boat's rail, to what protracted death-struggle—he a good swimmer—who shall say? And who may tell what other source of despair and bitterness gave rise to such action? He who had faced his hundreds of opponents in bloody and protracted fights, year after year, when pugilism was a sterner matter than now, went down before the onset of this last adversary. We were to see Pete no more, nor ever again to sit thrilled by his pantherish skill: his body was never found, the flesh going to the fishes, the bones mossed with the small weed of the tidal waters, these thirty-six years.

THEODORE PARKER

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

A little less than a century ago de Tocqueville remarked the tremendous power which religion then had in the affairs of the United States. Since his day things have changed very little. There is perhaps no country in the world today wherein religious ideas and ecclesiastical authorities affect the daily life of the people more than they do in this land. Theoretically, the state here is separate from and superior to the Church, but actually the two are in the closest union, with the latter often controlling the former. The Methodists, the Baptists and certain of the other more bellicose sects are as much interested in what goes on in Washington and in the various State capitals as they are in what goes on in Heaven and Hell. One would naturally expect that in a country wherein organized religion is of such immense influence it would attract able minds and carry on its operations on a high plane. But, as everyone knows, the exact opposite is the case. Since the founding of the Republic we have not produced a single first-rate theologian, in the sense in which Schleiermacher, Ritschl and Berkeley were theologians. Such phenomena as the Tractarian Movement and the Tübingen School have been quite unknown in our annals, and no such fearless scholars of Holy Writ as Baur, Zeller, Schwegler, Planck and Köstlin have ever come from our people. We have never given the world a Newman, a Pusey, a Keble, a Colenso, or a David Friedrich Strauss.

Religion in America, indeed, has always kept to a low, emotional, ignorant, democratic level—that is, to the level of simple magic. We have, it is true, had many eminent divines, but, as I will show later, they were seldom of any actual ability or originality. Their eminence lay simply in the fact that they mouthed the notions of their fellows with measurably less than the average imbecility. Our theological history begins, characteristically enough, with Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. To the first the devil and his agents were as real as they were to Luther, and he held that ground to the last of his days. The harsh teachings of Edwards are well known. He was a specialist in the appalling doctrine of infant damnation, and his sermons on it were so terrible that his women customers often shrieked. God, to this holy man, was an angry monster, belching fire and brimstone upon all who forgot the collection plate or kissed their wives on Sunday. The theologians of New England's subsequent Golden Age were much calmer and more civilized, but not many of them were of much actual learning. The *Dial* illuminati, to be sure, gradually charged the religious atmosphere with doubts, but in the main they had faint hearts, and seldom faced issues squarely. Emerson himself, though he wrote with much gusto about self-reliance and independence of mind, toned down considerably, to say the least, when it came to doctrinal matters. When he found it necessary to resign from his church because of his refusal to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the most he could say about it was: "I have no hostility to this institution. I am stating my want of sympathy with it. That is the end of my opposition, that I am not interested in it.

I am content that it stand to the end of the world, if it please men and please Heaven, and I shall rejoice in all the good it produces." But it is not altogether fair, perhaps, to speak of Emerson as a theologian. He gave up preaching completely in 1838, before the middle of his career, and spent the rest of his life in writing and lecturing, mostly on secular matters.

William Ellery Channing, however, was a preacher all his life and was considered then, as now in retrospect, the greatest theologian of his day. In all the encyclopedias he is put down as a man of daring and revolutionary ideas, but the facts, I am afraid, do not warrant that appraisal. It is true that he said of the Bible that "it is a Book written for men, in the language of men, and its meaning is to be sought in the same manner as that of other books." It is true that he objected to the unintelligible doctrine of the Trinity, and that he thought reason should be the only test of truth. But all this was little more than lovely talk. On other points of doctrine he was thoroughly sound. He clearly stated his views in these words: "We regard the Scriptures as the records of God's successive revelations to mankind and particularly of the last and most perfect revelation of His will by Jesus Christ. . . . Jesus was sent by the Father to effect a moral or spiritual deliverance of mankind, that is, to rescue men from sin and its consequences, and to bring to them a state of everlasting purity and happiness." Channing, moreover, believed in Christ's preëxistence and accepted the miracles. There remains Phillips Brooks, a Unitarian the early part of his life, and later an Episcopalian. He was handsome and polite, and so had a large following. He was a man of some learning, and no infant damnation barbarisms ever came from his lips. He spoke mainly about Brotherhood and Love. But he never really entered the arena of theological combat. He accepted docilely the orthodox Episcopalian creed.

The state of theology in the United States today is not even up to the level of these already half-mythical New Englanders. There are some rumblings among the Methodists and Presbyterians, but they are very faint. To the best of my knowledge—and I have read tons of the literature— no real theological scholar is engaged in this very cautious search for the truth. As for the Baptists, who make rather more noise, I am acquainted with the works of Dr. Shailer Mathews and Dr. E. Y. Mullins, and all I can say is that it is preposterous to speak of them in the same breath with Strauss or Pusey. Both belong to the large tribe of polite sophists who are trying to reconcile science with religion. Things are about the same with the Episcopalians. As for the Catholics, there is no one among them anywhere in the world today, with one German exception, who can be compared even remotely with Newman. In America there is not even a Gasquet, a Mercier or a Gibbons.

In brief, the American theological world has yet to produce a single scholar worthy to rank with Strauss or Baur or any of the other whales of the Tübingen School. But it has produced one preacher, who, though not up to these men, at least remains a glory to his country. He was Theodore Parker, the most honest, the most sensible and the most truly courageous preacher the American pulpit has ever had. Parker attacked the miracles at a time when merely to cast a doubt on them was to invite prosecution for blasphemy. He denounced the notion that the Bible was literally inspired of God at a time when even the name of the cautious Channing was being used to frighten children, cooks and Harvard professors of divinity. He was the first to introduce genuine theological scholarship into this country, and at a time when Professor Andrews Norton, then the New England Protestant Pope, was still damning all the German scholars as "raw" and ignorant. As preacher and moralist he hurled one anathema after another at the Mellons, Vares, Falls, Newberrys and Judge Englishes of his time when to do so meant to alienate all his

church trustees from himself and go without a pulpit—which, in his case, meant almost to go without bread. He said of the human body that "God put no bad things there" when the barbaric teachings of Jonathan Edwards were still taken by all good men as the truth. A man of weak frame, burdened from his youth with tuberculosis, and with no money, he cast all discretion to the winds and preached what he thought was true and right.

II

Parker was born of Revolutionary stock at Lexington, Mass., in 1810. He was the youngest of eleven children and the son of a farmer. As a boy he helped his father on the farm and in the tool-shop, but he also read omnivorously. Before the age of twenty he was familiar with twelve languages, including Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Ethiopic, French, German and Italian. He attended Harvard, took all the required courses and passed all the examinations, but was not given a degree because he did not pay his tuition fees. While in college he became acquainted with Wilhelm M. L. De Wette's "Beiträge zur Einleitung in das Alte Testament," and at once set about translating it under the title of "An Introduction to the Old Testament." For a while he continued teaching school in Watertown, Belmont and other small towns about Cambridge, but in 1837 he left pedagogy and was ordained a minister of a Unitarian church in West Roxbury. He entered his ministry, not as a hack preacher, but as a scholar. He knew as much as twenty Harvard divinity professors of his time. Emerson's Transcendentalism intrigued him from the first, and Strauss' "Life of Christ" had a profound influence on him.

Parker was in his church less than four years when he threw a bomb into the camp of the Unitarians. On May 19, 1841, he delivered a sermon entitled "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," which contained in embryo his main principles. This immediately determined the fight of the rest of his life. The orthodox Christians of the time fell upon him as upon a wolf run amok in human society. Many of them demanded his arrest. The Boston Unitarian clergy denounced him as a menace to the town and added ominously, "the young man must be silenced." The storm raised by the sermon was so terrific that no Unitarian publisher dared print it, and nearly all the pulpits in Boston and vicinity became closed to him. Professor Norton bawled "infidel" at him from the sanctified gates of Harvard. There were, however, a few more rational people in Boston then, and they invited Parker to preach to them in the Masonic Hall. The substance of his sermons there he later incorporated in a book called "Discourses on Matters Pertaining to Religion." In it he elaborated his ideas, and made himself, as he later said, "the worst hated man in America."

He must have spent very little time in the nursery when a child. He never knew how to coddle correct ideas, nor did he believe in sugar-coating what he regarded as the truth. On the contrary, he was possessed of what one critic called a "mighty wrath," and was full of bitter satire and a most scorching vocabulary. He was hardly ordained a minister when he inflamed the orthodox with a common phrase of his, "*performing* prayers." But it is wrong to assume that he came upon his doubts from the first. As late as 1835 he still believed in the divinity of Christ and in the miracles. It was only in 1841, with his famous sermon, that he definitely rejected both.

After that his study of the works of the German higher critics led him to center his attack on the infallibility of the Bible and the divinity of Christ. Regarding the first he let off this: "If we look into the Bible in a general way, as into other books, we find facts which force the conclusion upon us that the Bible is a human work. . . . Some things in it are beautiful and true; but others no man in his reason can

accept. Here are works of various writers, from the Eleventh Century before, to the Second Century after, Christ, it may be, thrown capriciously together and united by no common tie but the lids of the bookbinder." This, of course, was enough to stand Boston's hair on end in 1841, but Parker went on:

> If we look at the Bible as a whole we find numerous contradictions; conflicting histories, which no skill can reconcile with themselves or with facts; poems which the Christians have agreed to take as histories, but which lead only to confusion on that hypothesis; prophecies that have never been fulfilled and from the nature of things never can be. We find stories of miracles which could not have happened . . . stories that make God a man of war, cruel, capricious, revengeful, hateful, and not to be trusted.

Parker was against most of the Old Testament. Its Jahveh, with ferocious eyes, killing little children and pillaging cities, was too much for him. "To assume the divinity of the Old Testament," he said, "is quite as absurd as to assume the same for the next book that will be published. To declare it miraculous is as foolish as to make the same claim for the geometry of Euclid and the poems of Homer; to admit this claim is no more wise than to admit the claims of the Zoroastrian records and the Sybilline oracles and the religious books of all nations." Abraham, Parker called "a mythological character of some excellence," and Moses, "another and greater mythological hero."

But he did not stop with the Old Testament. He also played the searchlight of his learning and common sense on the New, and his findings threw consternation into the faithful. "It is a most notorious fact," he told his congregation, "that the Apostles and the Evangelists were greatly mistaken in some points. It is easy to show, if we have the exact words of Jesus, that He was mistaken in a number of points—in the interpretation of the Old Testament, in the doctrine of demons, in the celebrated prediction of His second coming, and in the end of the world. If Christianity rests on His authority and His alone, it falls when the foundation falls, and that stands at the mercy of the schoolboy."

As for Baptism and the Lord's Supper, Parker called both superstitions and all those who believed in them dreadfully uneducated or plain fools. "The first was a common rite at the time [of Christ]," he said, "used even by the heathen. In a nation dwelling in a warm climate, and so fond of symbols as the Jews, it was a natural expression of the convert's change of life. . . . But is there any reason to suppose He ever designed it to be permanent? . . . And who shall tell us that the Lord's Supper was designed to be more permanent than the washing of feet . . .? He asked His friends at supper to remember Him when they broke bread—it was simple, natural, affectionate, beautiful."

In the matter of the Sabbath Parker was very liberal. His sermon, "The Most Christian Use of the Sunday," is perhaps the most blistering attack on the blue laws ever made. After a clear historical survey of the weekly day of rest he said: "Sunday is like any other day in the week. . . . All days are Lord's days . . . [People now on Sunday] must read no book but one professedly religious. Such works are commonly dull and poor, written mainly by men of little ability, of little breadth of view. . . . A good man groans when he looks over the immense pile of sectarian books . . . which produce their best effect when they lead only to sleep. Yet it is commonly taught that it is religious to spend a part of Sunday reading such works . . . while it is wicked to read some secular book on philosophy, or history, or tale which expands the mind and warms the heart." He ended with this characteristic comment: "I am pained to see a man spend the whole of a Sunday in going to church . . . and forgetting himself in getting acquainted with the words of the preachers. . . . The Sunday is made for man, not man for the Sunday."

Parker had no respect for the doctrine that the good life of Christ validates His teachings, and riddled it in this direct and devastating manner: "The good life of a

teacher proves nothing of any speculative doctrines he entertains, either in morals or mathematics. A man would be thought insane who should say Euclid's demonstration of the forty-seventh problem was true because Euclid lived a good life and raised men from the dead, or that it was false because he lived a bad life and murdered his wife. If Christianity be true at all, it would be just as true if Herod or Catiline had taught it."

III

Thus Parker ripped the nonsense out of the Bible and out of the writings of the Fathers and the whole horde of orthodox theologians. But he was too devout a man to stop there. There was too much of the genuinely religious in him. He saw that there remained all that was beautiful in the Bible and in the character of Jesus. "The Bible, if wisely used, is still a blessed teacher," he said. "Spite the superstitions and folly of its worshippers, it has helped millions. The Bible is made for man, not man for the Bible. . . . Let its errors and absurdities no longer be forced on the pious mind, but perish forever. Let the word of God come through conscience, reason and holy feeling, as light through the windows of the morning. Worship with no master but God, no creed but truth, no service but love, and we have nothing to fear."

But this, of course, did not appease the wrath of the orthodox. A Christianity such as Parker outlined, without miracles, without magic, without mysticism, was no religion at all to them; it was simply infidelity. But Parker was undaunted. He kept on thundering: "Christianity lays down no positive creed to be believed in, commands no positive action to be done. . . . Christianity ties no man down . . . to worship on the first day of the week, or the last day, in the church, or the fields, socially or in private, with a creed, ritual, priest, symbol, spoken prayer, or without these. . . . The doctrine of Jesus is a simple one: love to God and love to Man. Love to God implies love of wisdom, justice, purity, goodness, holiness, charity. To love these is to love God."

As I have said, these views brought every churchman in New England against him. The public authorities were besought to throw him into jail and start blasphemy proceedings against him. No publisher of repute would print his sermons. Practically no church would sanction an exchange of pulpits with him, and exchanges made long before were cancelled. The Rev. Dr. Convers Francis, the very same minister who presided at his ordination, refused under pressure to let Parker speak in his church. In 1845 the eminent liberal, the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, invited Parker to occupy his pulpit, but disavowed in advance all sympathy with his heresies, and even after this disavowal many of the influential members of the church withdrew by way of protest. In the meantime the Harvard theologians cried from the house-tops that here was a man who was the enemy of all religion, all decency and all morality. The public opinion of the time is well typified by this letter from a Unitarian layman, sent to the Boston *Courier:*

> I would rather see every Unitarian congregation in our land dissolved and every one of our churches occupied by other denominations or razed to the ground than to assist in placing a man entertaining the sentiments of Theodore Parker in one of our pulpits.

A distinguished Methodist divine followed with this volley of denunciation:

> No open peculator from Boston's treasury, no unrelenting, heartless landlord, no dissolute public officer, no wholesale or retail rum-seller, no pimp of North street or seducer of Boston has ever wrought, in my judgment, such extensive, effectual and irretrievable mischief in this city, since the advent of this distinguished errorist in it, as he.

The Harvard divinity students, who were mainly with Parker, elected him class preacher in 1857, but their choice was vetoed by the faculty. This opposition at Harvard was not due only to his heterodoxy, but also to the bitter words he had

said about State Street, then, as now, in control of the university governing board.

At this time the anti-slavery movement was getting into full swing, and Parker jumped right into it. He had made an uproar a short while before with his attacks on the administration that had plunged this country into the Mexican War. He denounced the war as "wholly wrong, and as bad as the partition of Poland," and preached what was then, and would now be, considered treason. "We can refuse to take part in it," he said. "We can encourage others to do the same. We can aid men, if need be, who suffer because they refuse. Men will call us traitors. What then? That hurt nobody in '76." He described the United States as "a great, big boy fighting a little one, and that little one feeble and sick. What makes it worse is that the little one is in the right, and the big boy is in the wrong and tells solemn lies to make his side seem right."

When Parker joined the Abolitionists he did so with no mistaken views about the mental capacity of the slaves. In fact, he considered the Negro race to be on a low intellectual and moral plane, and he revolted against it physically. But these, he argued, were no reasons for degrading the blacks. It was on this ground alone that he was against slavery. And when he fought the slave-owners he fought them in the grand and gorgeous Parker manner. He had no respect whatever for the blather of Law and Order. If he thought a law was no good and against all sense, he simply said to hell with it. Of the Fugitive Slave Law he spoke thus:

> The false idea is set on foot that we are morally bound to obey any law until it is repealed. . . . Politicians intoxicated with ambition, giddy with power and sometimes also drunk with strong liquor, make a statute which outrages all the dictates of humanity, and then insist that it is the duty of sober men to renounce religion [he meant by this his own view of religion, of course] for the sake of keeping the wicked statute of the politicians. All tyrants have done so. . . . Who says to obey the law? Who is it that says so? Judas and the Judges. Let them go each to his own place. To carry out the Fugitive Slave Law the government needs base men, and base men is a crop which never fails. Never obey the law. Resist not with violence. Why do I say do not resist with violence? Because it is not time just yet. It would not succeed.

He not only preached this; he practiced it. He violated the law right and left. He hid fugitive slaves. He helped them escape. He called the public officials who carried out the law all the opprobrious names he could find in the dictionary and he made up many more. Finally, he was dragged into court and charged with obstructing the law, but he managed to have the indictment quashed. In the same way, he was quite without fear of the libel laws. People, it is said, did not sue him for libel simply because they were afraid of what he would say about them before the trial, at the trial and afterward.

IV

The same fearlessness of expression characterized his socio-political utterances. He saw how the rich of his time were buying immunity from the operation of the laws, and he hurled one philippic after another at them. The respect that mere wealth had begun to command everywhere in America—in the Church, in politics, in society—aroused his mighty wrath. "The men of money," he bellowed, "are the most respectable class in society. Even in college more respect is paid to money than to genius. The purse is put before the pen. In the churches wealth is deemed better than goodness or piety. It names towns and colleges, and he is thought the greatest benefactor of a university who endows it with money, not with mind." Finally, he let off this broadside: "Money draws veils of cotton over the pulpit window to color the light that cometh from above. The recognized pillars of the Church are pillars of gold. The pulpit looks down to the pews for its gospel, not up to the Eternal God. St. Hunker is the new patron saint of the churches of commerce."

He dragged out the dirty official linen of men high in the State and national

governments and called the offenders by their true names. Probably no other man in our entire public life, certainly no other preacher, has used more blistering words against corruption in public office:

> Money controls the law as well as the gospel. United States Senators are filching money from the public treasury. State Street and Wall Street judges are receiving money. Let the son of a distinguished man beat a watchman, knowing him to be such, and be brought before a justice . . .; he is bailed for $200. But let a black man have in his pockets a weapon which the Constitution and the laws of Massachusetts provide that any man may have if he please, and is he bound over for $200, think you? No! but for $600. Three times as much as is required of the son of a Secretary of State!

Parker, indeed, had very little respect for public officials. He frequently called them base men. The higher they were the more he despised them. United States Senators seem to have been his favorite abominations, and he never missed the opportunity to call them "honorable" in derision. Judges were another pet hatred of his. He almost invariably spoke of them as Judases. When speaking of politicians in general he used the word vultures.

Parker's attitude to all things was that of a highly civilized man. And in those days it was much more difficult to be that than it is even now. The theatre and music were still not quite respectable, and whoever spoke a good word for liquor of any kind at once placed himself with the undesirables. The human body, due to the prevailing Puritan philosophy, was considered something not clean. Only "impure" people gave any thought to it. In all these matters Parker was against the prevailing sentiment of his time.

Of his views on Prohibition John White Chadwick, one of his most authoritative biographers, says simply, "His temperance principles did not commend him to the teetotalers or Prohibitionists." He openly urged Phillips and Garrison to take wine for their health, and he himself drank it. He believed that "men who use stimulants moderately live longer and have a sounder old age than teetotalers." It is true that he favored the State controlling the liquor traffic, but the fanatics of today who put him down as an early Volsteadian simply don't know what they're talking about. "The professional reformer was a type that did not attract Parker," continues Mr. Chadwick. When the Maine Prohibition Law was put into effect Parker warned the people that it was "an invasion of private right," and there is no doubt whatever in which camp he would be, were he alive today.

There was a good deal of the poet in him. His sermons were full of charming images and conceits. He not only loved trees, mountains, grass and the stars; he also loved the human body—a dangerous thing in those days, as I have said—and in doing so he anticipated Whitman. There was not the slightest trace of the ascetic in him. He reveled in the very thought of his every bone and muscle. "God put no bad things there," he said. "The body is full of good things; every bone from the crown to the foot is a good bone; every muscle is a good muscle; every nerve which animates the two is a good nerve."

V

Parker died at Florence, in 1860, thousands of miles away from the scenes of his life-long battle. Perhaps it was best that it was so, for who can say that the orthodox Christians of Boston, emulating their brethren of Voltaire's day, would not have demanded that his tuberculosis-eaten body be thrown down a Boston sewer? When the news of his death reached this country Emerson, Phillips and the few other intelligent people in New England called a public meeting in his memory. But the rest of the Puritans heaved a monster sigh of relief at the passing of this plague, this messenger of the devil. The more decorous of the ministers kept quiet, but some of the militant and boisterous ones called him "worse than a pimp."

He was unquestionably the greatest preacher, the most daring theologian, and one of the most remarkable men this

country has produced. He tried to pump up his ideas into a philosophy, but he managed only to build up a wheezy system of "intuitions," "affections," "absolutes," and so on. This, however, can hardly be held against him. We Americans have little philosophical blood in us. Apparently the best we can accomplish in the world of metaphysical speculation is to misunderstand the works of real philosophers. There was plenty of other amicable nonsense in Parker. He was not a model of impossible perfection. He believed, for example, that all the difference between a criminal and a dutiful husband and good father of seven children was due to education and environment. And he could spout such an idiocy as: "Man naturally loves justice for its own sake." But in the major field of his activity he reached the heights, and showed himself to be on a par with our noblest. An ordained clergyman, living in the most hide-bound section of the country, and forty years before Huxley formulated his devastating attacks on the old theology, he boldly dynamited the whole superstitious foundation of orthodox Christianity. From his pulpit he denounced the miracles as nonsense. In clear English he argued bluntly that if Jesus wanted us to take the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper as the orthodox ministers said He did, He was not to be listened to. Going further, he declared that Jesus shared the erroneous notions of His time regarding devils, possessions and demonology in general. He called the God of the Old Testament a savage God, and he let it be known as his firm conviction that the New Testament was in large part a collection of fables. In place of the Christianity of the churches he preached plain decency, or as he termed it, "love of God and Man." With similar directness he assailed the political and social corruption of his day. A poor man, suffering from his youth with an incurable disease, and burdened with a domestic tragedy that saddened all his manhood days, he made not one compromise with discretion and died the most hated man in America.

After his death his reputation grew for a while, here and abroad, but soon it slumped, and then he began to be forgotten. So he is today, when nothing is more needed than his example. The so-called liberal group in the current Protestant Church is composed only of tenth-rate Channings. Their leader, the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, would command very little respect, I believe, from Parker. Fosdick is hailed as a rebel but the facts hardly justify this high valuation. He is really quite orthodox. In a letter to the New York Presbytery, written in 1923, he said: "I believe in the personal God revealed in Christ. I believe in Christ, His Deity, His sacrificial saviourhood, His resurrected and triumphant life. . . . I believe in the forgiveness of sins, the redeemed and the victorious life, the triumph of the righteous on earth and the life everlasting. . . . I am not therefore an enemy of the Gospel of Christ." Hardly a Parkerite, I am sure. And the Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, minister-in-chief of the Community Church, which professes to follow in the lead of Parker and which has a bust of him less than twenty feet from the pulpit, is little better. He sings hymns on Sunday, preaches Birth Control on Wednesday, and bawls for Prohibition the rest of the week. In his recent debate with Clarence Darrow on Prohibition he yelled "tommyrot" when Darrow argued that the Volstead Act was a sumptuary law. And yet he has the brass to state in public that he is a follower of him who said that Prohibition was an invasion of personal liberty!

These are the head lights of the so-called liberal movement in the current Protestant Church. Parker's example, it seems, was wasted, not only on the mob, but also on its leaders.

MEN OF VISION

BY STANLEY WALKER

THE press agent, whether he calls himself by that lowly title or by such mellifluous terms as publicity director, adviser on publicity, public relations counsel, executive secretary or press correspondent, is devoted to a Cause, and sometimes to a whole string of Causes. He must attach himself to a Big Idea; he must know how to do Big Things in a Big Way. It isn't so difficult. Almost any idea, however puerile, becomes, when properly inflated by experts, a Big Idea, and hence profitable. New York, the home of Big Ideas, is the press agent's heaven. In that town there are, or have been of late, strong men devoted to the following propositions:

America and England must love each other.
America and France must love each other.
The United States must eat more reindeer meat.
The school teachers must have more money.
Frank E. Campbell is the best undertaker in New York.
The East Side is a swell part of town.
The reputation of Eighth avenue must be protected and people must stop saying Hell's Kitchen.
Coney Island is a wonderful playground.
Fifth avenue must be kept on its present high-toned level.
The restaurant-keepers of New York are doing their best to please their customers.
The people would love the Telephone Company if they understood its real motives.
New York landlords are facing starvation.
People must stop littering the parks.
The sanctity of marriage must be upheld.
The Demon Rum must be put down forever.
We must have beer and light wines.
Bishop Manning is a profound thinker and God is back of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.
Theodore Roosevelt was a great statesman.
Woodrow Wilson's ideals must be preserved.
Warren G. Harding must not be forgotten.

Press agents as aids to immortality are comparatively new, but the business is already very profitable and furnishes employment for many able practitioners. Even Coolidge, when he fades from the picture, will doubtless furnish a fat job for a press agent, who will seek to enshrine his memory in the hearts of the people and to collect money for the perpetuation of his ideals through, let us say, the Coolidge Foundation. It is, indeed, an unusual industry, association or cult that has no press agent today. Every big business organization, every hotel and certainly every drive must have its public relations counsel. The avalanche of publicity matter that rolls into the offices of the New York newspapers is really staggering. It is probable that the press agents of the city outnumber the reporters by five to one. Their number, roughly, is 5,000.

Well, do these press agents get their stuff printed? Yes and no. Such of their material as is obviously bilge is usually thrown away, but enough gets into print to make the business very much worth while. I pick up a New York newspaper at random. There are sixty-four local news items. Forty-two of them were rewritten or pasted up from material sent in by press agents. Some of these items embody legitimate news, and others represent causes which appear to be for the public good. Others are borderline cases; the rest are questionable. The line between honest news and publicity, or propaganda, is very thin. The sound and virtuous truth, sifted through the hands of a cause-serving, flatulent and sycophantic press agent, often comes out badly mauled.

Among the worst offenders against it are the Prohibitionists, whose dreadful and unsocial cause is boosted everywhere by slick and well-paid propagandists.

Sometimes these evangelists fool even the wet newspapers. Here is a headline from a New York daily which, from its editorial pronouncements, is widely regarded as incurably against Prohibition:

CHURCHMEN PLAN
INTENSE DRIVE
TO ENFORCE LAWS

The first paragraph, upon which this headline was built, follows:

Raymond Robbins, of Chicago, an economist and lecturer of international distinction, will address the Committee of One Thousand at a luncheon next Tuesday at the Waldorf-Astoria. This committee on law enforcement is giving the affair as the first step in plans for an intensive campaign for law enforcement. Several hundred guests are expected to attend the gathering, which will be composed of citizens of New York City concerned about stricter enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Here the hand of the propagandist is clearly at work. The joker is concealed in the third sentence. What concerns the eminent Committee of One Thousand is not, despite its pious reiteration, law enforcement in general, but only the stricter enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. The man who wrote the headline fell into the trap which the howlers for law enforcement had set for him.

One of the most brazen recent examples of prehensile publicity was sent to the New York newspapers by V. E. Scott, of 342 Madison avenue, who in his communication described himself as "press correspondent of the Koch Cancer Foundation." In a "note to the editor" Mr. Scott said: "This is the most important cancer announcement since the treatment of the disease was first undertaken by the medical profession." And at the beginning of his 1,000 words he summed up his story with these ready-made headlines:

KOCH CANCER FOUNDATION
ORGANIZED IN NEW YORK

Prominent Doctors From Other Cities Meet with New York Physicians to Found Great Movement for Curing and Preventing Dread Disease.

More than 20,000 Charity Cases to be Treated by Members of the Foundation during 1926.

Alarming Increase of Cancer Reported from All Over the Country, in Which More than 4,000,000 Cases are Already Known to Exist.

Then followed the story of how certain physicians and surgeons had joined with one William F. Koch of Detroit in an epoch-making movement to fight cancer. Now the truth was this: The claims of Dr. Koch had been exploded, not once but several times, by the American Medical Association, and were known to be without foundation. I do not believe any New York paper printed any part of Mr. Scott's announcement, but I understand that he obtained considerable space in newspapers in other cities. For all I know, he may have honestly believed that he was helping a great and good cause; I merely present his announcement as an example of what the newspapers get from press agents.

II

There are many fake charity and civic organizations in New York, and every one of them has a paid press agent. Mr. William J. Pedrick, general manager of the Fifth Avenue Association and himself a Man of Vision of the less objectionable type, recently delivered himself as follows:

New York has some blue sky organizations which pose as civic bodies, but which in reality are organized for personal gain. One organization extant today, masquerading as a civic organization, has never appeared in the interests of the section it is supposed to represent and has always engaged in private business for profit. Some other organizations claim to have a political pull with particular city officials, and the members are promised that they will never be given a ticket by a policeman.

The New York Charity Organization got out a booklet recently for the benefit of philanthropically-inclined business men who have found, to put it gently, that their contributions have often been misdirected. Many charities are so highly organized that their press agents, workers, executive secretaries and other hangers-on get so much money that there is little or nothing left for the sockless Zulus, the unwed mothers of the Philippines, or

whomever the Cause may pretend so magnificently to benefit.

But all these, you may say, are snide. Surely no misleading statements ever come out of high and reputable places! It is a pleasure to point to a shining example. The exhibit is Albert Ottinger, the Republican Attorney-General of New York. He is said to have ambitions to occupy some day the chair of Al Smith at Albany. So he has a press agent to broadcast all the thrilling tales of his campaigns against swindlers, crooks, monopolists and what not. Let him cause the arrest of a cheap swindler and immediately a lengthy, and sometimes dangerous, statement comes from his office telling how a $10,000,000 Plot Has Been Nipped. Recently he had a man arrested and announced that he expected soon to jail "a prominent New York society woman," who had aided the man, he said, in certain hellish schemes. But up to this time no such woman has been arrested; moreover, the police have told reporters that the woman sought is an obscure Pennsylvanian. If she is actually "a New York society woman," then Vincent Astor is the Duke of York. This is not to imply that Ottinger has not shed much honest sweat in the public weal; it is simply pointing out that sometimes, through his able press agent, he has taken the newspapers for what is known as a sleigh ride. And his publicity has been effective—so effective, in fact, that in the recent election he was the only Republican candidate on the State ticket to survive the Smith landslide. He should be grateful to his publicity engineer.

In all justice to press agents, however, it must not be inferred that they are invariably low rascals to whom no honor can ever come. Many of them are engaging fellows and more than ordinarily intelligent. Sometimes they receive rewards which are far beyond the dreams of the ordinary man. I quote an item from the snootiest society page in New York:

> The French Government, through the Minister of Public Instruction, has conferred the palm of an Officer of Public Instruction upon Mr. Edward L. Bernays, counsel on public relations, of 9 East Forty-sixth street, for services rendered to the French Government, according to an announcement made by the French Embassy.

Mr. Bernays at times has been press agent for perfumery shows, and as such has arranged smelling contests. He has written a book upon the mysteries of his craft, and he occupies a chair in a college where young men of high aspirations are aught to be press agents. He is credited with inventing the term "public relations counsel" to soften the odium attaching to the less dignified "press agent." Truly a genuine Man of Vision.

Of all the sects which battle and sweat for publicity in New York, the Jews are the most insatiable. There are 2,000,000 of them in the city, and their endless enterprises pour out a vast and terrifying flood of press matter, much of which gets into print. The bulk of it, however, merely adds to the work of the Irish charwomen who have dedicated their lives to keeping the newspaper offices free from litter. It is probable that more press material comes from the Jewish organizations in New York than from all other sources combined. The job never has been turned over to a competent statistician, but it seems reasonable to estimate that if all the paper consumed by their press agents could be sold for its junk value alone, enough money would be raised to rebuild the Temple of Solomon, with modern plumbing throughout, and furnish every house in the Holy Land with a new wine-press and a carload of matzoths.

The Jew is both ambitious and sentimental, and upon these two traits the press agent plays for his own profit. Raise the cry, "Fifteen Million Jews Are Starving in Poland!" and the Chosen People begin shelling out instantly, coaxed on by professional campaign managers. The vanity of individuals is also a source of profit to press agents. All manner of Jewish "success" blurbs comes to the newspapers. There is a Jewish real estate dealer who, every time he buys a new building, announces that he once sold newspapers on

that very corner. If his press agent is to be believed, he has sold papers on every street corner from Grand street to Columbus Circle.

The New York Jews are split into several factions. Some believe that Rabbi Stephen S. Wise is a mountebank; others hold that his words are hardly distinguishable from those of God. Some Jews are hot for the back-to-Palestine movement; others have no more desire to go back to Palestine than they have to work as teamsters in Death Valley. Such differences of opinion create many jobs for press agents. Meanwhile, despite their diversity of views, the New York Jews build hospitals, support a multitude of philanthropies, and aid their unfortunate brethren throughout the world. Thus a large part of Jewish publicity matter is in support of eminently worthy enterprises. But, in general, its bulk and persistence make it a nuisance to editors. Here is a list of Jewish organizations which, over a brief period, have sent press stuff to the New York newspapers, although not all of them have had the services of professional press agents:

The Jewish Sabbath Alliance of America (Agudath Tomchai Shabboz).
The Jewish Survey Commission.
The Bikuir Cholim Convalescent Home.
The United Synagogues of America.
The Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies.
The Home for Hebrew Infants.
The Menorah Home for the Aged and Infirm.
The American Jewish Association for the Blind.
The Jewish Holidays Press Notice Bureau.
The Order of the Sons of Zion.
The Congregation B'nai Jeshurun.
The Jewish Big Brothers.
The Yeshiva College Building Fund.
The Jewish Tribune and *Hebrew Standard.*
The Union of American Hebrew Congregations.
The Hebrew National Orphan Home.
The American Jewish Congress.
The Zeta Beta Tau Club.
The United Palestine Appeal.
The Negro Synagogue of Beth B'nai Abraham.
The Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America.
The Congregation Ohab Zedek.
The Independent Order B'nai B'rith.
The First Jewish Ladies Day Nursery.
The Hebrew Union College School for Teachers.
The Portuguese Congregation Shearith Israel.
The Congregation Kol Israel of Poland.
The Young Men's Hebrew Association.
The Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Seminary.
The Training School for Jewish Social Work.
The Mizrachi Organization of America.
The United Jewish Campaign.
The Joint Distribution Committee.
The Beth David Hospital.
The Beth Abraham Home for Incurables.
The Israel Orphan Asylum.
The Brooklyn Jewish Center.
The Society for Hebrew Nervous Diseases.
The Jewish Theological Seminary of America.
The Hebrew Shelter and Guardian Society.
The World Zionist Organization.
The Palestine Economic Corporation.
The Jewish Biographical Bureau.
The Inwood Hebrew Congregation.
The Jewish Theatrical Guild.
The Congregation Mt. Neboh.
Young Judaea.
The Hebrew Free Loan Society.
The Temple Emanu-El.
The Society B'nai David.
The Hebrew Day Nursery.
The Palestine Foundation Fund.
The American Committee of 100 of the Yeshivah of America.

It does not require a Man of Vision to see that there is an excellent profit to be made out of these multifarious desires of a great race. The wonder is that no forward-looking publicist has yet declared himself executive secretary of an Association for the Discouragement of Pogrom Sentiment Among New York City Editors. The suggestion is free.

III

Out of the welter of shysters, shirt-stuffers, fakers, liars and brassy quacks whose living depends upon getting free newspaper space, there is one man who deserves to be allowed to live as long as he can. He is James T. Grady, who handles publicity for Columbia University, the New York Botanical Garden and a long list of engineering and scientific bodies. His stuff is honest, readable, and he gets more space in the papers than any other dozen press agents combined. Yet he is not a true Man of Vision, for few people have ever heard of him, and he keeps his own name and personality always in the background. Despite this, his income is said to be fully as great as that of Ivy Lee,

"the man who taught Wall Street to be decent to newspaper men." Grady takes the long-winded papers of professors and engineers, edits them until they are readable and then sends them to the newspapers. Often on a dull Sunday night he is a God-send.

But it is very doubtful whether the rapid growth of professional publicity has been for the best interests either of newspapers or of newspaper men. True, it is much easier now to obtain the news of a railroad accident than it was a few years ago, for press agents have convinced corporations that they may as well tell the truth, inasmuch as it will be found out anyhow. For this change in attitude the pioneer work of Lee is doubtless largely responsible. On the other hand, it is becoming increasingly difficult to get a straight answer to a straight question. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., though always genial, cannot talk; Ivy Lee must do what talking is to be done. There are other men who, even when being interviewed upon the simplest matters, insist upon calling in some asinine public relations counsel to decide what questions shall be answered and what the answers shall be.

The increase of this sort of nonsense, together with the "canned statement" and "canned speech" curse, has had a depressing effect upon the enterprise of the reporter. In the old days, with nostrils quivering, he would go out hell-bent for news; now, as often as not, he is content to call on a press agent, receive a written statement, and return to his office with no questions asked.

For this state of affairs the newspaper men themselves, and their immediate employers, are to blame. The Newspaper Club of New York, ostensibly made up of newspaper men, has among its dignitaries a press agent whose business it is to see that the doings of the club get as much space in the papers as is consistent with decency. One evening this man telephoned the night city editor of a certain paper and insisted that he print the fact that an opera singer had appeared at an inconsequential function at the club on the previous night. The editor pointed out that the news was twenty-four hours old, and not worth printing anyhow. "Yes," argued the press agent, "but the singer would not have appeared if she were not assured that her name was to appear in the newspapers. All the other papers are printing it as a professional courtesy."

Perhaps this sort of thing is "professional courtesy," but certainly no one can say that it is legitimate news.

Borderline cases are many. One press agent draws an income from several hotels for giving the newspapers lists of their guests. This, of course, is a great aid to the society editors, but the press agent collects on the space he gets at one-half the advertising rates! Thus he is selling newspaper space and working for the hotels. In addition, he has several society personages on his string, who depend upon him to see that their activities are fully chronicled. Certainly an ingenious method of making a living. Yet this man performs a very real service to the newspapers, the hotels and the society people. Everybody, apparently, wins.

The publicity business is thriving because a few press agents thus furnish the newspapers with material which they are eager to get. The bulk of the tribe, however, are simply pests—incompetent newspaper men who make easy money out of the space that belongs to some one else. Some day newspaper editors are going to become weary of Reindeer Week, Thrift Week, Stone Mountain Memorial campaigns, cathedral drives, lip-reading tournaments, optimistic statements by Charlie Schwab's press agent, statistics from the Y. M. C. A., and synthetic interviews with bad actresses, and declare a ban on the whole business. That day will be a dismal one for America's Men of Vision.

THE LANDSCAPE PRIESTHOOD

BY ELBERT PEETS

THERE is in this country a fairly numerous group of persons called landscape architects. They range from Tony Piccolo, a suburban artist of the spade with a front yard full of tagged retinosporas, through the service departments of the big nurseries, up to the true Olympians, the fifty Fellows of the American Society of Landscape Architects. There is, also, an order of lay sisters who serve tea on the lawn when their Kelway hybrids are in bloom, and applaud briskly at the end of an informal talk on the culture of Alpine bog plants. There is, again, a mixed group of publications, from the quarterly that does not utter the name of Repton, Olmsted or Eliot without a prayer of thanks to Allah, down to the police-dog-and-motor-boat type of garden magazine that publishes a calendar telling one when to rake the leaves off the tulip bed. Finally, there is a burgeoning system of instruction in landscape architecture, a Mother School adjacent to the Mecca of the art (and of the cod industry) with numerous offspring at the State universities. And yet, in spite of all this pomp and noise, I quite seriously believe that the sacred art of all these busybodies has made the visible face of this continent somewhat less beautiful than it would otherwise have been.

I say this without denying that landscape architects have formed many beautiful compositions and have saved from destruction many areas of fine natural growth. The Middlesex Fells are delightful, indeed, and I envy the squirrels that play all day in the Ramble in Central Park. Charles Eliot was, to be sure, a highly useful citizen. None the less, the introduction of the English landscape style of gardening was a calamity of the first magnitude. One does not blame the mid-Nineteenth Century—it had to have its wallow in the pool of nature-sentiment. But why do landscape architects of today continue to resort to that pool and form nation-wide organizations for its pious protection, when to the nose of every intelligent contemporary the place is obnoxious? American landscape architecture is now a huge joke. It has produced a few pleasant reproductions of Surrey landscape and a few charming Italian gardens. But as a vital, evolving art it is dead.

The story goes back to the inspiring era of George I, when one Kent leaped the fence and discovered that all nature was a garden. It was already known in his day that nature was either the principal proof of Divinity or God's favorite residence. The gardeners in the new natural style thus acquired a sacerdotal distinction which they have never wholly got rid of. The landscape garden was in the beginning (see "Paradise Lost") and ever shall be. Other arts reflect human vagaries, but this one has an unchanging norm. The Abbé Delille's rule was simple: "Worship the genius loci and consult God." Edward Young said that nature was Christian. That, like Christianity, it was surely most to God's taste in the home counties of

England, was not doubted. Such were the roots of the fanatic identification of gardening with nature, and of the fierce denial of the capacity or right of any but the initiated themselves to judge their work.

This confidence in the Heaven-willed eternal verity of informal gardening sat heavily on the revered Olmsted, the St. Peter G. Eddy of American landscape architecture. He loved to quote—the Psalmist's words were his divine authority—"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters," and doubtless there came to his mind an English meadow and mill pond. That many-sided strong mind of his deserves an exploring Gamaliel Bradford. Does it mean anything that he loved buggy-riding and hated cities? That he was an Anglophile, and that his "real prophet" was Ruskin? Olmsted saw himself as a pioneer in a cultural wilderness, but whatever tool he used, that wilderness supplied. He did not invade—he answered a Call.

New York wanted Central Park and wanted to be told that it was the best antidote to her slums. The gentlemen who profited by those slums were not surprised when they found the antidote well laced with bridle paths. New Yorkers wanted to be told, as Olmsted roundly told them, that "the average amount of disease and misery and vice and crime has been much greater in towns," and that the remedy was to make in Central Park "the greatest possible contrast with the streets and the shops and the rooms of the town." It was such a pleasant remedy! It was God's wish, or nature's, and if the Irish didn't walk three miles for the still water cure, or if it didn't cure them, well, it is not our fault that nature prefers carriage-owning Protestants of English ancestry.

There was the usual progression in Olmsted's faith, from the external to the internal. In England, five years before Central Park was planned, he saw the public garden at Birkenhead. "I cannot undertake," he exclaimed, "to describe the effect of so much taste and skill as had evidently been employed; I will only tell you that we passed by winding paths, over acres and acres, with a constant varying surface, where on all sides were growing every variety of shrubs and flowers, with more than natural grace, all kept with the most consummate neatness." The young Yankee saw a neat job. Two decades of success fixed the creed of the winding path, and made defence of it superfluous, as witness this pronouncement of his: "Whether the contemplation of natural scenery is practically of much effect in counteracting and alleviating these evils [of urban crowding] . . . I do not propose to argue, . . . for if the object of parks is not thus suggested, I know of none which justifies their cost." And that was that. Twenty years more of honors and reading Ruskin made of him a mauve-decade Isaiah: "Nature is the shape and image of right reason—reason in its highest sense embodied and made visible in order, stability, in conformity to eternal law." And, one might add, also in conformity to the soul-need of Frederick Law Olmsted, a New England Puritan doubting the creed of his fathers, seeking in benevolence and the love of nature substitutes for the harsh religion that was their substitute for art.

For fifty years Olmsted preached and practiced, and his faith has now spread to every corner of the country. His disciples have almost as tight control over American gardening as the Klan once had over Indiana politics. Large estates, though they have their formal gardens, are mainly in the landscape style. Every suburban lot breaks out in scalloped borders and specimen plants as naturally as a Plymouth Rock hen lays a brown egg. No park board would dream of employing a designer who questioned the validity of the landscape postulate. Cemeteries, as everybody knows, are always landscaped, and so are all the Floral Heights. It is truly pitiful to see normally straight-edge minded engineers trying to equal the trick streets and yawpy intersections of the initiates. Even when

landscape architects do not get the job, the landscape idea usually does, though it be a Scotch gardener that incorporates the tradition. It is not only in Mr. Babbitt's Zenith that landscaped lawns are standard equipment. The Colleoni statue in Newark is landscaped, the Lincoln Memorial is landscaped (a classic Greek setting based on data from the paintings of Puvis de Chavannes), the Toledo art museum is landscaped, the Los Angeles Automobile Club is landscaped—nothing, indeed, has escaped the blight.

II

Chance has given the priests of the inner temple a firm hold on the training of the novices. In the 70's Olmsted moved from New York to Brookline. He built up a large practice, and dozens of men got their training in his office. One of these was Charles Eliot, son of the president of Harvard. When, about 1900, after Charles Eliot's death, Harvard began instruction in landscape architecture, it was natural that the new department should become practically a branch of the Olmsted office. F. L. Olmsted, Jr., was made an instructor and, later, Charles Eliot professor. At present the three principal teachers are old Olmsted men. The school is both orthodox and eclectic. Two of the instructors are Italian-garden fans, and the student work is touched with reminiscences of Lante and Gamberaia—but only at one side of the house. There is a chaser of wild garden close at hand, and the Principal View is valed and shrubbed and clumped in the established camouflage mode. A professor and the school librarian have published a bulky text-book on more than one page of which the Eighteenth Century returns to life, as for instance: "A landscape of rocky upland country about a mountain tarn might be mysterious in a day of low-drifting clouds, stern or desolate in a storm, and perhaps on a bright breezy Spring morning even gay." They say also that a composition of two trees is difficult to manage. The instructor in planting design is a botanist who has ventured to write a book on "Man's Spiritual Contact with Nature." One of the illustrations in it has this legend: " 'And God reveals himself in many ways.' Here are two—a tree and a church." He also quotes this remark by Ruskin: "What a thought that was when God thought of a tree!" It is minds freighted with such lovely but sterile ideas who are training the men who will make America's contribution to an art practiced by Raphael, Le Nôtre and Wren! And as long as they are at Harvard they must continue to teach this sort of stuff—they cannot deny the Logos incarnated in Olmsted and Charles Eliot. The late President Eliot's bequest to the school is only the most recent of many chains that tie them to the traditional faith.

Very few of the students there are drawn from Harvard College. Most of them are graduates of State universities where undergraduate instruction in horticulture and ornamental gardening is given. Of these many go back to their old schools, or to others, as instructors, on the recommendation of the Harvard faculty. This interchange of personnel produces a strong spiritual connection between the Olmsted-Harvard tradition and hundreds of men and women who go from the State universities with a smattering of garden design, enough to get them jobs as draftsmen, or with a general impression to guide them in forming the settings of their own homes or as members of city-beautiful committees.

Plant breeders, to induce variations, force their seedlings into rampant growth. Exactly that is what the moribund garden art most needs. Students of garden design, instead of being held down by traditional tastes and conceptions of practicality, ought to be encouraged to commit every sort of imaginative indiscretion. One of the programmes should begin thus: "The Italians of America wish to build an enormous garden in honor of Michelangelo (or Mussolini) which shall do the utmost

ssible violence to the teachings of Hum- ry Repton." The impression that fancy ll flourish when you simply refrain from ving obvious bricks on it is an illusion. child of six twists his tongue and draws heard of dragons, but candidates for grees play safe. The chairman of the rvard School of Landscape Architecture ints with pride to the maturity of his pils. The average of their ages is twenty- ght. That is a catastrophe. The brain of h a student is a terminal moraine pushed o his skull by the academic and pro- sional glaciers that have moved over it. ly pedagogical dynamite, not absten- n from repression, can open up those ds and start them reworking the asures of accumulated æsthetic form. Not merely by the deadfall of profes- nal education does the landscape tribe its victims. Its hardy braves hunt far ld. In Massachusetts the assistant ex- sion professor of landscape gardening tures to you, shows you lantern slides, ll makes plans for planting the school unds. In Iowa a landscape extension cialist shows you a demonstration mstead. In Georgia he is a field agent landscape gardening. The Federal De- rtment of Agriculture has its county nts on your trail, and sends you a bulle- on beautifying the farm, art at its gov- ment best. Agricultural institutes, nor- l schools, farm papers, and county fairs their bit. Garden magazines furnish ns and planting lists. The lists may y, but the same plan goes to Maine and xas. Nursery service departments, run young fellows who have studied at the te college under Harvard graduates, dly make plans for planting their shrubs the corners of your lawn. Garden clubs ite lecturers to tell you how to do ndation plantings of mixed evergreens. A few years ago an issue of the official an of the American Society of Land- pe Architects was devoted to extension rk along landscape lines, as one says. ere were reports from all the fields. The partment of Agriculture man sent a photograph of a previously gaunt farm home beautified with a curved walk and flocculent shrubbery. A Southern horti- culturist told of his booklet, entitled "Beautifying the Rural Home," and of his Summer teaching at a college in Tennessee. The editor concluded the symposium, pointing out matters that might better be left to private practitioners. Now, several of these symposing professors are friends of mine, and I regret to report that some of them are fitted to teach no art higher than pitching horse-shoes. Yet the editor —a man of sense off duty—cast not one suspicious glance at the *quality* of all this busying. In the true gospel, it seems, there is no varying quality. A shrub planted is a soul saved.

III

The American Society of Landscape Archi- tects, unlike the corresponding architec- tural organization, has enlisted almost all the practitioners in its field. Membership is essential to respectable professional stand- ing—and helps get jobs. Admission to the lower ranks of the society is easy. Given the necessary diploma or a certificate of service in an approved office, all one needs is a slight competence in drafting and facility with the established clichés. Since junior members are taken directly from the colleges, proved power of design would be an absurd requirement. Fellow- ship and high office follow upon profes- sional success and conformity to ethical standards.

Every royal academy has its chorus of ancients. In the A. S. L. A. it is the Boston crowd. Olmsted men are preponderant in the society, if not numerically in the majority. The present head of the Harvard school is quite actively a past president. The official organ is edited by a Harvard professor, a member of the Olmsted firm. The Western members occasionally rebel against the Eastern control of the offices and committees, but they do so very cautiously. There is apparently no protest

against the academy's fundamentally conservative attitude toward design. Naturally, the leaders in the A. S. L. A. do not openly influence the members to use one style of design rather than another. They have little need to. The society has never heard of Kirschville, Pa., and Kirschville has never heard of the society. But when the directors of the Angels' Rest Cemetery ask young Mr. Strauchenpflanzer to draw an extension plan they know it will be formed in pleasing pretzel-curves. Anything else would offend their intelligences. Anything else would, of course, be stiff, formal, unnatural, inappropriate, un-democratic, un-American, irreverent. As long as these sturdy words walk the ramparts the burgher landscape architect may sleep serene. His stock in trade is safe.

And yet not quite. A prowling foreign fancy, the vogue of formal gardens, lately waylaid some of the best customers. Faced with this condition, the profession showed subtle tact. It made the thief a salesman. It became eclectic: it designs formally or informally as is most functional, a phrase safely construed as meaning according to the wishes of the client's wife. Will the guild adapt itself to the trend of taste and slough off naturalism entirely? Alas, it cannot! The somewhat delicate reason had best be expressed from within. Hubbard and Kimball of Harvard, in their book on landscape design, define the profession's catchment area thus:

> In producing the formal setting of a palace, the landscape architect's equipment may indeed differ from that of the architect only in his knowledge of plants and what effects can be secured with them; in reproducing or intelligently preserving a natural woodland, however, the landscape architect must have a knowledge of nature's processes, a familiarity with nature's materials, a sensitiveness to the natural beauty of rock and wood and water, which does not form the professional equipment of any other artist.

No extraordinary knowledge of cerebral ecology is needed to suggest that under this foliage of logical distinction will be found the fungi of economic interest. If all land-arrangement were formal the landscape architects would soon sink t the level of horticultural assistants to th architects. Not until the osteopath, se duced by pills, gives up his vertebra lesions, will the landscape architect for swear his undulating shrubbery.

The last competition for the Rome priz in landscape architecture illustrated thi regimentation of ideas in the professio very well. The programme—unlike man other competitive programmes that hav required dominantly informal layouts—fixed no style of design. The small me morial park was to be built on an irregula terraine with a hill in its midst, which th builders of the Parthenon would hav lusted to shape into a great rectangula terrace overlooking the town. Yet all th competing designs were in the informa park style. One of them was full of walk in commas and ovals, French curves a dashing as any in the Parc Monceau. I the winning plan the principal entranc drive split a rectangular intersection of th boundary streets, and just within the par impinged against the point of a triangula island of lawn. On the hill was a timi touch of informal formality, quite im potent to master the design—a passag that could be called formal, if that is wha you want, but not formal enough to sug gest that an architect did it.

These men may honestly not like tha sort of thing. But as students and as com petitors they were browbeaten by the lanc scape atmosphere. They were intimidate by the topography, they had no convic tions capable of standing up against wha happened to exist, they all knew that th landscape creed holds trees and groun forms sacred. These restraints were jus as effective as if the programme had ex plicitly said, "No masculine rendering c the hill-overlook idea, such as you ma shortly be going to the Pincian Hill t study, is permitted." The Pincian Hill an Hadrian's villa may save one of these me The others will go back to their propose contours in full line, existing contours i dotted line, and the annual banquet of th

. S. L. A. This society's fundamental
urpose, apparently, is to keep its art
parate and distinct from the contiguous
ts. It is an anti-social purpose. The
rts were better off when the chance of
nius might make of one man architect,
bldsmith and engineer. Specializing is in
rt responsible for the conspicuous in-
nsistencies of phase among our arts.
e is a lucky architect who on successive
ys works on a factory, steel bridge,
nch room, church, skyscraper and coun-
y villa. He is more likely to make archi-
cture the true fruit of our culture and
nuinely enjoyable to us than a spe-
alist is.

When it comes to making a beautiful
untry, no professional art can take the
ace of mellowed folk art. Italy was not
de beautiful by artists so much as by
asants and laborers. The garden archi-
cts of the Renaissance did not create
ings wholly new: they built more dra-
tic versions of the old court-yards, gar-
ns and grape arbors. A peasant thought
e master's garden fine, but he did not
ink it strange. Artists and peasants
uld work together to make the country
autiful, because they used the same form-
nguage. There is a tiny plaza at the edge
Orvieto, a few feet of parapet wall, a
nch, four trees. But the art of the place,
will be noted, is exactly the art of the
lla d'Este.

The landscape style does not speak the
lk language and cannot be harmonized
th folk art. There is a brief essay by
msted in which he contrasts a white
cket fence with a picturesque stone wall
varied texture, planted with rock plants
d sketchy vines. The wall might be
etty, but Olmsted's choice shows that
was blind to the beauties and the limi-
cions of folk art. Go to New Bedford:
e town is full of charming garden mo-
es, bits of box parterre, granite gate-
sts, buckthorn hedges looking over stone
alls, low terraces and steps, and balanced
acs at the gates. Out at Padanarum there
e great cedar hedges and green piers
twelve feet high and eight feet through
that would be famous in garden lore if
they were at Hampton Court. Now go to
the Stetson estate, nearby, planned by
Charles Eliot. In whole effect and in every
detail it is as much unlike the fine garden
tradition of New Bedford as it could pos-
sibly be made. The entrance drive would
not be more exotic to the local culture if
it were planted with palms. The same sort
of thing can be seen in any part of the
country. In California the early settlers
from the East applied their old ways to
the new materials, and made the begin-
nings of a charming indigenous art of the
land. The stunning clipped Monterey cy-
presses in the Odd Fellows' cemetery at
Salinas, the occasional old velvet-soft cy-
press hedges, the lofty green arches over
front gates, the eucalyptus lanes, the houses
set in orchards—in the face of all this
enormous wealth of suggestion landscape
architecture has produced what? The An-
geleno's pride, the atrocious East Lake
Park!

The landscape style is irremediably toxic
to the good taste of the countryman. It is
nature-imitative, informal, anti-geometric,
opposed to the display of craftsmanship,
which no genuine folk art can be. Espe-
cially in building and the surroundings of
the home, folk art has always formed
simple symmetrical arrangements. Only
such rudimentary principles of design as
straightness, uniformity, economy and
equal balance can be understood by the
simple minds who do the great mass of
building and gardening. The illiterate
Italian peasant or the art-fearing New
England farmer, left alone, will make for
his house a charming setting of stone
walls, terraces, walks, hedges, arbors and
rows of trees, handled with pleasant char-
acteristic touches in each locality. But
give him new materials and new ideas, and
he contrives a display of inane ugliness.
Ornamental landscape gardening, stand-
ardized and nationally advertised, is wip-
ing out whatever there is of the beau-
tiful folk types of garden art.

IV

The landscapers need not all hang. Many of the younger men see the tangle of myth and vested interest that binds the profession, and are slowly cutting their way toward the light. They are looking for inspiration, not merely in the national styles of gardening, in Kip's views and Falda's "Fontane," but in every sort of space and ground arrangement, in Renaissance plazas and Mayan temple groups. They are groping toward new forms in land design, with as yet nothing agreed upon except that there are æsthetic motives and mechanical means in our huge gridiron cities, in our love for height and size, in the Wilson dam and the Yale Bowl, in concrete mixers and steam shovels, and in booster energy and national highways. They see that gasoline has changed the design and location of parks. Observing the Sunday crowds lying two deep on Revere Beach, they doubt that only hilly lawns and trees in groups of three or five can rest the city soul. They see that the current American is not a gardener, that he does not care for plants as plants, though he loves grass, trees, sunlight and panoramic views as much as ever. I know of one young landscape architect, in charge of a nursery, who is simplifying his plant lists so that a person of ordinary intelligence can look at his catalogue without getting dizzy.

It is true that Americans, even such as care for art in one way or another, ar barely interested in garden and park de sign. That is because we do not knov what we are missing. As an instance: ther are few things that have more of botl charm and dignity or make a stronge appeal to human form-feeling than a fin avenue of trees—not mere street trees, bu straight walls of foliage with a broa carpet of grass or gravel between them like the avenues in St. Cloud. Americar landscape architects have been busy three quarters of a century, but where in any o their public parks is there a really fin avenue? We have suffered so long from th incredibly narrow taste of our park design ers that our imaginations have no measur with which to assess our loss. That los is virtually a whole art, an art that Apollc seems somehow to have inspired with breadth and dignity and also with th fancy and friendliness that make it a joy to every kind of mind.

But ideas do change—in time. New work will be done, new words will become the nuclei of new values, and appropriate disguises will be found whereby the new ways can penetrate even into the heads of the professors. The benevolent analyst whose name is hereto superscribed will then be tendered honorary membership in a reformed A. S. L. A. And at last the Anglo-natural style of garden will be laid away in the God's acre of Eighteenth Century metaphors.

OLD WHITEY

BY NELS ANDERSON

At first Old Whitey did not take kindly to her confinement. She rebelled against the narrow, grimy pen. She threw herself against the plank fence, bowling her protest. She tried to dig under it. Then she tried to climb over, but it was too high, so she contented herself with standing on her hind legs, her front feet and snout hanging over the top. From this position she could see all the centers of interest on the Krone farm: the house, the stable and the granary where she used to pull ears of corn through the cracks. She could see the people come and go. And she could see the swill-barrel.

Whenever anyone came in sight she would cry out, complaining. No one heeded her except Billy, and he only appeared at meal times. As he went through the ceremony of dripping the swill and mixing into it the usual quart of boiled wheat, Old Whitey looked on eagerly, emitting little grunts of anticipation. She was becoming more interested in the carryings-on at the swill-barrel than in anything else. As she thus gave more attention to eating and less to escape Old Whitey's protests subsided to occasional plaintive little squeals. She began to ignore all sounds outside the pen save when she heard Billy approach. Then she would clamber to her standing position, groaning like a starveling. But all the time she was gaining in weight, and so it became increasingly difficult for her to lift herself. Finally, she ceased to try, and then, by degrees, she lost all interest in the outside universe. In her indifference she would lumber through the mire from the muddy corner where she slept to the equally muddy corner where she ate, only to return to sleep some more.

The face of Billy, appearing each meal time with his bucket, was finally the only link that connected her with her former existence. She would listen for him and try to gobble all the contents of his bucket in a few great gulps, before he emptied it into the trough. But gradually she lost even her fervor for food. At times she was so groggy when he came that she made no attempt to rise from her squalid bed. After that she ate with the perfunctory apathy of a prisoner who accepts languidly whatever is shoved into his cell. Sometimes she would leave the trough after a few swallows, and later return mechanically to eat more. She would take little half-swallows, halting between mouthsful as though she were eating in her sleep.

When Whitey, after her career of raising pink little pigs, was committed to the fattening-pen she was large but not without some graceful lines in her well-muscled body. She was rangy and alert and made a show of dignity. But little by little confinement and over-eating robbed her of all this, and at the same time the grimy pen blotted out the clean whiteness of her bristles. Her figure took on a blanket of puffy fat. Her old maternal defiance yielded to a pliant, lazy moping about the pen. She became so enormous that her legs bowed under the burden of her body. Her cheeks puffed out like toy balloons, and her eyes receded and narrowed until they were only a pair of hairy slits in her head.

Pa Krone noted this transformation with keen satisfaction. As he watched Old Whitey mince her food he would wag his head knowingly and smile. "Mama," he

would say to Ma Krone, "she youst meks meat lak anyting. By butcher day she weigh four hunnard poun." But Ma Krone was never enthusiastic. For her, pig-killing was just another deluge of work, like cooking for the fourteen men of a threshing crew. It was as bad as three wash-days in one. First, there would be a whole day's preparation to make head-cheese. Then there would be pork to salt and pork to smoke, pig's feet to pickle, and sausage to pack. There would be blood pancakes to make, the black, sticky, dreadful things. These revolting pancakes were just another one of the "ole country notions" that some people hung on to, "just because they did it in the ole country." The scraps of fat she would have to save for soap grease, and the rest of it she would have to rend into lard. Ma Krone was not deceived. *She* knew who did the work.

As Billy watched the old sow put on weight he was repelled by her growing ugliness. Again he was moved to pity, and would try to do things to make her comfortable. He would climb into the pen and shovel out the muck or fetch an armful of straw for her bed. There was one thing about which he was certain; that pig-raising was a business not to his liking and that when he grew to be a man there would be none of it on *his* farm. At best, he thought, pigs were only a nuisance. After struggling with them for months, one had to kill them in the end. The problem of meat, of course, would arise, but he would dismiss it with the decision that there would be no meat on his farm. Sometimes, maybe, there would be sausages and beef. But he never thought of beef as meat, for it was only two or three times a year that store-bought corned beef appeared on the Krone table.

One day Billy broached his utopian farm plan to his little sister, the oldest of the four smaller Krones. She listened critically and then asked what he was going to do for head-cheese. This was a mixture of heart, liver, kidneys, feet, jowl and other odds and ends of the pig. It was a delightful combination when Ma Kron made it, pressed into bricks held togethe by pig's feet jelly.

"I would buy head-cheese," he replie decisively.

"Yes, but nobody can make it like th old country folks. And if you buy it some body else has to kill the pigs. And wha are you going to do for lard to mak doughnuts with, and how are you goin to make soap?"

His scheme blocked, but still uncon vinced, Billy answered stubbornly, "W would do without. What did people d before they had pigs? And some places i the world they ain't got no pigs at all."

II

Butchering day dawned clear and cold Billy was awakened by Pa Krone thumpin with the handle of the broom against th ceiling below and yelling, "Boys! Boys!" The night's sleep had been a confused pur suit of something or a flight from some thing, he knew not which. The four littl Krones were already awake and vastly excited. They rushed downstairs before Billy was half-dressed. They hurriedly lined up on their side of the table and gob bled their yellow cornmeal mush and new milk out of large white bowls. In the kitchen Ma Krone could be heard scour ing the kettle for the head-cheese. Soon she emerged with a large shiny milk pan in which were three butcher knives and a cup of salt. These she placed unceremoni ously on the table before Pa Krone. He picked them up and left the house. The four little Krones, like wriggling puppies, followed close on his heels.

His breakfast eaten, Billy followed his father. By force of habit he turned toward the swill-barrel and picked up the bucket before he remembered that Old Whitey would not be fed this morning. The rattle of the bucket aroused her, however, and he could hear her struggling to rise to her feet. He stopped at the side of the fence and watched her laboriously and expec-

ntly drag herself across the pen to the ough. She stared quizzically at him when failed to pour out the customary ration. r a moment she stood looking about r and then returned sullenly to her straw. lly walked away and began to carry ood for the fire that his older brother, n, had already lighted. Then he helped rry the stones that were heaped on the azing mass of wood.

This finished, Billy helped his brother t the scaffold in readiness. He climbed the top and passed the rope through the lley. A huge barrel was rolled in posi- n beneath and Billy and the four little ones began carrying water to fill it. Pa one was intent on erecting an impro- sed table beside the barrel. He made it laying four planks on a couple of saw rses. In a convenient position on the le were placed the three knives, whetted a razor's edge, the shiny milk pan and e cup of salt. Leaning against the table s a double-bitted axe that had been ched from the wood-shed by one of the tle Krones.

Billy set about prodding the fire and ling on fuel. He took a shovel and lifted e hot stones from the fire and one by one opped them into the barrel of water. ey dropped to the bottom with a siz- ng, spitting sound, sending clouds of am into the chill morning air. Soon the rrel was scalding hot and oozing steam. e stones were then fished out and re- rned to the fire.

Everything was now in readiness. The r little Krones, trembling with excite- nt, threw a last stick of wood on the and fled to a distance, where they uld watch in safety. Billy, who had aduated from the spectator class, stood and not without a tiny thrill of pride.

Krone and Brother Jim busied them- ves with breaking a hole in the pen ce. This accomplished, they stepped k to give Old Whitey a chance to ne out.

The old sow looked on with unaccus- ned interest. The ordinary routine of her day had been broken. She retreated to the opposite side of the pen and watched the proceedings. Not until Brother Jim had gone around the pen, thrown a leg over the fence, and kicked her did she budge out of her tracks. Then she moved with a cautious wobbly gait, dragging her great weight through the mire. She began to examine the break in the fence, and to thrust her head experimentally through the opening.

"Here, piggy, piggy," coaxed Brother Jim, holding out an ear of corn.

Old Whitey, seeing the corn, began to squeeze her body through the hole. But once she had gained the solid ground outside she lost interest in it and started in another direction. The clear and open air seemed to affect her and she began to trot toward the house. Pa Krone ran in front of her, striking the ground with a stick, and turned her toward the fire. She paused with great dignity to root around in the soft earth, picking up and chewing a bit of rotten wood.

"She wants salt," Pa Krone commented, "Hed-der off dere!"

She had started to run, but Jim turned her back to the fire, where she nosed around again until her snout came in contact with one of the hot stones that Billy was preparing to drop into the scalding barrel. With a squeal of pain she wheeled away, and, ignoring everybody, attempted to return to her pen.

"Here, piggy, piggy," Jim again caught her attention with his ear of corn. She followed him, nibbling at it while he coaxed her to a convenient position. Here he stopped, rubbed her back and scratched her behind the ears. She responded with friendly grunts. He scratched her harder, this time on her large flabby sides, and then reached over and scratched her under the belly. He scratched her throat and the sides of her cheeks. She made a clumsy effort to rub against his legs, to be scratched some more.

Pa Krone, with his hand behind his back, came up stealthily and was now

standing on the other side of Whitey. He, too, began scratching her back. By this time she had lost interest in the ear of corn and was swaying to and fro in the ecstasy of being scratched. She leaned heavily against Jim's legs and when he stepped back she flopped over on her side with resigned, sleepy grunts.

Quick as a flash the two men seized her legs and rolled her to a helpless position on her back. Before she could utter a sound the long knife had been thrust to the handle into her throat. In a second she found her voice and the air was rent with her cries of rage. But balked as she was in her struggle to regain her feet, her angry squeals soon yielded to wails of despair. Sitting astride her, with his head bowed like a priest offering sacrifice, Pa Krone said with an air of finality, "Dair!" Then he gave the knife a final thrust, and sucking the air in through his tightly compressed lips, added, "She's so beeg ay can't touch her harrt. Guess we hafftoo let'er bleed."

Suddenly he turned impatiently toward the staring Billy, "Hey you, don't stan' dere muxin' like an ole wooman! Bring dat pan, quick!" Billy sprang to obey. Shuddering, he held the pan in place while the knife was drawn from the sow's throat. Whitey's squeals gradually subsided to long-drawn groans. The men released her and she rolled over on her belly in a vain attempt to rise. In her eyes came a glassy stare, but her body still fought for life. Several times she tried to lift herself to a standing position, but her strength was slipping away and her weight would pull her back to the ground. With a gesture of weariness she settled to her side and belly, her legs out before her, like a dog resting. She flopped her head this way and that. Then, with a tired, yawning sigh, she dropped her snout to the ground. Her great frame began to quiver, and she was quiet.

With whoops of delight the four little Krones came rushing in with loud cries from their place of safety.

III

Billy sighed his relief, and helped drag the carcass to the scaffold, where it was dipped into the scalding barrel preparatory to scraping the hair off. He went through the rest of the day like one in a dream. Finally came supper, a happy affair which dragged far into the evening. It was a sort of victory feast and even Ma Krone showed some of the spirit of the occasion, although her part of the work had only begun. Pa Krone was jovial and reminiscent. He related tales of the days when he "kilt beeg picks in Schweden." And then of herding them. The children listened with awe as he told of his childhood sufferings. "Enwen I losed dem picks, dem farmers yoused shase me en lick me goot."

Billy, sat in silence, his elbows on the table and his chin in the cups of his hands. He tried in vain to vision irate farmers with long sticks chasing his father. He tried to vision Pa Krone as a little orphan boy in Sweden—Pa Krone who always boasted to the neighbors, "So lonk as I'm is able I'm is the boss off mine fambly." The picture would not take shape. Pa Krone was too round and ruddy, with his bristling yellow whiskers and his hard stubby hands.

"A leetle girl used t' watch geese, en dem geese wout shase us en bite goot. En me en dat girl wout sit by a beeg rock en sing sonks. Den we losed dem picks en geese, en den dint we git licked, MY!" With the memory of this little goose girl upon him Pa Krone burst into song. For a moment he sang softly and tenderly, his eyes closed and his body swaying gently to the cadence of the tune. Then, as if ashamed of being sentimental, he changed to boisterous yodeling, accompanied by a noisy stamping of his heels. Ma Krone smiled tolerantly.

The clock struck and Billy rose. His heart was lead and the burden of the gargantuan meal bore down on him and depressed him. Without notice he lit the lantern and left the house to do his eve-

ning chores; to throw a last forkful of hay into the manger for the horses and to chop some corn-stalks for the cows. These were new chores that had been recently given to him, and he accepted them with a feeling of importance. Formerly Brother Jim or his father did such tasks. As Billy lit the lantern and went out he felt that he was no longer a child, but a man. It was to him a ceremony, a benediction on the day's appalling work.

All outdoors was flooded with moonlight. The flare of his lantern looked a butter yellow, and in competition with the full moon scarcely cast a shadow. The quiet of the evening soothed his troubled feelings. He stopped to breathe the frosty air. Behind, he could hear the family laughing and talking, still in the glow of the day's drama. From the barn came the occasional sound of the horses stamping, or cows sighing or lowing. In the distance a wagon rattled over the frozen ground.

Without thought of direction he walked past the swill-barrel and toward the fattening pen, now a silent void. From the scaffold beyond the pen and above the overturned barrel hung the mortal remains of Old Whitey. Her cleanly-scraped pink-white body was draped in heavy canvas. The warm smell of her flesh was still on the air. But tomorrow she would be pork, ready to be smoked or salted.

Still carrying his lantern on his arm, but unmindful of it, Billy approached the scene of execution. Carefully avoiding the blood spots on the ground, he treaded his way to the white-shrouded spectre. A moment he was mute before it; then he reached out and touched the canvas. As he placed the palm of his hand against the dangling body he sensed the lingering warmth of the cooling flesh. His emotions welled to overflowing. He threw his arms about the trunk of Old Whitey, buried his face in the canvas, and sobbed bitterly.

GUANTANAMO

BY K. C. McINTOSH

A RICKETY wooden building like a squat barn built on piles over whispering, greenish water; a long, battered mahogany bar; a hundred white and gold uniforms at white-topped tables that are littered with remnants of salad and fried chicken, and are sloppy with beer-froth and the chill sweat of highball glasses. A hundred grinning black faces at the wide glassless windows on the street side. Lean, nondescript dogs snuffing for scraps on the floor and cringing when looked at. Target practice was over, the manœuvers were finished, and the Scouting Fleet was sailing for home in the morning. But this was tonight, not tomorrow morning; and everyone not on watch was ending the Winter's work with a whoop in the queer little village of Caimanera.

The tall, gray admiral's drawling voice suddenly jumped four tones higher. "My cruising is done," he almost shouted, "and after forty-two years of it, I'm telling you that there isn't a youngster of the lot of you whose responsibilities right now aren't bigger than any I ever had. This game of ours is moving faster than even the scientists can keep up with; and what we'd like to have costs too dam' much. You've got to know your jobs as we old-timers never did; and the only place to learn your job is at sea. Work, dammit, work is the only answer; and if you feel you're getting stale there's only one thing to fix your mind on and that's the country. Dammit, just Our Country! That's all we need to keep in view!"

In a storm of cheering, the admiral sat down by his table, and the wistfulness of his half-smile contrasted oddly with the "reefed-tops'l" voice in which he had just expressed himself.

A young lieutenant at the weather-beaten piano began thumping the melody of "Row, Row, Rosie," and a red-haired youngster hopped up on the piano to lead a hundred salt-roughened voices in the roaring chorus:

> The Battle Fleet can never come to Caimanera,
> Ne-ver see Boqueron!
> While they drink tequila down in Tia Juana
> We're sitting here so free,
> Swallowing Bacardi,—

In the meantime, first lieutenants, navigators and gunnery officers, all clad in white aprons, and their faces lined with the strain of the long target season just ended, were cracking ice and mixing weird drinks in pitchers so furiously that one would think their very lives depended upon it. The strains of "Caimanera" died away, and the red-haired youngster at once swung into

> Put your troubles on the bum,
> Here we come, full of rum,
> Bye, Bye, Cuba!

The crashing rhythm drowned out the wail of Peanut Mary in the doorway: "Git yo' first clahss roasted peanuts, gentlemen! Git yo' lott'ry tickets! Buy this numbah, honey, it's the lucky numbah fo' you. Trust an old niggah that knows luck!"

About eighty miles westward, after rounding the winking light of Cape Maysi, there is another lighthouse on a low flat promontory jutting out from the scrubby hillside. This is Deer Point, where McCalla Hill enters the sea. Tiny red and

black buoys mark the crooked entrance channel. As you pass the first one, the Bay of Guantanamo comes before you, and you behold a most surprising sight. It seems incredible that a coast so uniform and solid in appearance can hide so broad an expanse of placid water. The main bay, nearly four miles in diameter, stretches inland to the North and opens through a narrow strait, half hidden by Hospital Key, into Joa Bay, which is almost as large again. The curious formation of the dun-colored surrounding hills and the unvarying white shore, fringed with matted mangroves, make the bay seem to grow as ship after ship enters and anchors.

A lone gunboat fits snugly into the bight near Fisherman's Point and seems to be in the very center of the bay. Twenty battleships, scores of destroyers, and a dozen great vessels of the train have already found anchorage without difficulty, and each one seemed to her own crew to be in the center of the bay.

Only by crossing in a speed-boat can Guantanamo's immense magnitude be appreciated. As the squat bungalows and oil tanks of the naval station fade from sight against the dull green hillsides, the tiny standpipe on Hospital Key grows into a huge towering water-tank perched on a bare yellow bluff overhanging the coal-pockets. Then the key dwindles in the wake, and the red smudge to the left and the white blur to the right expand rapidly into the railroad terminals of Red Barn and Boqueron, with ocean-going steamers loading at the long wharves or anchored in the stream offshore. By that time the upper end of the bay has moved on to the long, ramshackle waterfront. At Caimanera the bay again sweeps on to the rolling soft green of the sugar country, which lies between rusty mountain slopes.

I first saw the bay in 1906. Only last year I spent seven months there, traveling all over the place. Fish Point, and Deer Point, where the Marines live, and the cable station, which hides behind papaya trees; the great stretch of the target range and the immense recreation field where ten baseball games may be going on so far apart that one can barely hear another's cheering. Hicacal Beach, where the airplanes tune up and the commandant plays golf; Toro Key, Hospital Key, Smallpox Point—all these I know. I have been miles up the Freshwater river hunting nonexistent crocodiles. I know the hot, spiny brush of the Eastern hills, where tradition says deer-hunting used to be worthwhile. I know the three towns of the upper bay, and can put my finger on the exact spot on the chart where the scurrying, coughing motorboats leave United States territory and become foreign visitors in Cuba. I am familiar with all these places, and yet I do not know how big the bay is. I have, in fact, hardly scratched its surface. Anchored under Toro Key I have seen big battleships hoisted high above the horizon by the early morning mirage, though the entrance to the bay lay nearly a mile beyond them. From McCalla Hill, where the old Spanish gun crouches, I have seen a tiny huddle of ships in a great expanse of water, and that huddle was the whole fighting sea power of America. The roar of the *Colorado's* anchor chain, a ton to each massive link, sounds thin and insignificant in the vast placid stillness. Were all the Navy's Guantanamo plant collected and dropped on Staten Island, the Borough of Richmond would be appreciably larger. But the Navy youngster, entering the bay for the first time, remarks in amazement, "Hell's bells, there's nothing here!"

On the steep shores of a ragged inlet, cut through the mangroves, is the naval station. Here are the target range and recreation field, the oil tanks, power plant and storehouses. Along the cliff-top the low green bungalows of the quarters nestle in a tangle of palms and trumpet vines, a flowery oasis in a desert of scrub and thorn. Here and there a blue-jacket will be clattering a typewriter by an open window or languidly overhauling a motor-boat engine. The crew of the oil

barge are scrubbing clothes on the deck, one of them whistling thinly through the still heat. Here and there a handful of officers, bleached as white as their uniforms under their wide pith helmets, plod doggedly along at their duties. If the day is not too hot, their wives are riding lazy ponies over the hill to call on the ladies of the Marine Corps at Deer Point. Chinese coolies methodically tend the boilers of the power plant or push tiny flat cars under the somnolent direction of a brown Cuban foreman.

Once a month the *Kittery* comes in with passengers and freight for Haiti, Santo Domingo or the Virgin Islands, and the station gives a tired dance at Caimanera. Four times a week the mail comes overland from Havana. Fresh water costs twenty-five cents a hundred gallons. Old Civil Service clerks thankfully close their desks as the shadows start to lengthen, and scramble into motor-boats to go home and loll on their breezy porches on the bare yellow crest of Hospital Key. A shout or a loud, hearty laugh would be as noteworthy in Guantanamo as it would be in a church. There is just enough tennis to keep in condition, just enough swimming to keep moderately cool, just enough bridge of an evening to exhaust the conversation of your neighbors, and an occasional ride up the bay for a cocktail on Pablo's back gallery or a cold bottle of beer in Jim Beauzay's or O'Brien's. Even babies seldom break the drowsy routine, for expectant mothers usually hurry home to the States.

II

Then the Fleet comes steaming in, a long gray line. The stolid battleships drop ponderous anchors near the naval station. Trim, lean cruisers in double row take position just beyond, and then come the clumsy, squat vessels of the train: store ships, repair ships and tankers, their gray formation broken by the startling white of the floating hospital. Farther up the bay scores of destroyers cling to the skirts of their plump, businesslike "mothers." Over by Hicacal—known to the Navy as "High Cackle"—the aircraft tenders ride between long rows of anchored scouting and torpedo planes. The glassy surface of the bay is crisscrossed with the droning wakes of a hundred busy motor-boats. Gigs and barges speed back and forth carrying seniors on official visits. Gunnery officers gather the battery officers into wide-eared groups and lay down the law. The arrival of the Fleet has spread a broad smile on every face in the station. In the Fleet itself there is a smile here and there, but the dominant thought is first of work, work, and more work.

The routine is scandalized the first day after arrival. At eight in the morning, seventy-five long minutes ahead of normal time, the bugles begin to blare "Get yer sword on, get yer sword on!" and junior officers gulp their coffee and hasten to their stations cramming toast into their mouths as they run. Hardly is muster over and absentees reported when the general alarm gong breaks the long silence it has maintained through the overhaul period just past.

"Bong! Bong! That's all we'll hear between now and April," yelps a turret officer. "Come on, gang, let's go!"

The anchors clank and grumble as they break out of the soft mud. Ship after ship turns slowly on its heel and heads out to the drill grounds. The gunnery officer is in his thick steel tower, telephones on his ears. "Turret One ready, sir!" "Spot One ready, sir!" "Plot ready, sir!" Motors grind and rattle as the great crouching turrets swing their massive guns from side to side.

Up and down the coast steam the lines of ships. Up and down plods the little tug dragging the target screens. Up and down swing the guns while sub-caliber blank shells bark a record of "pointer drill" in the turrets and a spatter of rifle blank comes from the rows of five-inch guns of the broadside as buzzers give the

firing signal. . . . Drill, drill, coach your men, teach your men, speed up your loading time! Keep your crosswires on! Don't fire unless you're steady on the bull! Do it again and again. A hasty wash and a clean coat for lunch, where the talk is of guns and nothing but guns. Back into dungarees and at the guns again by one o'clock. Drill, drill, coach your men, teach your men, speed up your loading time.

The afternoon wears on, and sweating, oil-smutted faces begin to peer anxiously through open ports between loads. "Where are we now? Will we get back in time?" "Hell, it's three-thirty now,—we won't be anchored by five o'clock!"

In the still long glare that precedes sunset, the ships slip silently into the bay again. The talk at dinner is again of guns, but on the faces of all is a shadow of annoyance. In the fourth ward, where junior officers congregate, the mental capacity of the Fleet Staff is commented upon in rather biting terms. "We didn't do a damn thing the last hour out. We could have made the last run off Deer Point easy as not. Just wasted time! We could have been anchored by four o'clock easy!"

A youngster hailing from the West Coast asks mildly, "What's the difference? Four or five o'clock look alike here, don't they?"

"Goof!" drawls the mess treasurer from the foot of the table. "It takes half an hour to clean up and get the boats in the water. It takes half an hour to get to Caimanera. It takes another half-hour to get back. And you gotta be back by six-thirty. Think it over."

Knowing that he is irretrievably in the wrong, the youngster nevertheless sticks to his guns. "Why go to Caimanera?" he demands.

Through a chorus of groans he learns why. "Because, fool, Caimanera is in Cuba and so is Red Barn. Why did you San Diego loafers go to Tia Juana on a warm night?"

"To get a drink," replies the youngster, seeing a great light.

"Humph!" grunts the treasurer.

Next afternoon the youngster is one of the first to hate the Staff as the lowering sun slants across ships still far out at sea. Little does he know that on the flagship's bridge there are faces as long as his, and that the admiral himself, perhaps, is crisply admonishing the Fleet gunnery officer in words like these: "We didn't gain a damn thing by staying out the last hour. We could have planned to finish the last run off Deer Point. Wasted time and fuel! We could have been anchored by four o'clock easy!"

III

A few days of clanging alarm gongs and sweating turrets, and the new routine is perfected. The last mud-hook has gone crashing down into the thick oily water by the time the bells have rung for four o'clock. With the splash of the disappearing anchor, booms swing out, gangways clatter into place and cranes drop small boats alongside. Scrubbed, whiteclad officers, still purple from long hours in the close hot turrets, collect at the gangway and implore the officer of the deck to make haste.

"Gotta get the gig off first," replies that harassed official. "The old man's going to Boqueron with the admiral. Can't you birds wait a minute? Gee, just my luck to have the watch the first time we've been in early! There's your boat, gentlemen. She's got to wait for the commander, so don't get impatient."

There is hardly time for impatience before the commander runs down the ladder and drops into the boat with a cheery "Well! Is *all* the bunch going shopping?" The boat starts up the bay at top speed. Half a mile ahead, in a flying black barge, the admiral is telling his chief of staff that he wants to take up the plan for the first phase of the coming manœuvers "as soon as we get where it's comfortable."

The black barge heads for Boqueron, where Manuel's cool adobe walls house iron tables where admirals and captains may get long cold drinks without having to cramp the style of their juniors.

The gray boats race onward. Junior officers stop at Red Barn—"you get there ten minutes sooner"—while ward-rooms carry on to Caimanera, where the tables are literally over the bay and the breeze rustles lazily through the slatted awnings. Pablo and Pepe and Jim and Chico have huge pitchers of frosty *daiquiris* already mixed and waiting, and as the speeding boats are sighted there is a cracking of ice. The little boy with the ukulele begins to tune up, and Peanut Mary clears her throat.

"Git yo' peanuts, gentlemen," she shrills in her high Jamaica voice as a cargo of thirsty Americans leap out of the first boat. "Git yo' first clahss peanuts!"

"Hello, Mary," calls a grizzled officer, "you're looking young as ever."

Mary's black face flashes teeth and eyes, and she chuckles, expectant of the next remark. Sure enough it comes, the question you must always ask her: "Well, Mary, are you still a virgin?"

"No, thank God!" is Mary's invariable reply, while her gray-wooled aunt bays with wolf-like laughter and adds, "Not these forty years!"

The thin brown urchin who is Mary's competitor shouts "Compra mani'! Compra mi mani'!" and the little boy with the ukulele rolls his crossed eyes and sings, "Why did I kiss that girl?" But these are only preliminary efforts. There are no customers as the boats come in. Between six and six-thirty, as the swarming launches fill up with home-going Americans, many peanuts will be sold and many a nickle will rattle inside the battered uke. Now there is no time.

Scattered over the waterfront, at white-topped tables for four or five, conversation, after the first long "Ah-h-h-!" is again of guns, guns, guns. During the half-hour's ride back to the ship, the chatter is lively but it is all of guns, too. Those who have been merriest in the Cuban village are the first to gather after dinner with books and scratch-pads and plotting-sheets and plans to dispute over guns and gunnery far into the night. Six in the morning sees a party leave the ship for a hasty plunge from the swimming-float. By eight the ship is under way and headed out to sea.

Teach your men, coach your men, speed up your loading time, drill, drill—

For the youngsters, both officers and men, comes the great day when the first real firing is done. And it comes all too soon for the gunnery officer. "If I were only sure they'd remember their safety precautions! After all they've been told, when I stuffed canvas down the muzzle of Number Fifteen yesterday, the dam' fool plugman yelled 'Bore clear!' just the same!" His face is set and pallid from long days and nights of work. He will get some of the credit if the ship shoots well, and he will get the blame if a flareback kills a dozen men this morning. He has done all he can. He waits.

"Coming on the range! Stand by!"

The whistle roars "Commence firing!" and from the broadside leaps a rolling sheet of yellow flame. An eternity after the crash of the discharge, white splashes fly up around the moving target-screen.

"Down one double-O!" howls the foretop. Sights are hastily reset, checked and rechecked. At monotonous intervals the firing buzzers drone. The sweating pointers tug feverishly at their wheels to "get her on and stay there."

Then another salvo belches forth. Again there is the interminable wait for the splash. As Spot One yells "No change!" the crews of guns not firing on this run begin to cheer. The forced calm of the battery officers' voices changes to a staccato bark; "You've got it, pour 'em in!"

Crash! "Bore clear! Ready three!"

Crash! "Bore clear! Ready four!"

"Shift pointers! Stand by!"

The tug stolidly drags the targets, the

black screens now peppered with bright holes. Like clockwork the ship turns, countermarches, and heads in again from astern of the tug. "Coming on the range! Whistle!" Turret after turret hurls its roaring rain of steel at the checkered canvas screens. As the last gun coughs and returns to battery, perspiring umpires gather and tot up long columns of hastily scrawled figures. How many hits? How fast? Any casualties? Penalties? Percentages? Battery officers drift into the wardroom, jubilant or dispirited according to the way their guns have performed. Only the gunnery officer's face remains set.

"Congratulations, Billy," cries a senior. "She shot mighty well."

"That's one down," answers the gunnery officer. "Eight more practices to shoot before we can say she's done well."

IV

Clean ship, scrub, paint, repair the damage done by the jar of guns—these begin all over again. This time the problem is one of night firing, with a moving gray target in the dark which must be found with searchlight or star-shell. There are no afternoon boatrides now, for the ships go out late in the afternoon and work until midnight. Still the bugles blare at eight in the morning and the gongs clang. Pointer drill is less frequent now—we are checking directors all day, drilling ships half the night, and working up the reports in our sleeping time.

The impatient ladies of the station who have planned a round of dinners and dances protest violently. "You haven't been to see me yet! You've forgotten me entirely!" The ship's officer tries to smile and makes some excuse. Doesn't the woman know she's busy and tired? Drill today, drill tomorrow. God send Saturday without a casualty!

Saturday comes, and there has been no casualty. The decks gleam white in the naked sunlight. Far up the bay a crowd of small boats mill about like a herd of cattle. A saluting gun barks from the flagship, and from each forecastle comes a sound of cheering. The racing cutters are out and twelve lean, desperate boys from each battleship are breaking their hearts and backs to bring the historic Battenburg Cup home to their own ship. Motor launches loaded with rooters and blaring bands pursue the racers down the three miles of the course, the Cuban sun beating mercilessly down on sweating brown backs. "Come on, *Utah!*" "Come on, *Wyoming!*"

Baseball teams spill over the recreation field, and on Hicacal Beach are hundreds of swimmers. By avoiding the eighth hole altogether and shooting from the ninth tee to the seventh green, officers may get a round of exasperating golf. Spring tides roll inches deep over the fairways and the bare greens are full of crab-holes, but you can't expect everything.

On Saturdays, Caimanera "liberty" begins at one o'clock and lasts until half-past eleven, but only a few avail themselves of the broad privilege. "No-o, Jimmy, I guess not. I gotta get a shut-eye. I gotta work up my Night Battle A dope. Maybe I'll come up tonight after dinner." But always there are some who go, and their brisk chatter at dinner wakes those who stayed on board from their mealtime apathy.

Night Battle A and B slide into the past as the yellow flame of the guns slashes through the velvet of the tropic night. The gunnery officer checks them off his list. Five to go, and nobody hurt as yet.

"Better come up with us, Billy," say the old-timers of the first ward as the daily 4:30 boat again begins to run. At first the gunnery officer says, "Can't—I'm too busy." As the days go by this changes to "Can't,—I'm too tired—." One day the Marine orderly salutes in front of the chair where Billy is wearily going over his plans for the hundredth time. "The Captain's compliments, sir, and he would like to have you go to Boqueron with him today." As the orderly departs,

Billy groans, "Hell, I've too much to do to go gallivanting!" but the skipper's invitation is an order and Billy goes. That night he laughs aloud and talks Progress and Anarchy at dinner, and he also gets the first solid night's sleep in weeks.

Spotting practice, main battery. Spotting practice, secondary. Long range day battle, turret and broadside. Advance practice C. Life is one combination of crashing guns after another. Fire, clean, ship, drill, drill, teach your men, coach your men, check directors, fire—an interminable round. We do not talk about the mail or the States any more. We can talk only guns, and we are sickly stale on that subject. "Make John go to Caimanera today. He needs it—he's getting goofy."

One day there comes a startling whisper from an officer on another ship. "He's been bats for a week—under observation —got away from the Hospital Corps man and—no use to him in this damned hole—clean off with a safety razor blade—found him before he bled to death—" A stunned silence greets this news, broken by the dry voice of the senior surgeon. "Won't he be surprised when he gets home and finds they're still fashionable?" There is a cackle of strained laughter and the subject is dropped. Guantanamo has added one more to the bay's long list of broken men.

Only thirty days more now,—"four weeks and a butt,"—we must hang on. And finally, almost unexpectedly, the target season ends.

The bartenders, soaked with perspiration and the splash of upset glasses, pass out the last round. Lean, nondescript dogs, their eyes glazed with unaccustomed gorging of chicken-bones, lurch under the tables. The red-haired youngster on top of the piano raises his seidel and his high full tenor voice rings out.

> We're sitting on top of the world,
> Just steaming along—

A hundred salt-roughened voices crash through the low-hanging cigarette smoke as the crowd joins in:

> If you'd like to know the reason
> We're making all this row,
> The target season's over;
> We're starting home right now!

In the doorway Mary calls unceasingly: "Git yo' peanuts, gentlemen! Git yo' first clahss peanuts!"

REUNION

BY CARTER BROOKE JONES

Crosset was one of the first to arrive. He stood around the hotel lobby until he saw a group of young men lounging in a corner. He approached them tentatively, and while he recognized no one, their talk made it apparent that they had belonged to the regiment. He started away, then turned back, ill at ease. One of them touched him and named the regiment inquiringly.

"Sure," said Crosset.

"D Company."

"A," returned Crosset.

They exchanged names, and Crosset joined the crowd. Soon it was augmented and became more animated. They were reliving episodes familiar to him. Now and then a silence brought a trace of constraint, and they fidgeted and looked around. Others came, one and two at a time, and new knots collected. A heavy murmur filled the lobby. Crosset was aware of a faint fear of disappointment: perhaps he had expected too much of this dinner.

A hand descended on his shoulder.

"How the hell are you, anyway?"

It was Thompson, of A Company, as thin and eager as ever. On Thompson's heels came Byrd, elegant in a gray suit with red stripes, a purple handkerchief peeping from the pocket under the lapel. Byrd always had managed to keep himself looking a little neater than any one else; even in the mud, somehow, his uniform had been the least spattered.

Somebody punched Crosset in the ribs. It was little Dahlgren, grinning in the ingratiating way that used to be so infuriating. Yet it was good to see even him. They had been through something, all these fellows. The experience they had shared. . .

Plop! A poke in the back, this one so hard Crosset winced. Why couldn't at least one of his old comrades think of a more congenial approach? He turned around, not mollified by recognizing Patterson, whom he had disliked more violently than any one else in the company. Patterson had been the best boxer in the regiment, inclined to be a bully, and particularly contemptuous of Crosset because of the sorry figure he cut with gloves or at rough-and-tumble. Oh, well. This was no time to harbor grudges.

"Hello, Pat. How's the old kid?"

They shook hands. This was the first time he had seen Patterson in mufti. Somehow, the fellow seemed less belligerent. The punch was an expression of his old arrogance, yet in his face and speech there was a baffling trace of humility. Perhaps the sentiment of the occasion had melted him, though it was hard to think of Patterson and sentiment in the same breath.

A broad Irish smile announced O'Hara. Crosset thought of a night in a café at Coblenz when O'Hara, immersed in Rhine wine, had confessed that the blackjack game he and J. Smith had been running was crooked—which had not been news to Crosset. But he had always liked O'Hara. The man's geniality was not forced, nor was it automatic, like a dog's; it was selective.

Others of Company A came, perhaps three dozen. Not many out of the two hundred and fifty who had boarded the transport at Hoboken on that bleak

Autumn day nine years ago, yet they were all that the fortunes of war and peace could muster. In one way or another Crosset remembered them all, present and absent. Some had emerged from the old relentlessly intimate association as distinct as members of his family; others remained but strident voices, or odd gestures, or silent faces, or figures in a line.

Several of the companies, enrolled in distant parts of the State, were not represented at all. The colonel was there, a trifle stouter and redder, but no less satisfied with himself since he had retired from military life and embraced real estate. The chaplain, now rector of the best parish in the city, went from group to group, shaking hands and patting backs. Crosset recalled the night a canteen of real Jamaica rum had been held to his lips by that parson. He had been lying in a shell-hole for hours or days or weeks—he had lost all track of time—weighted down by some fragments of the stuff that was flying over the Argonne. Never could a drink taste as wonderful again!

II

As a prelude to the dinner the A Company veterans were whisked upstairs to a suite provided anonymously and as mysteriously stocked with liquor. Here cordiality flowed into comradeship. The clink of glasses and talk of fighting days reminded Crosset of a tale about Valhalla he once had read. But they should be seated around a rough-hewn table, with pewter mugs before them, and some of their number, perhaps including himself, obviously didn't belong at all. Well, at least he was more suitable than Dahlgren. Imagine Dahlgren in Valhalla! He might have a Scandinavian name, but he even used to fix bayonet apologetically. In the army one would have picked Patterson as the type, but in civilian clothes something was lacking. Haltigan, the locomotive engineer, squat and massive, was hard-boiled enough, and yet tonight he was strangely quiet and reflective. Tousle-headed Crippey was the noisiest, the most obscene. But he was childish: he belonged in a Boy Scout Valhalla.

As the hilarity continued, a throng of memories surged forward, one obscuring another. The delight of escaping from a sleet and sleeping on the stone floor of a 300-year-old barn. . . The smile of Marthe of Stenay, who said that, while it might not be patriotic, she always had considered the German officers *gentil*. . . The queer way Lieutenant Boskin whirled around as he fell, the third day in the Argonne. . . Brest: the city of mud. . . The major, all cognaced-up, wandering around Is-sur-Tille looking for his billet. . . The white monotony of the hospital. . . The stacks of money spread out on blankets in the hold of the transport, while dice clicked and cards crackled. . . Drunken poilus singing "Madelon." . . The Roman wall around that town—what was its name? No matter.

Crosset returned to the present, and was shoved toward the elevator. They descended wreathed in mutual admiration. In the banquet hall they joined the men of the other companies, who also, it seemed, had been upstairs. A remnant of the regimental band played a march to which they had been hauled out on many a parade. The cheer smothered the music.

On one side of Crosset sat O'Hara, his little nose wrinkling like a rabbit's when he laughed, which was most of the time. On the other side was Winstan, who had been supply-sergeant. Spectacled, studious-looking, he never had much to say, and Crosset wondered why he had become a lawyer: most lawyers talked all the time. Across the table beamed young Lieutenant Hart, whom the company had dubbed Good Lookin' and other things even more personal. Often Patterson had explained, in the privacy of tent or dug-out, what he was going to do to Good Lookin', once they got out of that damned army. Yet here was Patterson tonight, sitting beside him, chatting pleasantly.

It was queer, reflected Crosset, the way ou forgot—both to hate and to like. He ad told himself he wouldn't speak to ther Hart or Patterson in civil life. And e had promised himself always to keep in ouch with a few others. They were not ere tonight, his particular friends, and e hadn't the slightest idea where they ere. He knew only where Hillard was. hey had left him at Soissons.

Shrimp cocktail — bouillon — trout — icken. The liquor was wearing off. Too ad. There should be wine. He pictured ae dinner transported to Papa Coutot's or ae Café des Poupées—places sacred to ae memory of wassail. He'd never forget ae *début* at Neufchateau the night before ey went to the front. A quartet from L ompany sang:

> Frankie and Johnny were lovers.
> O good God, how they loved!
> And while she was true to him,
> He done her wrong.

Well, they couldn't sing anything here ut Y. M. C. A. songs. The good old awdy songs would be taboo: "Hinky inky Parlez Vous," and "Christopher olombo," and the story of the unfortuate man who got married. Many a mile ey'd marched to such rousing refrains.

Salad—parfait—coffee. The last time e'd seen most of them they were eating ut of mess-kits.

The chaplain was speaking—saying hat one would expect. But he was all ght. Not everybody would have proced a canteen of rum at such a time.

The colonel had to talk, of course. ompous old fool! Who wanted to hear nything he had to say? And pulling that d stuff about the ideals we had fought r, and the victory we had won. As if verybody didn't know that the only reult of the war was to raise the cost of livg. Probably a certain amount of patriotm was necessary to hold the country toether. But they'd never get Julian Crosset to any army again—not him! He'd given is share, and he knew the difference beween being a private citizen and a private soldier. Let the young fellows coming up get a taste of the next war.

They sang "Auld Lang Syne." Then they scattered—not to go home, most of them, but to linger in the lobby or return to the rooms upstairs. Crosset started to leave, but after some moments of indecision found himself back in the elevator, accompanied by O'Hara and Patterson. The latter, still chastened, had taken him aside and borrowed a dollar. They found the liquor supply by no means exhausted. The revelry was resumed.

Eventually the inevitable crap game was started. Crosset lost two dollars; then, remembering that the payment on the house was due soon, he quit, and stood watching the others. What an idiotic thing to lose sleep over! Even if you didn't lose money as he always did. And yet . . . well, it was different in the army: you didn't have to worry, knowing you would be fed and clothed, broke or flush. And the monotony drove you to gambling. Still, there was an excitement about it. Why deny that he enjoyed it?

He looked at his watch. It was 11:45. The last train left at 12:02. A taxi would cost fabulously. He must get home. The baby was none too well: he was a little worried about her. He gulped another drink, and decided it would be his last. A few more, and he would take a hang-over to the office in the morning. Somehow his system was more susceptible than in the army days.

III

The heavy electric train, carrying its quota of the theatre crowds, lumbered through the city, and began to stop at outlying stations. Crosset, pressing his face against the window, pondered. He had promised to look up each of his comrades: the twelve-odd of A Company whom he had left at craps. He must do it. Byrd had asked him to drop out night after next. Well, he couldn't quite manage that—it was a little soon for another stag party—but he'd phone Byrd soon. And keep in

touch with the others, too. He felt kindly toward them all, even poor old Patterson, who seemed baffled by civil life. A good enough gang. Just the same, he didn't want to soldier with anybody again. He was free: he could come and go as he pleased. Nobody stood over him to see whether his shoes were shined. Better still, he would soon own his home. Soon was not the word, perhaps—it would be years—but he was on the way. The contemplation gave him a feeling of independence. They had been wise to give up the apartment and take the bungalow out at Edgewood. A delightful place to raise the baby. Next he must buy a car. Commuting was a nuisance, and Irene would get a lot of pleasure out of motoring. It would be pretty hard for a while: so much of his salary had to go for payments on the house and other instalments. But you could get a machine on easy terms. Probably they could start with a second-hand Ford.

The train jerked to a stop, and Crosset swung off. The day had been warm, but the night was sharply autumnal: a cold wind came out of the hills. The stragglers from the city clattered through empty streets. Despite the chill, he walked so slowly that the sound of the other footsteps ceased. He stopped and listened. For a moment the bungalow town slept in silence. Then a strident insect chorus sang in the gully beyond the railway, and somewhere up the street a motor missed fire, sending out reports like rifles.

He should go to more such gatherings. He had lost touch with his old comrades. Perhaps he should join the Legion, though meetings and organizations usually bored him. He had dropped so many contacts since his marriage. Oh, well, a man had to readjust his life, and of course it was worth it. He was devoted to Irene. And he had what he always had wanted—a home of his own. Still, he should go out with men occasionally. He hardly ever did. Irene was cranky about that: she thought he would get drunk, or gamble away his week's pay, or fall in with women, or do something else disgraceful every time he went anywhere without her. Not that she was quarrelsome, but she showed it in little hurt ways. No doubt most wives were like that.

He wondered where Marthe of Stenay was tonight. It was nearly ten years, and she'd be past thirty and getting dumpy, as French peasant women always did. Lord, but she looked fetching the day they marched into Stenay! And little Louise of Gondrecourt—how many children did she have by now, and did she gabble in the market place like the old wives she used to laugh at?

Dust and mud and snow—roads of France spread out before him, and he saw the crooked, narrow streets of villages. Strange how little you cared what happened at a time like that. You hated much of it, naturally, and cursed the army with every other breath. There were horrible things that made a man shudder to look back on. But somehow you didn't *worry:* you put yourself in the hands of fate, and had your fun where you found it. Drinking, swearing, gambling, singing your way along, you said: "I'm still here with a whole skin today. To hell with tomorrow and the day after!" It had been somewhat like that even in this country, before they went over. A man in uniform could get by with almost anything, as long as he didn't call the captain a liar, or himself a conscientious objector. Nobody knew when his outfit would move, or where it would go, or what it would do. Every day was an adventure. The whole nation was topsy-turvy. . .

He slipped the key into the latch. He had forgotten to pause in front of the bungalow and look at it with the pride of ownership. The hall light was burning. He closed the door noiselessly.

There were three letters in the tray on the hall table. They turned out to be circulars disguised as personal communications: two from motor car agencies and one from a concern selling vacuum-

eaners. Liberal terms were offered. They minded him that the instalment on the rniture was due next week. And the eek after that he must make the pay- ent on the house. He had forgotten the rniture. It would take a big slice out of xt week's salary. Soon there would be e car. It looked as if they'd always be debt. Well, all young couples were; ey couldn't get around it. And business n said the way to succeed was to go to debt for what you wanted. Yet it was rd never to have a dollar to spare. The by had greatly increased their expenses. is salary wasn't large. He should demand ore money. But old Weatherby had been grouchy lately that he had hesitated. orking six years for a firm, and getting farther along—it was a damned out- ge! He could quit. Then he'd have to rt all over in some other office. And didn't dare leave too abruptly: jobs ere not so easy to find.

He inspected the kitchen, and found at the refrigerator pan had to be emp- d. The baby began crying upstairs, but opped after a time. He returned to the ont of the house, pulled on the reading mp in the living room, and glanced at e evening paper. Then he put it aside, d sat swaying in the rocker. He wound s watch. It was 1:30. He must not forget to set the alarm for 6:30. He'd be dog-tired in the morning; he should have gone straight to bed. He lit a cigarette, and prowled around the room. Pausing at the bookcase, he admired the bindings of the sets he had bought last year. Some day he must read them.

He slumped back into the chair. What was tomorrow? Friday. Soon be Sunday: sleep late, loll around, perhaps take an outing. But there were odd jobs to do around the house. Perhaps he'd better get at them. The furnace needed a thorough cleaning out. He couldn't put that off much longer. The front gate was about to fall from its hinges. He'd fix it. And he might as well straighten up the store room. It looked like a village after a bombardment. Some choice wrecks of towns they'd seen. But in those days they hadn't cared what they saw or what they did. School could keep or not as it liked. They'd forgotten how it felt to be protected—assured a calm, settled life. The contrast made him a little breathless. But it needn't bother him now, for all that feverish uncertainty had gone, never to return. He should be very thankful for his happiness and the security that surrounded it. He was, of course.

He sat rocking absently. It was a long time before he started for bed.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Holy Howlers.—The denunciation of the sensational methods of those auctioneers of God who perform in our Sunday pulpits leaves me, upon meditation, a bit cold. Religion is not successfully to be inculcated in the sheep in any other manner, nor has it ever been. If the Rev. Dr. Isadore Tongueberg today preaches the Word in terms of tabloid newspaper headlines, let us remember that Moses did likewise. If the Rev. Dr. Ferdinand Gabjaw today preaches Christ in the manner of an Houdini, let us not overlook the fact that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John preceded him in the technique. And before we heave a soft pie at Billy Sunday, let us think of the Wesley brothers.

The American Distrust of Wit.—It is a distinguishing characteristic of the American that he distrusts wit as he distrusts a female 'cello player or a too good-natured physician. Instead of discerning in and behind it a mind that, having mastered all the platitudes and grown properly skeptical of most of them, indulges itself in a searching and prophylactic criticism in terms of irony, he appraises wit as being merely the refuge of a none too profound intelligence and its entrepreneur, at best, as something of a clown. Thus, there is no surer pitfall for the aspirant to popular esteem than that of polished humor, as many a hopeful public character has learned only too late. A certain amount of obvious and harmless jocosity is privileged such a man, but, even so, very sparingly and then only if it be of a safe, Ayer's Almanac quality.

This suspicion of wit is ever peculiar to democracies, though in the United States it has attained to a degree not hitherto matched. It is an outstanding mark of the democratic man that he puts trust in and believes not serious and profound ideas but rather hollow and superficial ideas seriously and profoundly expressed. It is not the content but the manner of articulation that wooes and fetches him. This is a secret sufficiently known, of course, to professors of the public emotion, and by its sedulous exercise they profit and prevail in the democratic community. It is as impossible to imagine the flourishing of a Disraeli in a democracy as it is to imagine a democracy without a Walter Hines Page.

Note on England.—The constantly increasing, palpable and ominous lack of self-confidence on the part of the Englishman, once the most resolutely self-assured of mortals, is of a high significance in more directions than one. There was a time when the Englishman, criticized by men of other nations, simply paid not the slightest attention to what was being said, and treated his critics to a very elegant species of monocled disdain. In that day, the Englishman, like all men certain of their superiority, with an airy disregard brushed aside criticism of himself and his country as he would have brushed aside a slightly irritating but entirely harmless and ineffectual flea. Today, however, a change has come over our brother across the sea, as ever a change comes over men when they grow to be less sure of themselves. Today, the Englishman resents, and bitterly, all criticism of him and his country from outsiders. The most trivial derogation of his emin-

nce in any one of the world's affairs, om stoking a battle cruiser to confecting novel, disturbs his peace of mind and couses his dander. He has become doubtful of himself, of his virtuosity, of the stwhile impregnability of his position nd of the position of his nation. He curntly reveals himself, in his advancing nsitiveness and in the thinness of his kin, as one with unmistakable misgivings nd forebodings. Every time an Englishan writes a hot letter to the *Times* prosting against something that has been id about England by an American, every me an Englishman irately denounces an merican to the ship news reporters for aving observed that cricket is a less exting sport than football or that one can et a better shampoo and a glossier shoeine over here than one can get in ondon, the fly that has appeared in the ntment of his national and personal curity is readily to be detected. Men's dignation increases as their self-trust nd self-reliance decrease.

Toujours Perdrix.—"Life would be enurable," observed Lord Palmerston, "if were not for its pleasures." Like many nother profound saying, this one has ffered because of its epigrammatic air nd has accordingly been dismissed as ing merely an amusing *Schnitzel* of nart-aleckry. Yet what reflective man mature years does not appreciate its uth? The so-called pleasures of life, in e instance of each individual, are largely petitive; they cuckoo one another more less precisely from year to year, since man's taste in such diversions changes tle after he has crossed the line of irty. In his younger years, these pleases are still fresh and new to him; they ve a kick that is infinitely agreeable; t, as time goes on, they lose their erstwhile appeal and gradually become transrmed into bores. After thirty, the dividual's pleasures fall into the pigeonoles of his set predilections. Some of em are left-overs from his earlier years; others are of a relatively new contour. But, whatever their nature, he finds soon or late that they are in themselves very much of a piece and that each is but a recurrent echo of its former self. And presently each quondam pleasure becomes a stereotyped thing, to be undertaken, at best, in the half-light of duty. And, further, the indulgence in each of them becomes more and more irksome and peace-disturbing.

What are known by less experienced creatures as pleasures, become, when the civilized man has reached forty, for the most part nuisances. Consider such hypothetical pleasures as dinner parties, banquets, receptions, teas, balls, weddings (of other persons), camping, athletic sports, flirtations, all-night drinking bouts, card games, musicales, excursions, three-day motor trips, picnics, college reunions, marching in parades, fighting policemen, and the like. What intelligent, or even half-way intelligent man, can extract amusement out of such things when he has reached his middle years? The answer is: no such man. But, none the less, such a man's life of necessity often includes the need of participating in one or more of these pseudo-pleasures, and he does so, obediently, politely and despairingly. And each participation makes him more and more miserable. Each invades his cherished privacy, his serious work in the world, his self-esteem. He is compelled to mingle with idiots and listen to the talk of idiots. He is compelled to kiss brides whom he doesn't want to kiss, to drink more than he wants to drink, to go to places he doesn't want to go to, to speak soft nothings to women who he devoutly wishes were in Hell, to eat badly cooked dishes at badly peopled dinner tables, to hold leaking teacups on his lap and ruin his trousers, in short, to do countless things that seemed exceedingly agreeable once upon a time but that long since have become mildly obnoxious. Yet, such is the lamentable ridiculousness of human society, he must nevertheless keep on and on.

Triumphs of American Journalism, I.—From the New York Sunday *World:*

> At the request of several readers we are presenting this little effect, which is at once very simple and extremely mysterious. A wooden match is laid on the table and another match balanced across it at right angles. You then take a quarter or half-dollar from your pocket and wave it slowly near one end of the balanced match. In a short while, to the amazement of every one, the balanced match will follow the coin around till it falls off the other one, as shown in the uppermost drawing!
>
> The secret is simple. While you are waving the coin you are gently and secretly breathing on the balanced match—blowing very softly. This can be done absolutely without detection, and in a moment you will have your breath "aimed" and the match will perform its inexplicable feat.

Plats du Jour.—The very estimable Dr. St. John Ervine, taking issue with something in one of my published tomes, observed recently in the columns of the London *Observer* that, for all I had noted to the contrary, there was not a single restaurant in the city of New York where a civilized man could get anything fit to eat. He had tried no less than thirty of them, he stated, and what he got in them was dreadful to contemplate. Who the affable Ervine's cicerones were I do not know, but one thing is more or less obvious, and that is that, whoever they were, they were deficient in the art of gustatory exploration. If there is another city in the world today, Paris not excepted, where one may engage victuals so various and toothsome, it is unknown to one who has made a life-long study of the subject and who has been assisted in his researches by distinguished gourmets of most of the countries this side of the Straits colonies.

When Ervine next comes over here, let him, for example, sample the *noix d'agneau à l'Imperial* with side-dishes of potatoes Macaire and grated *foie gras* at the Colony, where the service is so elaborate as to be almost Episcopalian. Or a Hamburg steak with a bowl of mixed salad at Dinty Moore's. Or the repertoire of amazing pastries at Voisin's. Or the chicken dipped in sassafras at Enrico Bergonzi's. Or the green-peppered oysters baked on hot ashes at the Castle Cave, to say nothing of the hashed, browned potatoes perfumed with bacon. Or the curried shrimps with broccoli at the Beaux Arts. Or the vegetable soup and roast beef hash at the Three Star Chop House. Or the lentil soup with frankfurters at the Kloster Glocke. Or the roast duck with chives at the Palladium. Or the boiled beef and sauerkraut at Lüchow's. Or the spaghetti with clams and anchovies at Del Pezzo's. Or the *chaud-froid de caille Bohémienne* at the Coq d'Or. Or the fifty-odd curry dishes at the Ceylon-India. Or the omelettes of various kinds at Madame Barna's. Or the mixed vegetables cooked in sausage broth at the Robert. Or the *smörgasbord* at Henry's, or the steak *minute* with garlic at Henri's, or, if he wishes to take a short motor run, any one of a dozen remarkable *plats* at the other Henri's at Lynnbrook, perhaps the finest cuisine in all Christendom. Or the sirloin sandwiches with piccalilli at Beefsteak Charlie's. Or the finnan haddie à la Jack at Jack's. Or the ices and frozen creams at the Elysée. Or the waffles and maple syrup at the Plantation. Or the sweet potato pie at the Paradise up in Harlem, baked by a dusky genius of the neighborhood. Or the *soufflées* at the Marguery. Or the sea bass Prince Charles at the Crillon. Or the remarkable stuffed noodles at the Pullman Car. Or the strange and succulent Muscovite dishes at the Samarkand. Or the dishes of the old Confederacy prepared by the talented mezzotint, the Mlle. Ada, in West 128th street. Or the mole of turkey poblano, enchilidias and Mexican tortillas at Fornos'. Or the bluefish with baby onions and celery juice at Billy the Oyster Man's. Or the puffed shrimps at the Miyako. Or the scallop of veal at Madeleine's. Or the ravioli at the Gourmet, to say nothing of the garnished filet of beef. Or the baked oysters and cheese at the Parisien. Or the Viennese pastries at the Kuglhopf. Or the *salmi de faisans* at Pierre's. Or the baby lamb with mint sauce and a side-dish of broiled artichoke at a certain hide-away

West 54th street. Or the spumoni and asted honey at Alex Pionetti's. Or the rrots and peas stewed in cantaloupe sence at Chico's. Or the famous frogs gs at Ben Reilly's Arrowhead Inn. Or e pompano at White's, as proficient a h opera-house as he will find this side the Dos Hermanos in Havana. Or the ushrooms and red-peppered noodle flakes Moneta's down in Mulberry street. Or e white bean soup at Jensen's and the ack bean soup at Janssen's. Or the crab kes baked in cheese at Claremont. Or e chicken *pâtés* at Thomas'. Or the sole arguery at the Brevoort. Or the extraor- nary *hors d'œuvre* at the Mirliton. Or e half dozen Slav *plats* at the Russian ar, with caviar to make his mouth ater. Or the lobster dishes at the cele- ated Villepegue's. Or the roast Long land duckling and apple sauce at the owntown Savarin. Or the *poussin grillé* the Maison Arthur. Or the pigeon and as at the Lafayette. Or the roast loin of rsey pork with green apple sauce and ndied sweet potatoes at Haan's. Or the *ulet cocotte* at the Vendome. Or the casse of young turkey with timbales rice, June peas and fried bananas at the aison Dorée. Or the baked Deerfoot rm sausages with smothered onions d mashed potatoes at the Longchamps. the grilled ham steak, Virginia style, ith fried sweet potatoes and fresh stewed ars at the Nimrod.

And then let Mr. Ervine, if he is still ngry, jump on a ferry, cross the river and give his Little Mary the time of its life with no less than a dozen veritable masterpieces of the culinary art at the Hofbräu in the great and sovereign municipality of Hoboken.

The Conversation of Artists.—The reason for the dullness of the conversation of artists, at least as it rebounds from the tympani of non-artists, is easily arrived at. The fundamentals and even the curlecues of any art, from music to architecture and from literature to sculpture, are completely Greek to the non-artist, as they are, indeed, to many hypothetical artists, and—even were they not—contain in them no more of the juices and essences of entertaining discourse than the pterygoid fossa or the theological predilections of Hollywood. The conversation of the non-artist, on the other hand, even when it is not interesting is at least intelligible to other non-artists as to artists themselves. It is impossible to imagine an engaging stockbroker or Pullman porter being held at rapt attention by the locution of a Beethoven, but it is surely very easy to imagine a Beethoven being deeply interested in the palaver of a stockbroker or Pullman porter. It is equally difficult to imagine a Babbitt understanding what a poet means when he speaks of the dactylic hexameter or holospondaic verse, but it takes no overly gifted fancy to imagine a poet understanding perfectly, and even being interested in, the details of the folding-bed business, the manufacture of pies, and holeproof socks.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

If, from time to time, I select for discussion trivial plays which reach the storehouse before the words on them reach my readers, it is because now and then I find in them certain elements that suggest the bases for general critical doctrines. The perfect play, after all, offers small ground for interesting critical exploration. One may write of it extensively; one may even write of it entertainingly, provided one exercises a care that one's commentary concerns itself with a half dozen or more sprightly subjects only indirectly associated with the matter directly in hand; one may praise, praise and praise yet again. But, after the fireworks are over, there is found to be little new in the way of contribution to critical knowledge, for all the things that may be said of perfect plays have already been said a hundred times and said better than anyone presently performing in the critical pulpit, myself surely included, can say them. Not one thing written of the drama of Shakespeare in the last twenty years, for instance, contains anything seriously to interest the student who knows the Shakespearian criticism of earlier years. And nothing has been said of the finest work produced in our time that hasn't been a mere cuckooing of what was written of the finest work of other times by the critics of other days.

The objection to this point of view is naturally the obvious one of protesting that, if it be valid, all criticism must henceforth concern itself chiefly with relatively inferior works. The objection is silly. The point is simply that, since we know what absolute worth is and since only the veriest numskulls among critics, due to their own shortcomings, protest the contrary, the business of criticism has become the business not so much of arguing that what is excellent is excellent but of arguing that what is not excellent should be excellent, and trying to indicate, as best it can, the ways and means gradually to make it so. Criticism, otherwise, is of small service and is converted into a mere parlor game of slap-hands, giving issue only to an automatic applause that turns the true artist's stomach. The critic who consistently devotes himself to announcing that what is good is good is in the position of the clergyman who consistently devotes himself to announcing the goodness of God, and in the process bores his congregation, already presumably privy to the news, to death.

Read the criticisms of the classics written in the last two decades and try to find one thing new in them. One thing new, that is, of critical value. You will find a number of critical estimates that present the stale facts in a fresh manner; you will even find some, like certain of my own, if you will forgive me the presumption, that will seem to have a measure of new and vital bounce; but if you will look closely into any of these, my own in particular, you will discover to your chagrin that there is not a blessed new idea in them from nose to tail and that what you mistook for new ideas were simply so many tricks of the writing art. It is very easy to lay hold of an idea so old that its beard trails the dust and make it seem as frisky as a colt with turpentine up it, if one knows the persuading chicanery of the English language. And it is equally easy, by the exercise of crafty literary hocus-pocus, to convince the majority of readers. For it is a Polichinelle secret, known surely to men whose trade is the merchanting of opinions, that—contrary to the general belief in certain bemused quarters—a reader wishes

cove all things to be convinced by his riter. And not only does he wish to be nvinced; he actually lends to the writer volitional self-hypnosis. I speak, of urse, not of the occasional mountebank no reads criticism only for the satisfac- on he may get from loudly disputing it, nether he believes it to be right or not, t of the average, quiet, intelligent and en-minded man who is seriously inter- ced in the subject. Such a man does not k substantiation of his own beliefs so uch as he seeks the critic's substantiation the latter's own beliefs. Otherwise, why e tremendous popularity of the critical itings of Shaw and others who have ken the *contra mundum* attitude and, by e exercise of wily thinking and writing, ven it an apparently substantial founda- on of plausibility? The reader of Shaw, the reader of Nietzsche before him and the reader of Voltaire before *him*, comes market not to refuse to buy, but to buy d fetch back home. A man with a sore roat does not go to a doctor to be told at he hasn't a sore throat; he knows mned well that he has a sore throat and wants to get rid of it. In the same way, man does not go to a critic to be told at his opinions are well; he goes to be ld that many of them are sick, and what e cure is. The critic who simply echoes e opinions of his readers is either a sad wspaper dolt on a sadder newspaper, or e whose publisher loses money if he ints more than five hundred copies of his ok. I am not saying—it should be plain that the critic who arbitrarily postures oppugnant point of view, and without e justification of a sound and workman- e knowledge, can win his reader as he uld for long, even where the reader is more or less willing victim. What I am ying is rather that the reader does not sh to go on hearing the same old argu- ent that one and one make two, advanced a mathematician who doesn't know at two and two make, so much as he ngs, and understandably, to hear from meone gifted in the art of subtraction as well as multiplication that one minus one —the former digit being platitude and the latter being common sense—leaves nothing.

Many of the most valuable contributions to dramatic criticism have been inspired by negligible dramatic and poetical works; many of the least valuable by modern critics who, laboring under the delusion of professional dignity, have sought to plough up already long ploughed-up classical ground. Thus, in the former category, we have a share of the critical wisdom of D'Aubignac taking flower from such things as the "Esther" of Du Ryer; of John Dennis from trivial comedies that passed quickly into limbo; of Dryden from the "Rollo" of the Messrs. Fletcher, Rowley and Massinger, to say nothing of the very worst of Ben Jonson; of Thomas Rymer from Buckingham's "The Rehearsal"; of Addison from Otway's "The Orphan"; of Goethe from Raupach's "Erdennacht," Klopstock's "Hermann's Schlacht," and the like; of the younger Dumas from the worst of Scribe; of Brunetière from the collaborations of Paul Bocage and Octave Feuillet; of Schlegel from the *pièces à tiroir* of Boursault and the hollowness of Gottsched; of Coleridge from negligible German tragedies; of Hazlitt from such things as Mrs. Centlivre confected, to say nothing of Gay's "What-d'ye-call-it?", Cibber's mediocrities, and the plays of Bickerstaff, Mrs. Cowley, Murphy and company; and, to come closer to the moment, of Shaw from the unspeakable trash produced in the London theatres in the 1890's. . . . As for the latter side of the critical picture, I need only refer the skeptic to any four out of five present-day professorial tomes that he will find at the nearest book-stall.

II

A completely negligible and trivial play like Mr. Knowles Entrikin's "Seed of the Brute" causes one to reflect on the great distance that often intervenes between what is merely truthful theatre and what is truthful life. At certain of its points, this play has the false ring of truth that

succeeds in impressing such persons as are readily hornswoggled by a dexterous manipulation of the devices of the theatre, but at no point does its veneer of theatrical truth merge plausibly with worldly verisimilitude. Its aim is realism; its achievement is simply stage realism. It gets no closer to actuality than a horse race in a Drury Lane melodrama; the sound of the dramatic treadmill and the glycerine that passes for perspiration are always discernible. Yet such is the confusion in real values by the present-day audience that falsity persuasively presented often—at least for a time—makes a deeper impression and registers a deeper conviction than stark reality not trickily theatricalized.

The one great defect in the equipment of the majority of the younger playwrights currently working in the Anglo-American theatre is the belief, and the assiduous practice of it, that to make truth seem truthful in the theatre it is necessary first to filter it through the dubious hypocausts and shell-games of dramaturgy. What results is almost uniformly truth rid of all truth: truth so exaggerated as to be no more itself than the reflection of a man in a trick mirror is a reflection of himself. This result, as the reflection in the trick mirror, is sometimes startling and often amusing, but it is at the same time plainly ridiculous. A dramatist like Hauptmann, in a play like "The Weavers," appreciating that true realism is, after all, but poetry without a shave, contrives an enormous effect by laying hold of truth and letting it find its way to the stage through the fancy of an artist rather than through the prestidigitation of a dramatist. A dramatist like Gorki, in "Nachtasyl," does the same. For such men know that all this talk of the necessary exaggeration of truth and realism in the theatre is nonsensical, and that the theatre simply takes life and the truth off their stilts and reduces them to pigmies that antic on a platform for a couple of hours and leave, perhaps, behind them a hint of that greater drama that is the world. Lesser men, and more vainglorious ones, seek to intensify life, and what they produce, accordingly, is merely cheap showshop melodrama.

Some of the poorest plays known to u are truthful theatre; that is, plays which by an artful employment of prosceniun dodges, are made to seem plausible to the average person during the two hours he sits before them. George Kelly's "Daisy Mayme," though it has some reportoria virtues, is such a play. It takes truth and so smears up its face with grease-paint (though the smearing is deftly enough managed) that, when it is over, one has the impression of having looked out of a window onto life but, unfortunately, at a moment when a circus parade was passing. For there is occasionally grease-paint in actual life, too; looking out upon the world, we as often see an organ grinder's monkey or a Knights of Pythias convention as we see a starving beggar or a mother burying her baby son. So many of our playwrights, in gazing out of the window, see the former and imagine that, because it adorns the sunlight of actuality, it is necessarily part and parcel of living, human truth. Thus we behold the countless Noel Cowards and Dion Titheradges and Shipmans and Willard Macks going down into the street to find humanity and fetching back up with them into the theatre little more than stray clowns out of one-ring circuses, sandwich men with false moustaches and policewomen disguised as honest street-walkers.

If plays that are truthful chiefly in terms of the theatre are so often bad plays, plays that are of so ingrained, uncompromising and unadorned a truth that they fail in the Anglo-American theatre are not less often found to be of proportionate merit. In this catalogue, we have plays like Brieux's "Les Hannetons," Schönherr's "Kindertragödie" and, perhaps more legitimately to name plays whose content is closer to the native sympathy and comprehension, such lesser exhibits as the Howard-Mizner "The Only Law," Maugham's "Our Betters" and Rita Wellman's "The Gentile

fe." Plays like these put the truth out se to the footlights and let it stand there concertingly while the dramatist is giv- the necessary three-dollar show back it, where plays of the other sort put the th in the background and distract the lience's attention from it with the show ing on down front. In the former plays, play is secondary to the truth; in the ter, the truth is secondary to the play. e one dramatizes the truth; the other atricalizes it—and between the two, playing with words aside, there is the ference between the truth as we see it th our own eyes and the truth as we r it somewhat dubiously related by a nger.

III

e fiasco by Mr. Robert McLaughlin led "The Pearl of Great Price" brings us reflect, in turn, upon the dramatic im- tance that the Anglo-American public the aggregate still attaches to female stity. While the French, the Italians, Germans, the Austrians and the Hun- ians got over this theatrical emotional ease some time ago, the Anglo-Ameri- continues gladly to pay out his hard- ned money and to waste valuable hours return for the gratification of (1) being ured that woman's virtue is her greatest vel and (2) being shown the overthrow such baleful forces as playwrights pre- t in the light of gem collectors. Al- ough the Anglo-American takes pride in increasing liberality in the matter of matic themes, the fact remains that t liberality is confined to a relatively all element and that modern drama ich departs from the pure heroine, ile it now and again enjoys a very con- erable prosperity in London or New rk, almost always comes a cropper in more representative and typical towns l cities of the interior of either country. at is more, even in those instances ere the peccable heroine enjoys a metro- itan box-office prosperity, we find that op is still often necessary in the form of a tragic end for the poor girl or of the embodiment of the rôle by an actress already so popular and beloved of audiences that the unpopularity of the character she plays is partly lost sight of. To test the Anglo-American attitude, all one need do is to regard the nature of the moving pictures that make millions of dollars catering to it. The pictures made in Germany and in France often indicate a completely different point of view on the part of the peoples of those countries, whereas those manufactured in America and in England demonstrate that female virtue is still the great box-office card that it was fifty years ago. To argue that censorship in England and America prevents the public from adopting another attitude is simply foolish. Facts are facts, and the facts are that the publics of these nations relish the pure movie drivel to the extent of making it a gold-mine for the producers. These producers should be grateful to the censors for keeping their films biologically sacrosanct, for if it were not for the censors they would very probably lose their shirts. The exceptional cases where plays exhibiting unapologetic, unchaste heroines have made money in the general Anglo-American theatre during the last twenty years may be counted on the fingers of the hands. For every such play there have been a dozen flying the flag of female virtue that have been prosperous. Try to arrive at similar comparative statistics in France, Germany, Austria, Hungary or Italy and you'll have a time of it!

"The Pearl of Great Price" is, like "Everywoman" and "Experience," a modernization of the ancient morality play, and is dreadful flapdoodle. Yet in the criticism of these modern versions of the old moralities I have a feeling that one important point is regularly and conveniently overlooked, and that is that the Sixteenth Century morality plays were almost as bad as these present-day versions that everyone makes fun of. "Everyman," "The Trial of Pleasure," "All for Money," "The Three Ladies of London," "Un Empereur Qui

Tua Son Neveu," "La Tragédie Française," "The World and the Child," "The Nature of the Four Elements," "Wit and Science," "Albion Knight"—from first to last, the art of the drama reduced to the art of the kindergarten. Save for their historical significance, such plays are worth no more consideration than their modern paraphrases. All are worthless.

IV

By way of satisfying the demands of those critics who are forever yelling for the inauguration of repertoire theatres, Miss Eva Le Gallienne has taken over the old Fourteenth Street Theatre, put up a large sign redubbing it "The Civic Repertory," engaged a troupe of hypothetical actors and let Ibsen, Tchekov, Benavente and Company take their course. The young lady's ambition is somewhat more pleasant to contemplate than its results.

I observe a unanimous tendency on the part of the reviewers to confound this ambition with its actual products. This is not unnatural, for when one urges another to do a thing it is a human impulse to be generous to that other whether he succeeds or not. Miss Le Gallienne has inaugurated a repertory theatre, but that is about all that one who appreciates the buncombe of the repertory theory can say for her. It would have been much better had she, duly appreciating her limitations and the difficulties that must inevitably confront the repertory scheme, suffered a greater modesty and rested content to produce a single play well. Down in her theatre, all that one finds is a series of important plays badly exhibited. The acting is humorously incompetent; the direction is generally amateurish; the productions are slovenly. Praising such exploits simply because they have been motivated by good intentions and courage is a typical monkeyshine of American criticism. It would take similar courage for Miss Le Gallienne to fight Mr. Tunney. I suppose that, were she to do so,—and I see no reason why she shouldn't, considering her self-confidence in the Fourteenth Street enterprise,—she would receive notices equally as good as those she has received for her not less absurd bouts with the dramatists I have mentioned.

If anything will kill the chances for a sound and valuable repertory company in our midst it is just this sort of thing that Miss Le Gallienne has done. The way to cure a public of a repertory idea is to put the usual repertory theatre in action. It is hard enough, God knows, to find an actor these days who can play one rôle well; it is harder to find a director who understands completely a single difficult script; it is plainly even harder to find a combination of the two that can work toward a nicely synchronized end. Miss Le Gallienne offers herself as actor and director in one. As an actress, she has, in her entire previous playing career, given just one decent performance, and that was when another director held the whip hand over her. As a directress, she has, in her previous career of direction, been somewhat worse than negligible. As an actress-director she presently and accordingly discloses herself to be doubly deficient. In any repertory theatre worth serious attention, Miss Le Gallienne would play minor rôles. And she surely could have nothing to say in the matter of direction. She is intelligent, apparently, in her appreciation of what constitutes a reputable repertory programme; so, in addition to playing secondary rôles, she might, perhaps, be put on the play-reading board. But that is about the best that rational criticism can grant her.

V

A survey of other recent productions may be accomplished with a welcome brevity. "The Witch," a translation by John Masefield of the Norwegian drama by Wiers-Jenssen, originally done here at the New Theatre in another version and with Bertha Kalich in the leading rôle, is once more revealed as loggy theatrical fare, on this occasion made to seem doubly so by the

ecies of stage direction that permits the cors to tick off fully twenty seconds after ch speech by way of injecting an air of mentous importance into the text. Miss ice Brady does pretty well with the ntral rôle, though she goes about her o with so tragic a mien early in the pro-edings that she has nothing left when e high tragic note of the drama is ched later on in the evening. "Lily e" is a cheap, 10-20-30 movie melo-ma by Willard Mack, sponsored by that nd old comedian in an artist's smock, . Belasco. What a blushing there must among those critical gentlemen who, er a period of many years, sought to put er our friend as the Lorenzo de' Medici the American drama! "Mozart" I re-wed in these pages several months ago on its European presentation. Pending arrival of the Guitrys, Miss Irene doni is showing an English version . Ashley Dukes.

The Theatre Guild's revival of Shaw's ygmalion" proves to be a rather tedious ir. The play has aged considerably; at seemed amusing and lively about it en it was first exhibited now seems te flat. Ever one of the least of the hor's efforts, it might better have been to the library, and a revival been ertaken instead of some other such nuscript as "The Doctor's Dilemma" or ou Never Can Tell." The production of zzi's "Princess Turandot" in the two-four Provincetown Theatre was as apt anœuvre as would be the production Hubert Henry Davies' "The Mollusc" the Grosses Schauspielhaus. "Turan-," to get any effect at all in these days, ds the spectacular treatment that Rein-dt gave it in the Vollmöller version. The presentation in the Provincetown bandbox was ridiculous. "The Squall," by Jean Bart, is a thematic reversion of such plays as "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," showing the tragedy wrought in a placid household by a creature of evil. In this instance, the Christ character of the other species of play is transformed into a voluptuous gipsy girl and the scene transferred to Spain. The treatment and writing are of a primary school order. "First Love" is an adaptation by Zoë Akins of a comedy by Louis Verneuil. It merchants the cut-and-dried sentiment of the boulevards, and when the boulevards get sentimental there is nothing, as Hans Gabelentz put it, more sentimentaler. With the sprightly comedies of Robert Dieudonné still lying around loose, one wonders why anyone wished to waste his efforts on such inferior stuff. "Caponsacchi" is based upon Robert Browning's poem, "The Ring and the Book," and is set out by Walter Hampden with himself in the leading rôle. It proves pretty deadly theatrical goods.

Of musical exhibits, "Oh, Kay!" with tunes by Gershwin, some good burlesque-show wheezes and the engaging Gertrude Lawrence, is the best of the recent lot. Gershwin's invention, however, begins to sprout whiskers; he is repeating himself; his light popular compositions lack the relative ingenuity that they once showed. Miss Lawrence remains the attractive performer that she was in the Charlot days. "Katja" has some pleasant airs by the Bavarian Jean Gilbert (*geb.* Winterfeld) and a fair libretto by Frederick Lonsdale, but its prima donna is of a vintage that only a Richard Wagner might cause one to be satisfactorily unconscious of.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

NELS ANDERSON *is the author of "The Hobo." He is at present head-resident of the Whittier Home, Jersey City.*

CHARLES ANGOFF *is assistant to the editor of* THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH *is professor of English at the University of Minnesota. His most recent book is "The Outlook of American Prose."*

THOMAS BEER *was born in Iowa, but now lives in New York. His most recent book is "The Mauve Decade."*

RAYMOND CLAPPER *is the Washington correspondent of the United News Service.*

PLINY E. GODDARD *is curator of ethnology in the American Museum of Natural History, and lecturer in anthropology in Columbia. He was formerly assistant professor of anthropology in the University of California.*

ALICE HAMILTON, M.D., *is assistant professor of industrial medicine in the Harvard Medical School. She is one of the two American members of the Health Committee of the League of Nations. She has been connected with Hull House for many years, and has investigated the lead trades and the making of explosives for the Federal Department of Labor.*

WILLIAM P. HELM, JR., *is a Virginian, and has been in newspaper work since his early manhood. He lives in Washington, and is a frequent contributor to the reviews.*

CARTER BROOKE JONES *is a Kentuckian and a newspaper man. He has engaged in newspaper work in Seattle and San Francisco, and was lately a member of the Washington staff of the Associated Press. He was in an infantry regiment during the late war.*

IDWAL JONES *is dramatic editor of the San Francisco* Examiner. *His latest book is "The Splendid Shilling," an historical romance of California.*

LEWIS MUMFORD *is the well-known critic of architecture. His latest book is "The Golden Day."*

K. C. MCINTOSH *is a commander in the Navy Supply Corps.*

FRED LEWIS PATTEE, LITT.D., *is professor of American literature in Pennsylvania State College, and the author of various critical studies. His article in this number will be part of a book which will appear in the Spring.*

ELBERT PEETS *is an architect and a graduate of the School of Landscape Architecture of Harvard. He lives in Cleveland.*

HENRY F. PRINGLE *is on the staff of the New York* World.

WINIFRED SANFORD *is the author of many short stories, and is now living in Wichita Falls, Tex. Her first novel will appear in the near future.*

GEORGE STERLING, *who died November 17, was the well-known poet. He was born on Long Island, but lived in San Francisco for many years. The article in this number is probably the last he wrote.*

STANLEY WALKER *is night city editor of the New York* Herald-Tribune.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
FOR FEBRUARY

(Out January 25)

THE WAR ON THE HOME-FRONT

In February The American Mercury will begin the publication of a series of articles describing the heroic feats performed upon the home-front during the late War for Democracy. The doings of Bishops, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, Liberty Loan orators, university presidents, school superintendents, newspaper editorial writers and other such consecrated men will be dealt with at length, and in a mellow and appreciative manner.

Other features of the February issue:

LOGIC AND THE STOCK MARKET *By Fred C. Kelly*

How the man who takes a logical mind into the Street comes to grief—and why. The amusing observations and conclusions of a successful speculator.

THE CHANGING EAST SIDE *by Zelda F. Popkin*

How the Coolidge prosperity has completely transformed the outlook of the East Siders.

THE COMPLETE AMERICAN *by Benjamin DeCasseres*

A brilliant portrait of *Homo Americanus*.

THE BALLAD OF THE GHOST-ARROW *by George Sterling*

This poem was received a few days before Mr. Sterling's death. It is one of his best.

BE IT RESOLVED *by William Seagle*

A clinical report on the amazing contents of the resolutions perennially adopted by the Legislatures of these Incomparable States.

And eighteen other lively features

The Wisdom of Wealth

Learning and wisdom do not always produce wealth—but it is wise to be wealthy.

Those who wish to keep in contact with life in all its many phases desire money—to get wealth and to keep it as long as possible. That is why we are calling your attention to the money-earning value of well selected Public Utility Bonds.

Write for our list of suitable investments.

Great Northern Bond & Mortgage
COMPANY, INCORPORATED
25 Broad Street New York, N. Y.

Across the Atlantic

Hamburg-American Line
ENGLAND • FRANCE • IRELAND • GERMANY

A VOYAGE on one of the splendid modern oil-burning steamers RESOLUTE, RELIANCE, HAMBURG, DEUTSCHLAND, ALBERT BALLIN is always a pleasure-giving-event. Accommodations are offered in luxurious first class, comfortable and commodious second class and improved third class. Also a service where the effort to anticipate your desires is paramount, plus a world famous cuisine.

Unusually attractive accommodations are available also in the one cabin and improved third class on the steamers CLEVELAND—THURINGIA WESTPHALIA.

To the West Indies
on the S. S. RELIANCE
JAN. 8—15 days JAN. 26—27 days
FEB. 26—27 days MARCH 30—15 days
Rates $200 and $300 and up.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
UNITED AMERICAN LINES, INC.
General Agents
28 Broadway, New York
Branches in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco
or local steamship and tourist agents

Editorial NOTES

On account of Mr. Mencken's absence the West his usual Editorial and "T Library" are omitted this month. Bc will be resumed in the February issue

A distinguished New York journalist ser in these acrid observations on a depressi phenomenon in human anatomy:

> For all I know, the radicals may have a far sounder philosophy than the Tories. In fact, when my fancies reach beyond the means of my pocket, I am inclined to be convinced that their ideas are thoroughly sensible. But there is one thing about them that always keeps me from leaping over into their camp, and staying there for keeps. I refer to the fact that the ladies among them are somewhat deficient in the charms which the poets have taught us to seek in them. I am stating a plain fact when I say that it is about as impossible to find a beautiful girl among Socialists or hot Liberals as it is to find an Episcopalian Bishop in Heaven.
>
> Marxianism somehow seems to be inimical to feminine pulchritude. Perhaps you think I am exaggerating. If so, I invite you to take a good look at the ladies who are reading the *New Masses* when you next ride in the Lexington avenue subway; or to glance about you in the fifty cent section of the Stadium of the City College during the Summer evening concerts, and see if you can find even a fiftieth rate imitation of Princess Ileana of Roumania—the only one in the entourage of Marie, that international gold digger, who interested me in the slightest; or to spot any girl in the Rand School, anywhere from the cellar to the roof, who would make you entertain thoughts forbidden by the Bible. At the end of this investigation you will, I feel sure, agree with me.
>
> Whether Marxianism is alone, or even in part, to blame for this depressing state of affairs I do not know. I leave that problem to the able minds sitting in the editorial cellar of the *New Republic*. I myself nearly make a confession. I shall remain a Tory as long as this dreadfully unæsthetic element in Radicalism is allowed to remain. I do not change my political affiliations because of ideas alone.

Continued on page xxviii

Pathfinders

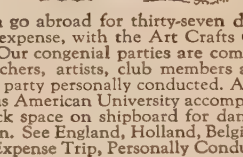
An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
;covered America, thus
ling a new world to the
. Alexander Graham Bell dis-
ered the telephone, giving the
ions of the earth a new means of
nmunication. Each ventured into
unknown and blazed the way
those who came after him.

The creating of a nation-wide
phone service, like the develop-
of a new world, opened new
ds for the pathfinder and the
neer. The telephone, as the
dern American knows it, has been made possible by the doing of a multitude of things in the realms of research, engineering and business administration. Its continued advancement requires constant effort in working upon a never-ending succession of seemingly unsolvable problems.

Because it leads the way in finding new pathways for telephone development, the Bell System is able to provide America with a nation-wide service that sets the standard for the world.

All-Expense Tour to Europe
37 days Summer of 1927 for $385



YOU can go abroad for thirty-seven days or more, at modest expense, with the Art Crafts Guild Collegiate Tours. Our congenial parties are composed of college students, teachers, artists, club members and professional people—each party personally conducted. A dance orchestra from a famous American University accompanies each tour. Plenty of deck space on shipboard for dancing, games, rest and recreation. See England, Holland, Belgium and France—37 days, All-Expense Trip, Personally Conducted, $385.

via Canadian Pacific
"World's Greatest Travel System"

Weekly sailings from Montreal and Quebec during June, July and August. Two days down the picturesque St. Lawrence. Only four days open sea. A week in London. Eight days in Paris. Three days in Ostend. Fascinating trips to English castles, the Shakespeare country, Oxford, The Hague, Bruges, the battle areas and other places famed in history and literature. Ample time for individual sight-seeing and shopping. Tour price includes all necessary expense on ship and shore. Extensions to Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Germany and Italy at moderate cost.

Write for illustrated literature giving complete detailed itinerary.

Art Crafts Guild Travel Bureau
Dept. 331 500 N. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

ART CRAFTS GUILD
Collegiate Tours

The
Leading Student Tours to EUROPE
By chartered Tourist III Class of famous Cunarders
All expenses, sea and land, $255 up
College orchestras. Organized entertainments—social delights; it's the new way of happy travel.
216 Colleges and 43 States represented on our 1926 tours.
Find out why; write for 1927 program.
STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB
1440 Broadway, New York

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES
SPECIALLY CHARTERED CUNARD AND ANCHOR STEAMERS. REASONABLE RATES INCLUDE HOTELS, GUIDES, DRIVES, FEES. JULY 2, '27 NORWAY-MEDITERRANEAN, 52 DAYS, $600 UP; JAN. 16, '28 WORLD CRUISE, 4 MOS., $1,250 UP; JAN. 25, '28 MEDITERRANEAN, 65 DAYS, $600 UP.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

WHITAKER & CO., Inc.
Sporting and General Tailors
681 Fifth Avenue
Between 53rd and 54th Sts.
NEW YORK
43 Conduit Street
LONDON, W

REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from makers. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post, $2.00 per yd. Carriage paid. **NEWALL, 141 Stornoway, Scotland.**

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxvi

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is glad to publicity to the following affecting b for help, sent in by a rev. subscriber Latin rite:

St. Bernhard, Gmünd, Wttbg.,
Germany.

Feast of Holy Rosar

Rev. dear Sir!

The mission-house of St. Bernhard is in immediate neighbourhood of a combined s and-swimming bath, where not only ad and children, but also persons of both se use the common bath at the same time in fr of the mission-house. A truly intolera state of affairs for the education of fut missionaries! According to the express wish the ecclesiastical authorities this must remedied! Means we have none. We exp them with confidence from divine Provide through the generosity of Catholics. Theref I ask, in the interest of Catholic charity and the name of our Divine Lord, for your k help. No doubt you will also find among y friends and acquaintances a noble enthusia and open hands for this important mission work, which our Holy Father Pius XI. has much at heart.

God will reward every gift even the small Expressing my thanks in advance & trust in our Lord's infinite Goodness & your ger ous help believe me, dear Father

your's sincerely in domino

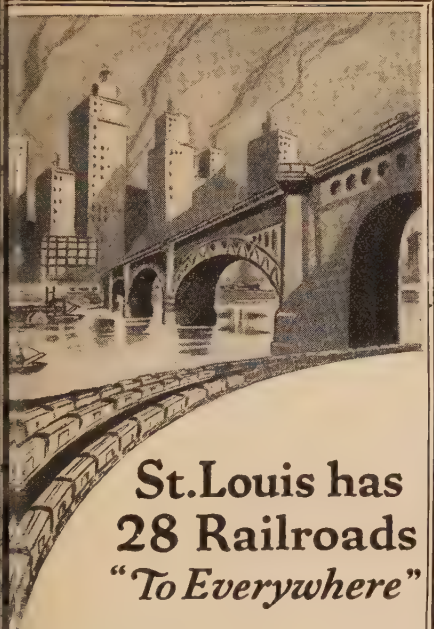
P. John Weber, P. S. M
Rec

Sancte Joseph, pater pauperum, ora pro no

Suggestion for civic improvement fr reader temporarily lost in the wild Brooklyn:

Sir Henry Maine says somewhere in that cla of his, "Popular Government," that one of great advantages of democracy lies in the f that it is a mighty antidote to political bo dom. There is, to be sure, a good deal of tr in this observation, but if Sir Henry were al today and residing in the United States, would see that there are a great many featu in our present-day political society which m for exactly the same defect which he found the Czarist régime in Russia. I refer, for example, to the dullness of our political pers

Continued on page xxx



St. Louis has 28 Railroads *"To Everywhere"*

PLANTS in St. Louis have the advantage of a short haul, minimum freight costs and most direct service to their customers by rail or river. They ***Ship From the Center—Not the Rim.***

They are closer to their markets and the sources of raw materials than their eastern competitors. They save time in assembling materials and in making deliveries.

Your factory in St. Louis would reach its markets quickly *in all directions.* St. Louis is not cut off on any side by lakes, oceans, mountains or other natural barriers to economical distribution.

Write for our new booklet, "Why St. Louis Grows." It tells the full story.

Address Dept. 26

ST. LOUIS

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

6½% for Your January Funds

THE First Mortgage Real Estate Bond Offerings of The Milton Strauss Corporation afford the careful, conservative investor the opportunity of making his January Funds earn the maximum yield consistent with the greatest degree of safety.

Current Offerings, independently trusteed by a well-known Trust Company, are available in both short and long maturities. Each issue possesses every requirement demanded by the conservative bond buyer.

THE MILTON STRAUSS CORPORATION

First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds

Penobscot Building Detroit, Mich.

---------- COUPON ----------

Mail the Coupon for Descriptive Circulars

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . .

AM-127

Schools & Colleges

MISS HARRIS' OPEN AIR SCHOOL

Established 1914

French and English Kindergarten, Intermediate, College Preparatory. Complete Science Department. Established record, by former graduates, in College Entrance Examination Board and Certificate Admission to College. Tourists use own text-books. Automobile service arranged to any suburb.

1056 Brickell Ave., Miami, Fla.

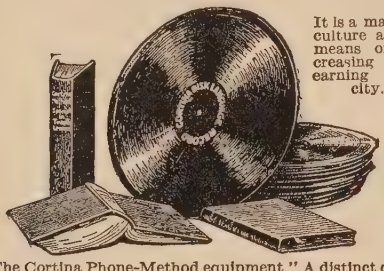
ROXBURY

A Special Type of Boarding School. College Preparation. Sound Instruction by the Tutorial Method. All field, gymnasium and track sports.

A. E. Sheriff, Headmaster -:- **Cheshire, Conn.**

THE WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF NEW YORK
17 East 60th Street
A co-educational day school from sub-primary through college preparatory, registered and accredited by the University of the State of New York. **Mabel A. Tenney, Principal.**

LEARN A NEW LANGUAGE IN 1927



It is a mark of culture and a means of increasing your earning capacity.

"The Cortina Phone-Method equipment." A distinct departure in language teaching. Send for Free Booklet "A. M."

CORTINA ACADEMY
Established in 1882
105 West 40th Street **New York City**
Telephone Penn. 5375

STUDY at HOME

Teachers, authors, students and all who wish a broader outlook may start any day courses in Psychology, Art, Government, Economics, History, Literature, Education, Religion, Foreign Languages, Sciences and other subjects. These courses yield credit toward a Bachelor degree.

The University of Chicago
117 Ellis Hall Chicago, Illinois

Short-Story Writing

One pupil won a $2000 prize. Another pupil earned over $5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

The Home Correspondence School
Dr. ESENWEIN **Dept. 98** **Springfield, Mass.**

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxviii

ages—and in particular to their unbecor appearances, appearances which excite thing but respect and admiration. Take a g look at a portrait of President Coolidge, c Governor Smith, or of Jimmy Walker, c any other prominent figure in our governm As everyone knows, it is difficult to disting them, when meeting them on the street or gazing at their likenesses in the rotogra sections of the daily press, from so many w ing delegates of the plumbers' union or of National Embalmers' Association. This is questionably bad both for them and for smooth functioning of our great and country. So, with the best of patriotic in tions, I offer the following suggestions their æsthetic betterment and the heighten of their political prestige. Since they are nearly bald or rapidly approaching baldnes should be made a part of the law of the and of the various States that they wear pig wigs—the kind the English judges wear. that is not enough. There should be someth to distinguish their offices. With this in mir propose that the President wear a lily w wig with a little bell made of pure gold tached to its tail, and that he also be alw attired, during the entire term of his office royal knickers and purple leggings. In addi he should wear conspicuous green gar trimmed with ermine and spotted with chic feathers. Finally, there should be attached his waistcoat not less than fifteen beauti medallions, each one symbolizing some standing American institution: the Elks, Moose, the Shriners, the Anti-Saloon Leag the Hebrew Charities, the National Society the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the tional Association for the Prevention of S pressed Desires, and so on.

The Governors should wear green wigs w miniature cowbells tied to the tails. Th garters should be orange and spotted w hand-painted jackasses. The mayors sho wear blue wigs streaked with green, and w genuine snakes' heads dangling from the ta Their garters might be the same as those of Governors, with one important exception. stead of the hand-painted jackasses, th should be miniature medals commemorat the great wars of the Republic. As for Senato congressmen, ambassadors and so forth—th could be easily attended to.

Our ministers of the Gospel present a probl

Continued on page xxxii

A sluggish body slows down the leaping mind

A clear mind is conditioned on regular clearance of the body. Delay or irregularity in the clearance of residual waste burdens the system with poisons which the blood-stream absorbs and carries to every organ of the body. Little ills, big ills, ills of the mind and even of the imagination often can be traced to intestinal inactivity.

A half glass of water sparkling with a dash of ENO will beneficially influence the removal of poisonous waste from the alimentary canal. ENO contains nothing drastic nor of uncertain value, and no sugar.

ENO, *the World-famed Effervescent Salt,*
is obtainable from all druggists at
$1.25 and 75c a bottle

Prepared only by
J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, England

Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
171 Madison Avenue, New York
Toronto *Sydney* *Wellington*

TRADE ENO MARK
THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT SALT

THE TRAINING SCHOOL
FOR
JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

offers a fifteen months' course of study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

The course is open to graduates of colleges of recognized standing. Several tuition scholarships and maintenance fellowships are available to especially qualified students.

Special courses will be arranged for social workers in accordance with their needs.

For further information, address the

DIRECTOR
THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK
210 West 91st Street - : - New York City

For Safety's Sake - demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE & NON-EXPLOSIVE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1 Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

Dogs & Kennels

Great Danes
of unusual size and intelligence, pups at weaning age, $50.00 each. Enclose 15 cents for catalog and write
COLLINS KENNELS, Box B, Reedsburg, Wis.

AIREDALE TERRIER PUPPIES
With every desired quality to meet your wishes for any purpose
Dr. Knox, Box 50 -:- -:- Danbury, Conn.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxx

very similar to that of our political personages. For one steeped in theological learning and fat with piety, as I am, it is most disheartening to walk along the street and have people mistake an Episcopalian Bishop for a ward committeeman. This is un-Christian, un-American and inimical to the morals of the country. I therefore make the following proposals. All ministers should wear red leather belts, eight inches wide, around their middles, with good sized cowbells dangling from their front bumpers. In addition, some appropriate piece of sculpture should hang from their rear ends. Incidentally, I wish to say that it is high time that our various religious denominations adopted distinguishing emblems, as the political parties do. The Baptist emblem might well be a cow. The Methodist emblem might be a mule. The emblem of the Episcopalians can, of course, be nothing else than a zebra; that of the Presbyterians, a jackal; that of the Christian Scientists, a wild cat; that of the Mormons, an orang-utang, and so on. The ministers should wear these belts and emblems throughout their ecclesiastical lives, both in fair weather and foul. It is my honest conviction that such embellishments would make more for the flourishing of religion in this country than anything heretofore suggested by any of our divines. Clergymen would at once rise to a new eminence, all infamous jokes about them would immediately vanish from all the vaudeville stages of the earth, morals would become what they should be and everything would be ready for the Second Coming.

An esteemed customer of Ann Arbor, Mich. has of late been digging into theological geography:

> There is a little village in Massachusetts, far out on the Isles of Shoals, called Gosport. The name seems to be a corruption of God's Port. The history of the town, or rather village, is none too savory. It seems to have shocked the pious Puritans of another century. The sorry tale is outlined in Drake's "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," and we are left to fill in the more horrible details. The piety of the early inhabitants, however, is attested by the fact that they constructed, as is reported, a church out of the wreckage of a Spanish vessel. Lately the village has had a decline, and is now used by Unitarians—is owned by them, indeed—for Summer conclaves. Thus has the name of the village been redeemed.

The BORZOI *Broadside*

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

JANUARY, 1927 — BORZOI BOOKS — VOL. IX. NO. 1.

Little Pitchers

"SH! REMEMBER the children, little pitchers have big ears." This sentence, an exasperating reminiscence of childhood for most of us, is the theme of *Isa Glenn's* new novel, a theme practically untouched since *Henry James's* WHAT MAISIE KNEW. Young Michael, in the process of being carted all over the world by his parents—his father is a construction engineer—grows up in an atmosphere of continuous elliptical bickering which he can never understand because he never hears more than the beginnings or ends of broken sentences. His incertitude and insecurity are rendered still more acute by the utter absence of any sort of permanent home life.

Michael's quest for understanding of himself, his parents, and the outside world resolves itself into a quest for the "word," the magic key that followed him down the path of moonlight at his birth at sea and whose recovery will set him free from the vexing problems which perplex him. Through his troubled eyes one follows the drama of these lives—Peter trying to hold the love of his beautiful wife in spite of his long absences and her solitude; Lucy, weak, vain, ambitious, loving her husband, yet seeking the admiration she cannot live without.

The story of the married life of the parents, seen as through a veil by their mystified son who adores them both, forms the basis for a powerful and distinguished novel by an important American writer.

LITTLE PITCHERS. *By* ISA GLENN, *author of "Heat."* $2.50 *net.*

BORZOI BOOKS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LITTLE PITCHERS xxxiii
MORNING xxxiv
ODALISQUE xxxiv
GO SHE MUST xxxiv
FOR MEN ONLY? xxxv
A GOTHIC NOVEL xxxvi
THE PURPOSE OF HISTORY . . . xxxvi
THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS . . xxxvi
INFINITE VARIETY xxxvii
A THOUSAND YEARS OF THE RHINE . xxxvii
THE BORZOI BAROMETER . . . xxxvii

All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

Morning

JANE awoke Ralph so gently on one morning
That first, before the true householder Learning
Came back to tenant in the haunted head,
He lay upon his back and let his stare
Penetrate dazedly into the blue air
That swam all round his bed,
And in the blessed silence nothing was said.

Then his eyes travelled through the window
And lit, enchantedly, on such a meadow
Of wings and light and clover,
He would propose to Jane then to go walking
Through the green waves, and to be singing not talking;
Such imps were pranking over
Him helpless lying in bed beneath a cover.

Suddenly he remembered about himself,
His manliness returned entire to Ralph;
The dutiful mills of the brain
Began to whir with their smooth-grinding wheels
And the sly visitors wriggled off like eels;
He rose and was himself again.
Simply another morning, and simply Jane.

—*From* TWO GENTLEMEN IN BONDS.

TWO GENTLEMEN IN BONDS. *By* JOHN CROWE RANSOM, *author of "Chills and Fever."* $2.00 *net.*

Odalisque

ODALISQUE is a first novel, a story of Venezuela written by a Philadelphia chemist who has lived there. To North American readers, the story of Panchita and her struggle to overcome the conventions and restrictions imposed on her liberty by religion and environment is apt to seem the story of an earlier generation; but Panchita, convent-bred, the ardent repository of every silly romantic hope, gradually supplants her illusions with realities. She has always been a rebel, and at last she revolts against the almost mediæval seclusion of her home and sacrifices family and name for the sake of a romantic love.

The scenes of this colorful story are laid in Venezuela and New York. *Mr. Hussey* has written a psychological study of exquisite sensibility and a romantic novel filled with exciting incident. Its natural audience includes those whose taste in fiction runs to the original, the unconventional, the profoundly revealing; and it by all means includes readers of *The American Mercury* who have read stories and scientific articles by *Mr. Hussey* which have appeared here.

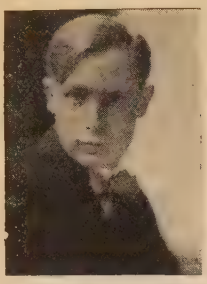
ODALISQUE. *By* L. M. HUSSEY $2.50 *net.*

L. M. Hussey

Go She Must

IT HAS been said of *David Garnett* that one outstanding factor contributing to his narrative power is an extraordinary sense for keeping a balance between his characters and his dramatic situations. He is too much the craftsman, too much the artist, to over-elaborate.

If he chooses to create a grotesque character he subdues to a proportionate shade the necessary fictional landscape behind the character, and minimizes the narrative convolutions through which he commands the character to proceed. If, on the other hand, he chooses fantastic situations, he places in the midst of them characters neither fantastic nor intense nor necessarily unusual.



David Garnett

LADY INTO FOX is illustrative of this, as are *Mr. Garnett's* later books, A MAN IN THE ZOO and THE SAILOR'S RETURN. And this artistic sense of balance is well exhibited in his newest novel, GO SHE MUST, in which an unspectacular clergyman becomes submerged in a fantastic whirlpool of obsessions—a mystic confusion of fluttering birds and friendly angels—while his daughter, a comparatively intense individual with the lust of freedom gnawing at her peace, engages herself in a quite orderly expedition to Paris, terminating her search for freedom in an orthodox marriage.

It is obvious that *Mr. Garnett* knows his characters more thoroughly than many persons of reality are likely to know one another, for he never allows them to digress, by the smallest thought or action, from their predestined natures. Which is to say that the author is not given to making gestures for the sake of effect; that he insists on his characters being loyal to themselves, and that he impresses the reader with their genuineness.

GO SHE MUST is an unusual story. It stands sturdily, though with delicious artistic placidity, upon its own feet. As in *David Garnett's* other books, one finds a satisfying foundation of intimate knowledge of unusual customs and festivals amongst the people with whom he deals. In Dry Coulter—the native English village of Mr. Dunnock, the clergyman, and his daughter Anne—we are introduced to the singular "Plough Monday" festival, and to a rather sinister aspect of its celebration.

The story moves steadily and gratifyingly through a series of well-planned developments to a highly dramatic conclusion—a conclusion which would surely leave the reader aghast, perhaps somewhat unpleasantly, were it not for that unusual sense of balance in the mind of the author, and his sound craftsmanship.

GO SHE MUST. *By* DAVID GARNETT, *author of "Lady Into Fox," "A Man in the Zoo," and "The Sailor's Return." $2.50 net.*

For Men Only?

WHILE it is generally agreed that among fiction-readers women are in the majority, it is equally certain that an exception to the rule exists in the case of detective stories. From the late *Presidents Wilson* and *Roosevelt* to the most recently acquired member of any staff of bond-salesmen, the American man of affairs is commonly supposed to require (though perhaps not exclusively) literature that will remove him from affairs and prevent them from dominating him.

This is the usual explanation, and is rather a poor one; for the modern detective novel invariably makes use of the business world and the processes thereof for its subject matter, and instead of diverting the reader's attention from these things, it plunges him further into them. A better explanation of why men read more detective stories than women would seem to be precisely that the field of crime—crime that affects business or politics—is one that lies closer to men's occupations than to women's.

An instance is *J. S. Fletcher's* latest story, THE MISSING CHANCELLOR; for it involves through the apparently harmless person of a geologist, Mr. Peters, the disappearance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and with him the plan for the forthcoming governmental budget. The recovery of the Chancellor and the solution of the mystery form a plot which assumes international proportions.

* * *

For the benefit of *Fletcher* fans who have discovered him recently, one of his best novels, THE LOST MR. LINTHWAITE, is being added to the Borzoi Pocket Books. The *New York World* said of THE LOST MR. LINTHWAITE:

"Unlike most tales of mystery, it is a narrative pursued largely on lines of comedy. Tragedy intervenes, though villainy comes to heavy grief. The book makes alluring reading."

THE MISSING CHANCELLOR. *By* J. S. FLETCHER, *author of "The Mazaroff Mystery," "Sea Fog," "The Kang-He Vase," "The Great Brighton Mystery," etc. $2.00 net.*

THE LOST MR. LINTHWAITE. *By* J. S. FLETCHER. *In the Borzoi Pocket Books. $1.25 net.*

A Gothic Novel

"THE RUIN is a *tour de force*, carried through with a fascinating completeness. . . . It almost conveys the impression that the author, in disgust at the banality of modern realism in fiction, had chosen to show what a vivid and sombre imagination, helped by an uncanny power of depicting the dark passions, could do with quite ordinary ingredients of to-day—an old but beautiful country house in Kent full of lovely things, an eccentric father, a mother sad at having lost all hold on her children, four young people aged from 23 to 19, two more young people asked to spend a week or two, lawn tennis, hide-and-seek after dinner, and so forth.

"From the very beginning *Mr. Sackville West* sets these people in a weird and ghastly light. The Torrent family is decadent and doomed. Sir James, clothed in mouse-coloured velvet, does little but play tunes from forgotten Italian operas in a remote, dusty attic; Lady Torrent, stricken with disease, yearns for the confidence of Denzil, her youngest; Ariadne, the elder sister, mounts a fierce and jealous guard over Nigel, the elder brother; Helen watches over the weakling Denzil, more lovingly and more feebly. They are all antagonists, yet 'knit together by an intolerable bond of beauty worship.' The introduction of two alien elements, Marcus Fleming, a friend of Denzil's, and Antonia Berrin, precipitate the doom. There are many times when the story reminds one of *D'Annunzio's* 'La Vergine delle Rocce' and of 'Forse che si, forse che no.' It displays the same refinement of morbidity in exploring the strange ardours and passions of a stricken lineage. The scene where Nigel plays the score of *Strauss's* 'Elektra' while Ariadne, passionately knit to Nigel's soul, listens in a dark Elektra-like ecstasy, especially recalls the latter of those novels, as does the hideous lie with which Ariadne drives Antonia away from Nigel, her acknowledged lover. There is the same eloquence, the same faculty for adapting a tragic legend of the past to an agony of the present."—*The London Times.*

THE RUIN. *By* EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST, *author of "Piano Quintet."* $2.50 *net.*

The Purpose of History

"TO KNOW History is to control power. The twentieth century is marked by an interest in History, novel not so much by the closeness of its attention to the subject, as by the nature of its expectations from it. It is an age not so much of historical scholasticism, as of the renaissance of History as the record of human behaviour, in the hope that by the study of this record increased control will be gained by men over men's destinies . . .

"The reason why a nation creates or retains its institutions is not to be explained by a narration of events, themselves motiveless, but by a consideration of the play of human nature, compact of wants, fears and desires, upon the momentary situation, with its limited and determining possibilities. Inquiry must not be brained with the primitive stone-axe of a fact. But if these students of History are themselves content to be more patient in industry than intelligent in method, and omit to ask themselves what is the nature of their material and how it may most properly and most profitably be treated, they risk the reproach of the miser who amasses gold for the love of the hard-won particles in themselves, and without regard for their utility. The first consideration in constructing a scientific study of politics is, therefore, one of method."

Thus *Professor G. E. G. Catlin* of Cornell University introduces his inquiry into the possibility of a social science that shall be at once scientific and practical. He includes among his topics consideration both of the natural data of each branch of the social sciences and of the relations among them.

THE SCIENCE AND METHOD OF POLITICS. *By* GEORGE E. G. CATLIN. $3.50 *net.*

The House Without Windows

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS AND EEPERSIP'S LIFE THERE is a continued narrative amounting to a short novel, written by a girl of nine and printed as written. The house without windows is all out-of-doors; and what Eepersip found there is what a normal, healthy child finds in the country. The book includes in its natural audience not only all children to whom nature means something personal—something in which the world of parents and schools plays no part—but also to parents themselves: for Eepersip is a universal creation of childhood, an alter ego of every child with whom few parents have any contact.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS *and Eepersip's Life There. By* BARBARA NEWHALL FOLLETT. $2.00 *net.*

Infinite Variety

Miss Naomi Royde-Smith passes with perfect ease from one to the other pole of London life, for her characters and scenes; and for her manner she is equally at home in carefully motivated drama and in social satire. The latter talent predominates in SKIN-DEEP, the latest novel by the author of THE HOUSEMAID and THE TORTOISESHELL CAT, and she has found her characters, this time, around the upper pole.

The Duchess of Merioneth, the central figure of SKIN-DEEP, is shown mercilessly throughout in her constant conflict with the passage of time —her struggle, against all the odds, to prevent life from slipping by her. *Miss Royde-Smith* is too wise and sincere a writer to temper her irony with sympathy; it will be for the book itself, not for any of the characters, that the reader will feel admiration.

Naomi Royde-Smith's versatility as a writer is due perhaps to the events of her career. She went straight from high school to the *Westminster Gazette*, and ran the *Saturday Westminster Gazette* from 1912 to 1924. For a year she edited *The Queen*, and has written dramatic criticism since 1920, working with *A. P. Herbert* and *Aldous Huxley*. She is now dramatic critic of *The Outlook* and a frequent contributor to *The New Statesman* and other reviews. She has for several years held a remarkable position in literary London; her drawing-room is one of the centres of literary life, where established novelists, poets, dramatists, and critics meet the rising stars of literature.

SKIN-DEEP. *By* NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH, *author of "The Housemaid."* $2.50 *net.*

A Thousand Years of the Rhine

THE magic of the Rhine, the glamour and vicissitudes of its past, make a spell all nations feel, and *Herr Stegemann*, by the excellence of his descriptions, makes his book a splendid epic as well as a valuable contribution to universal history. He traces through fourteen chapters the struggles for possession of the Rhine from pre-Roman days. There are chapters on the *Rise of the Carolingians* and the *Downfall of the Hohenstauffens*, the *Wars of Religion*, and the *Problems of the Rhine*, and after dealing with the influence of the Franco-British world rivalry, the author has brought the book down to the present day.

Herr Stegemann says in his Foreword—"The struggle for the Rhine is largely determined by the character and historical evolution of those nations which participate in it. If, however, it presents itself mainly as a struggle of the Germans for national existence, this is due to geographical factors and strategic laws which my book is the first to discuss from the point of view of their influence on history. The conclusions at which I have arrived are laid down in the following pages. My book is not based on new researches in the domain of general history. Its object has been to sift and classify definitely ascertained events, and to unite them in a coherent whole. These events stretch back to those far-off days when the Rhine first appeared on history's stage."

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE RHINE. *By* HERMANN STEGEMANN. *Translated from the German by* GEORGES CHATTERTON-HILL. $6.00 *net.*

The BORZOI *Barometer*

A RECENT addition to the Borzoi Pocket Books is *Harvey Fergusson's* second novel, CAPITOL HILL, of which the *New York Times* wrote:

"Across the pages of this book move swiftly in and out a host of typical Washingtonians—Washington without the gaudy society of the diplomatic small worlds. Here the penetration of the 'Mirrors of Washington' reaches the small beer of society at large. Through the turmoil walk job-hunters, sinecure job-holders, statesmen—quack and otherwise—office help, flappers, newspaper men, lobbyists, ambitious social climbers, adventurous society women seeking freer freedom and youth—*toujours* youth. Clear-cut types; every one a terse portrait; a marvelous array—the native product of our civilization. . . .

"It is evident that here is gusto, a genuine feeling for life in the mass, an understanding of the individual, presented with restraint and acidulous humor."

Another new Pocket Book is the Spanish classic, THE THREE-CORNERED HAT, by *Pedro A. de Alarcón*. The *Chicago News* described it:

"As rollicking, joyous a story as ever tickled the palate of a literary gourmet; told in a golden, sparkling style, jeweled with effervescent bubbles of wit, chock full of the rich zest and gusto of life. . . . There is that precision of touch about it that proclaims the masterpiece."

℗

THE world's greatest showman published his autobiography in a rapid succession of new editions (some of them under the title STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS) from 1855 to 1889, two years before his death at the age of eighty. *Mr. Bryan* has prepared, at the cost of immense labor, a composite text which includes the essential matter of every one of the editions seen through the press during the author's lifetime. *Barnum's* story as told by himself is not only a definitive and racy history of the American circus during its first half-century, but it is also a treasury of anecdote, a life-story of one of the most astounding Americans who ever lived, and the self-portrait of a pioneer master of the tremendous modern technique of publicity. The editor's notes on allusions in the text represent tireless research among oral and out-of-print sources, and are in themselves a mine of condensed information about American social history and its once celebrated personages. *Mr. Bryan's* Introduction, which is in part an objective portrait of *Barnum*, contains much knowledge here made accessible for the first time. The more than forty illustrations are reproduced from the old editions and from rare drawings, prints, and documents. STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS, in two volumes, will be published in June, 1927.

℗

THE American Library Association has chosen, as books particularly recommended to small libraries, *F. Tennyson Jesse's* novel TOM FOOL, and the new book of stories by *Ruth Suckow*, IOWA INTERIORS.

The A. L. A. Booklist describes TOM FOOL as: "A fine and thrilling story of a man who loved the sea and its dangers and for one happy year till she died, loved also a splendid Cornish woman, Jennifer Constantine. A dramatic and satisfying book, vigorously yet delicately written."

IOWA INTERIORS, according to The Booklist, is the work of "an experienced observer of the follies and frailties of mankind, and these she places against the stern and rigid background of Iowa farm life. A fine local flavor is the most important literary achievement here, as these sixteen sketches cannot match in movement and vitality what they offer in picturesqueness and sad quietude."

ORDER

Mail this order to your bookseller.

If your bookseller cannot supply you, mail it direct to the Publisher, ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me at once the books checked:

☐ C. O. D. by mail. I will pay the postman the price of the books plus postage, on delivery.

☐ I enclose check or money order for $....., the price of the books plus 8c a volume for postage.

☐ Charge to my account.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

LITTLE PITCHERS. $2.50

THE RUIN. $2.50

THE MISSING CHANCELLOR. $2.00

*THE LOST MR. LINTHWAITE. $1.25

TWO GENTLEMEN IN BONDS. $2.00

GO SHE MUST. $2.50

ODALISQUE. $2.50

SKIN-DEEP. $2.50

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS. $2.00

THE SCIENCE AND METHOD OF POLITICS. $3.50

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE RHINE. $6.00

*CAPITOL HILL. $1.25

*THE THREE-CORNERED HAT. $1.25

* *Borzoi Pocket Books*

In Canada, Borzoi Books can be obtained from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
As a New Year's Gift

For the friend who is particular, THE AMERICAN MERCURY is a gift subtly complimentary, and indicative of your own good taste. A card announcing your gift will be sent to the recipient, on request.

Take advantage of these special prices now:

2 years (or 2 subscriptions) for $ 9.00, saving $1.00
3 years (or 3 subscriptions) for 12.50, saving 2.50
4 years (or 4 subscriptions) for 15.00, saving 5.00

This offer will be withdrawn when the next issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY is published.

BUY SUBSCRIPTION CERTIFICATES

for subscriptions you will want to send us later in the year. Each certificate can be redeemed at this office as a full-paid subscription for one year at your pleasure. You can get one subscription and three *subscription certificates* for $15.00.

Use them for Easter, Birthdays and Anniversaries

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send THE AMERICAN MERCURY to:

NAME

ADDRESS

NAME

ADDRESS

NAME

ADDRESS

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose $. . . . . .

( ) *Send gift cards to those names checked √. And send me . . . . . subscription certificates which will be honored at your office as a paid subscription at any time.*

NAME

Canadian postage: 50c; Foreign: $1.00 per year.

Rousing All America to Real Eight Value

The long-standing Hupmobile reputation for reliability has taken a new turn and a new significance in the past two years.

Hupmobile's invasion of the eight-cylinder field has carried with it revolutionary consequences.

Hupmobile has proven that its long experience in fine motor and chassis manufacturing has resulted in a new type of eight value—transcending, not merely in performance but in price, the very best the industry has ever produced.

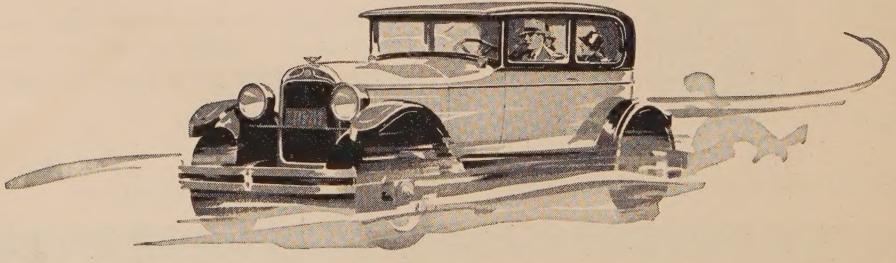
Hupmobile Eight has attained in these two years *a new social status,* a new a greater reputation for elegance of p formance, elegance of design, elegan of appointment.

In the best homes of the country, it competing against the finest and mo costly eight productions, and winni on its merits, *at a marked saving.*

All America is being aroused on t subject of eights, as you will be wh you drive this magnificent Eight.

Ten Distinguished Body-types
Priced from $1945 to $2595 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

THE DISTINGUISHED HUPMOBILE EIGHT



THE HADDON CRAFTSM
CAMDEN, N. J.

Have you tried that
Extraordinary Cigarette

Herbert Tareyton

"There's *something* about them you'll like"

ANNOUNCEMENT

Hotel Charlotte Harbor, a delightful hostelry, in an unexploited natural beauty spot 40 hours from N. Y. and 45 hours from Chicago by through pullman, opens Saturday, January 1st, 1927.

The Hotel is located at the intersection of the Tamiami Trail and the Dixie Highway on the Florida West Coast and contains 200 rooms each with a bath and facing Charlotte Harbor. Good, hard surface, automobile roads spread in all directions. There are fireproof garage accommodations for motorists.

The features are quail shooting, fishing, bathing, tennis, and golf on our own 18 hole course. The Hotel has an excellent orchestra. Dances are held and moving pictures are displayed in the evenings.

The new booklet is now available. Write Robert M. Crouch, Manager, Florida Gulf Coast Hotels Inc., 220 West 42nd Street, New York City, or after January 1st, address

HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR

PUNTA GORDA

FLORIDA